M sill

L U D I C R O U S,

E

P

SATIRICAL

AND

MORAL

SUSPENSA MANU.

PRINTED FOR J. FLETCHER IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCLXVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT

Time the solution of the solut



KINE WILLIAM

And the cropped and appropriately

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author of the following rhimes, hath too much neglected the muses, either to deserve or expect any great reputation as a poet. He hath ever set so little store, indeed, by his poetical performances, as to be now able to procure copies of but sew of those, which have occasionally dropt from his pen. It would be impertinent in him however, to affect to undervalue what he is obtruding on the publick; especially as most of the pieces contained in this collection have been frequently printed, and therefore may be presumed to have met with some approbation.

W. KENRICK.

CON-

An occasional prologue, intended to have been in a car T the Areat a cor T on Mehn Od 20cm

On phylical and good and cuit, an epiffle

p. 105

avinero	
To a gentleman; who cenfured the auth	or for
fcribbling verses	p. 1
Fine fights; or the countess of C Elysium	
An epiftle to Mr. Garrick, on the report of his	
left the stage	7
On the investigation of truth, an epistle to Loren	
The force of prejudice, a fable	31
A familiar epifle to a friend, occasioned	
author's feeing his name in the lift of deat	
magazine	35
The political magnet, a fimile	39
An alliterative description of an alliterative be	
P and Proteus	44
The fnarling pug and dancing bear, a fable	47
On happiness, and the incapacity of mankind	
attainment, an epistle to Lorenzo	55
Simkin, a fairy tale	81
On the weakness of the human understanding	g, and
the incomprehensibility of the Deity, an ep	ifle to
Lorenzo	88
Prologue to the Widow'd Wife	103
	An

An occasional prologue, intended to have b	een
fpoken at the theatre royal on Richmond-gree	en,
1767 p. 1	105
On physical and moral good and evil, an epi	file
to Lorenzo	109
Lufus naturæ typographus	140
Art and nature, a short story	142
The Shropshire goose, a fable	144
On the immortality of the foul, an epiftle	to
Lorenzo Lorenzo	146
Candour, pens, ink, and paper, a fable	167
Ralph Moulfey's description of Richmond p	lay-
house	171
On human certitude, and the universality of scie	nce,
an epiftle to Lorenzo	174
Verses on reading ford Lyttleton's new dialogue	s, of
of the dead, and feeing his lordship's pic	ture
at W's as lo make the assessed	198
A drinking fong, translated from the German	200
To a new married lady, who infifted on the aut	hor's
writing a fong on her	203
On a certain musician's turning poet	206
On moral sentiment, an epistle to Lorenzo	207
The beavers, a fable manual and to alandsow, or	232
Phæbus detected, written at a summer theatre	238
On reading Thespis	240
On the diversity of religious sects and opinions	
epistle to Lorenzo	241
	The

viii CONTENTS.

The loaded ass, or public credit, a political
fable p. 262
On the state of the theatres in 1749. 267
Invocation to filence, occasioned by a lady's finging 268
The poetical triumvirate 269
Ode to count Bruhl, translated from the French of
the king of Prussia 270
An epistle to A r M y, Esq. on the success
of his last new comedies
Mary the cook-maid's address to her fellow artists
of London and Westminster, an imitation of
Swift 283
The bullfinch and sparrow, a fable, from the French
of the king of Prussia 288
On the man of parts, and head of the press 292
Prologue to Fhlstaff's Wedding, a comedy, acted at
Drury-lane 293
Epilogue to ditto
An episse dedicatory, to the minister of state for the
time being and ver basel to the state 300

State, you lave

POEMS;

THE CONTRACT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF

LUDICROUS, SATIRICAL,
AND MORAL.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO CENSURED THE AUTHOR FOR SCRIBBLING VERSES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXV.

YOU ask me, why I spend my time
In fruitless ribaldry and rhime,
On Criticks, Poets, Players?
The Ministers of State, you say,
Would gladly take me into pay;
And none so good as theirs.

I thank ye, — but I've had to do
With Ministers, as well as you,
And know they're wond'rous civil;
They'll promise places for your pains,
But care not, when they've suck'd your brains,
If you were at the devil.

Did war, or rude rebellion, shake

The court, and make the city quake,

I then my pen might draw:

Not in these piping times of peace,

When wealth with taxes must increase,

And freedom's fix'd by law.

I once, indeed, did fuch a thing,

To ferve my country and my king,

And of my own accord,

A king, who had the grace and spirit

To know his friends, and loyal merit

Could liberally reward.

But fince (for truth may dare be just)

False policy hath given disgust;

While Nature's powerful charms;

Woo'd me, those hidden paths t'explore, and availed which Locke and Newton trod before

And won me to her arms, 201 alone as a swand to

Not

Not but, relaxing now and then,
Philosophy lays down the pen;
When pictures, poems, plays,
E'en musick's prossituted art,
Engage the eye, the ear, the heart;
Amusing various ways.

Meanwhile, an hour, I'd rather fit,
To look at Pritchard, from the pit,
Than kifs the papal toe;
Nay, rather than a monarch's hand,
For Garrick there would even stand
'Till I could hardly go.

While thus amus'd, and thus employ'd,
Life wears away not unenjoy'd,
Tho' free from ill intention:
Good providence, but give me health,
I envy no man's wit or wealth,
Nor pine for place or pension.

In hopes fome ministerial squabble and and a state of the fools a feather:

May pluck the fools a feather:

Believe me, I am no such fool, the state of the fool o

dell

FINE SIGHTS:

yes as he wod yllives from house.

OR THE COUNTESS OF C ---- Y, IN ELYSIUM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLX.

ON the banks of the Styx, as a beautiful ghost, In resemblance the shade of the Goddess of Love, Was revolving the days, when a countess and toast She slaunted about in the regions above.

News arriv'd, which foon made all Elyfium to ring,
That the Fates a great monarch had fummon'd to reff,
In calling Old England's late father and king
To a crown of reward in the realms of the bleft.

My lady was vex'd to be robb'd of th' occasion, By dying before him so mal-a-propos, Of seeing his royal young heir's coronation; And making a party herself in the show.

She therefore in haste skipt away to the ferry,—
"Here, Charon, you're empty, come take over me;
"I'm resolv'd to go back to the world in your wherry,
"The only fine sight I e'er miss'd of, to see."

Old Charon most civilly bow'd to my lady;
Stept out of his wherry and handed her in;
But, finding she wanted a pass, was as ready,
Her ladyship roughly to turn out again.

Then skudding away to the court in a hurry,
Direct, for a passport, to Pluto she ran;
And put madam Proserpine into a slurry,
Who thought she was come to seduce her good
man.

Gloomy Dis grimly smil'd at the lady's request,
But more at her whimsical motive and reason;
And, having malignly a mind for a jest,
Represented her suit as a thing out of season.

I cannot, said he, lady fair, with a frown,
Indulge ev'ry ghost in it's wanton desire,
But if for their sakes, wife or husband come down,
I then might restore the fond souls they require.

Since Orpheus, however, in risk of his life,

Long ago made us stare with his musick and
passion,

Not a foul hath come down, or for husband or wife;
So that journies of this kind are quite out of fashion.

MO

Yet, as you're a beauty, the favour I grant ye;
But wherefore again should you covet on earth,
To mix with a crowd, that perhaps only want ye
To make you the theme of impertinent mirth?

Besides, pretty lady, you're greatly mistaken,
If pleasure you promise yourself in the sight;
For, unseen by your friends, by admirers forsaken,
There's none will regard an impalpable spright.

Nay, nay, quoth the countes, if that be the case, Take your passport again; I'll have no more chagrin;

the place who while with the root

Charles Windshings John Charles

A fig for fine fights, if unseen one's fine face; What signifies seeing if one is not seen?

AN

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK,

ON THE REPORT OF HIS HAVING LEFT THE STAGE.

and those of the english perhaps on the want to

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXV.

the for his fighter it unfeen one's har tage

SO! Mr. Garrick! is it true,

As folks report, the stage and you

Took a French leave, at parting?

We hop'd th' Italian air and diet

Had quite restor'd your health and quiet,

And made you keen for starting.

In vain we listen'd to the tales
Brought over by the foreign mails,
That you were home returning;
To see your name in capitals,
Stuck up on tavern-posts, and walls,
With fond impatience burning!

Your wish'd arrival vain to boast,

If, never enter'd at the post,

You shun the race of glory!

As well you might have travell'd on,

From Pope to Turk, to Prester John:

The world was all before ye.

For to be plain Sir, entre nous,

'Twas not about your wife or you

We all were fo folicitous:

You might as well be there as here,

If, as king Richard, Bayes, or Lear,

You mean no more to vifit us.

Your friends, if friends they are, indeed,
Your spirit or your spleen may plead,
From acting to excuse ye;
But, spite of what your friends declare
We, your admirers, cannot bear
To get you thus to lose ye.

'Tis true, they make a mighty stire.

About you, as a manager,

Intent on reformation;

Busy instructing, in their parts,

In clap-trap attitudes and starts,

The rising generation.

But ah! in vain removed from fight
The candles, to improve the light,
Tho' pleas'd the pit immensely!
If all your pupils need the rod
As much as fiddle-faddle ---,
Or bluftering, bouncing -----

Lead of the same waste of the same of

and the state of gentlember which will be supplied to the state of the

I have seen a house and the seen and

to the state of the second sec

THE STATE OF THE S

To those, who ne'er have Garrick seen,
Such acting may not give the spleen:
To me, it is the devil,
To sit three hours, my noddle bare,
To see your ----- rant and tear,
And hear that ----- snivel!

I, often as I come to town,
In order to spare you a crown,
Dine gratis, with my printer;
But, damn it, if I'm doom'd to see
Such mummers play, instead of thee,
I'll come no more this winter,

THE

ON THE INVESTIGATION OF TRUTH.

Por fever what level against livel to

The ourer frances all their man

I be have for dinem he evere to debt a

oblesvon en open vencer un

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO. TO TOLOG

Too long have childish bards, too long, Their hours employ'd in idle fong; a har man dir W Busied the lineaments to trace Of wither'd Fiction's painted face: Where not a native beauty blows, it and as we and But cankers eat the budding rofe! Yet, captive to her smiles and wit, Pleas'd with their chains, her flaves have writ, And all the labour'd pomp of verse Employ'd, her fables to rehearse; While thou, O facred Truth! remain The theme of ev'ry humbler strain. And yet, believe what each pretends, And num'rous are her rhyming friends! While fuch her fond admirers prove. And tune their rival fongs to love. But, fools in fondness as in awe. The truth, 'tis plain, they never faw; And but themselves her lovers boast, Because her name the public toast; Still playing a fictitious part; No real passion at the heart.

For fay, what lover's passion's true

For beauty that he never knew?

So eastern monarch's love their wives,

Tho' barren strangers all their lives.

So lov'd la Mancha's famous knight

The Fair, for whom he swore to sight;

Fir'd by th' enthusiastic rage,

With men and monsters to engage.

Yet ask'd, for whom this martial strife?

He never saw her in her life:

Nor was he positive, God wot,

Whether, indeed, she liv'd or not.

Thus bards too oft, in truth's defence,
Break through the rules of common fense;
And, o'er his rival, each, t' aspire,
Strives which shall prove the greatest liar:
Strange to the liberty of thought,
Vile slaves! but seeking to be bought,
To lying faction early train'd,
A purchase by the truth disdain'd.
Mean-time, as insolent as vain,
They freedom's facred name profane,
And, boasting, hug the chains that bind
That worst of slaves, the servile mind,
Such, Dryden, thou immortal bard,
Whose genius claims supreme regard;

Ver, captive to ner invies and avic

How honour'd, might not truth accuse Thy venal, prostituted muse.

Say'st thou 'tis strange the world should rest
Content, by falsehood thus depres'd?
Alas, thou little know'st mankind,
Who, seeing, imitate the blind;
In spite of truth and open day,
In darkness choose to grope their way;
Suspecting plainness of disguise,
The obvious sense of terms despise;
From sound or derivation gleaning
Some far-fetch'd, dark and doubtful meaning:
While each impostor's word prevails
In mystic parables and tales;
Neglected e'en the word divine,
If with it sense and reason join.

Look back through each successive age:

How honour'd the mysterious page!

What millions have been the tools

Of knaves, whose nat'ral prey is fools!

How strangely trick'd deluded crowds

Who, truth expecting from the clouds,

And therefore gaping into th' air,

On error stumbled unaware!

Thus an astrologer of old,

In learned history we 're told,

Contem-

Contemplating the milky way,
Neglected that before him lay;
And, led by wand'ring planets, fell,
Unluckily into a well.
Yet e'er with flander branding those
Who seek the naked truth t' expose,
Short-sighted mortals, in their pride,
Thus strive their ignorance to hide;
By holding all beyond their view
Beyond investigation too.

The phylous lenfe Lorenzo, our misfortune here From found or de Th' effect of idleness and fear. Some far-fetch'd The fluggard shuns inquiry's talk, and our does the W Because too great the pains to ask; In multic parables Stifling th' emotions of his breaft, Newlected e'en the T' indulge his lazy brains in reft. tons dian't div A paradox, yet such the fact, More fear to think than fear to act; In thought, the' danger we furmize, the transport wolf In act while real danger lies. In truth, my friend, 'tis fad to find Hence rife the zeal of half mankind; Religion but the compound vice Of indolence and cowardice. Ev'n pious christians, much I fear, baldmost rous al Are practically atheists here. Who in 1990 forthe an and ?

HADE!

How deaf and blind to calls of grace When nature wears a fmiling face, who have the same of But when she frowns, in wild amaze Look how th' affrighted cowards gaze! When clouds drop fatness on the plains, In mildly-foft descending rains; In their due feason harvests fmile, and the sound of And plenty crowns the peafant's toil: As nothing rare, as nothing new, was a second of the We take the bleffing as our due. For O! prosperity's a lot At ease enjoy'd, with ease forgot. to do to a some of In june's warm fun and april's shower We trace not an almighty power: Ingrates! fo light of heav'n we make, and autom and Nor think the hand that gives may take. But ah! when threat'ning florms arife; When thunders rattle through the skies; When the tall mountain bows its head, And earthquakes vomit up the dead; Behold whole nations proftrate fall Before the mighty God of all. T' appease his anger now their care, Lo, all is fasting, sighs and pray'r; Till, the dread from blown haply o'er, They rife and revel as before, amount and new of Forget, or ridicule, the rod ; and asher all agreed all And laugh to fcorn the fear of God. as and frie ball Nor only mov'd when danger's nigh, the test work of Our fears awake the gen'ral cry; the day and the Imaginary scenes, alike, the day and the dastard soul with terror strike; the day work and while to the coward's opticks seem and about and W Light straws as each a giant's beam. The dastard with the day and the day of Imaginary strains and Imaginary draw the cords of love; while nature's groans, or fancy's fears, and the day and the day of the day and the day of the da

Whence grows a cowardice fo base? The straw a same of At th' early dawn of moral sense as a straw of the infatuation did commence; The straw of the

So pedagogues, unletter'd, ufe No class of blockheads to refuse: But gravely undertake t' explain The arts themselves must first attain; Sufficient if the master goes Before his blundering pupil's nofe. Careful his vacant hours t' employ, Now Reason prov'd a hopeful boy: But Genius, infolent and wild, By nature an affuming child, A treach'rous memory his lot. The little that he learn'd forgot; Nor gave himself a moments pain To con his lessons o'er again; But, trusting to his forward parts, Debauch'd with wit the fifter-arts; Who, yet unfettled, young and frail, Enamour'd, listen'd to his tale; And, fince the cause of dire disputes, Turn'd out abandon'd proftitutes: By priest and prophet, once enjoy'd, To basest purposes employ'd; For ages past, their only use a manufaction of the sale To vitiate reason or traduced or another man samuel For this, Tradition foremost came, and be and a least ? Instruction was her maiden name, but a taken and a Now grown a fmooth-tongu'd flipp'ry jade, An arrant mistress of her trade.

of the parties and the parties of

She told the stories, o'er and o'er,
That Genius told the Arts before,
Repeating lies, as liars do,
Till in the end they think them true;
And when detected in her lie,
"Mysf'ry"—the biter's arch reply,

www.

By this fine dame our mothers taught, Their scheme of education wrought; So train'd us early to deceit, To look on Reason as a cheat; To lies first tun'd the op'ning ear; Awoke our earliest sense to fear; With monsters and chimeras vain, Fill'd the foft head and turn'd the brain; Till the fond fools, to top their part, Fix'd the rank coward at the heart. Nor with our growing years releas'd; The nurse but moulds us for the priest; Who, left his ward, grown fly or flout, Should find the knavish secret out, The bugbear from his reach removes, And all th' old woman's tale improves, Passions more riotous to quell, and no notice establish of Chang'd the dark hole for darker hell, and the The truant damn'd for naughty play, www northernal Black-monday now's the judgment-day; away

4

An artant militels of her trade,

In promise, hopes, for toys, are given, And endless holidays in heavin.

The groundless fear and vain desire,
Which hence mankind in youth acquire,
How deeply rooted do we find;
How fix'd th' impressions on the mind!
The weakness of those childish fears,
Too oft increasing with our years;
While ev'ry infant joy and strife,
Improv'd, is carried into life!
For see the idiot and the wise,
Each from his own fond shadow sies;
Like curs, that run till nature fails!
A bladder fasten'd to their tails.

With idle fears the world t' abuse,
Assistant here th' inventive muse;
The tale of wonder early taught,
When playful, young, and void of thought,
By stroling Fancy led astray,
The vagrant troul'd the jovial lay.
Alas! of mirth and pleasure cur'd,
To horror's brownest shade inur'd;
By love of wonder since betray'd,
To lend santastic Spleen her aid:
For whom her numbers, sad and slow,
In dismal melancholly flow;

Condemn'd

Condemn'd to murmur all the day; To figh and groan the midnight lay; The skull, the spade, the shroud, the herse, The doleful implements of verse; Or doom'd prepoft'rous tales to tell, By brain-fick Fiction brought from hell. For know th' unwary muse was caught While Fiction yet her friend was thought; A hag, by Ignorance badly nurs'd, With craving appetite accurs'd, To Spleen's embrace, while yet a maid, The dire chlorofis had betray'd. Since when, the wretch has roam'd abroad, Her fullen tyrant's willing bawd; A vile procurefs, to supply land to have the state of The love of wonder with a lie. Hence bards, that reason less than rail, Affect to tell the woeful tale; Or vent their moralizing rage; As bugbears of a fearful age; To truth pretending to be led to said to be By megrims in the fick man's head; As if with zeal prophetic burn'd been diversely The wretch whose blister'd head was turn'd; The fittest those the truth to teach, By fevers half-depriv'd of speech; Whose fault'ring tongues most loud complain, When death or doctors shake the brain.

C 2

Nor

Nor feldom, by transition ledom or sen of matissis all From dying moralifts to dead in galaction on stone of Triffful, in hypocondres wextd, and had a war and The musing parson chews his text; and to delicate Some folemn scene of dulness sought, at an analysis of To aid his rectitude of thought; more I magnet but. The murky vaults, the haunted cells, Where moping Melancholy dwells, and another to a And Fear, that kneels in piteous plight, Her straggling hair all bolt upright. Fit comrades these as e'er could chuse Her doleful ditties proud to fing and has done in W. Where fadness spreads her dusky wing; Where croaks the fyren of the lake The light-of-heart from eafe to wake; And folemn owls, in concert grave, is word 195 42 Join hoot the worldly-wife to fave a manage wing and

'Twas thus affected Hervey fung; days at the off 'Twas thus affected Hervey fung; days at the off Whose motley muse, in florid strain, and show has With owls did to the moon complain; days and whose all the morn her raven throat, which whose all to so found the glibber magpy's note. The strain of the morn her raven throat, which all Mean-while Religion gravely smil'd and a normal should to see grown Piety a child; when at a home a should the strain of the strain of the magnetic and the strain of the s

Can love of tenth impose the cula.

In leading-firings to find her led; and yet and its saw By those her fost'ring hand had bred tom garth alous For why confin'd the moral mufe, goody d'us author f To blasted oaks or baleful yews to noting gainer and O'er graves to make fantaflick moan, so amelo sano? And deepen Horror's difmal groan louis and his at Say, hath alone the mouldiring tomb any yatum and For pious Meditation room danal M. gargon and W Ah! wont with meek-eyed Peace to rove, 1609 has Through church-way path or filent grove; grant and Her grateful influence round her shed, di sabaunco influence round her shed round her Where groan the fick, or fleep the dead ; said said With truth and foberness ferene, a mitthe intelest with Enliv'ning ev'ry folemn fcene; based abanbal ared W Difarming Terror of it's pow'r, we not assent send & To wander at the midnight hour; mand to add and I Sweet Philomel, harmonious spright, wo amalog but The only spectre of the night. Village and good good Can love of truth impose the task, To lurk beneath a gorgon mask; change sunt and To stalk, in garb terrific clad, H boisalts and and " And fcoul the weak and wicked mad; valion and with Or drive the wretch; o'erwhelm'd with care, In godly frenzy, tordespairs and moon and is brief ? Is folly vice, fear makesvit worfe; ddd and brunt of Reflection is the coward's curfe string in String and white Reflection is the coward's curfe and string in the coward of the control of the coward of the co Unless remorfe in mercy given, a visit away and all To damn felf-murderers to heaven.

C 3

Why,

Why, then, is fought the midnight shade From vice or falfehood to diffuade? Is night less vicious than the day? Doth error guide the folar ray? Or is exhal'd, like morning dew, The moral object or the true? O. most ridiculous the fcene, Where superstition feeds the spleen; Where the grey spectre falks to view, As burns th' expiring taper blue; Or dances o'er the dizzy fight The form of many a dreadful spright: Mean-while a victim to his fears The moon-struck moralist appears. For when the brain wild fancy fires; Reason most prudently retires. As fober men from drunkards part, For fuch companions griev'd at heart.

Awes, then, with tremulous reftraint
The painted urn or plafter faint?
Humbles the mutilated buft
The rotten finner to the dust?
Lorenzo, here, no error make,
Nor cowardice for conscience take.
Alas, repentance, void of root,
May blossom fair yet fail of fruit:

Attrition

Attrition vain and infincere Mere weakness all, unmanly fear.

In the dark grove what horrour reigns To chill the blood in Chiron's " veins, When th' ignis-fatuus glares, by night, Terrific witchcraft to his fight; Or, animated by his fears, Alive the fresh-lopp'd elm appears; A giant ghost the dreadful bulh, Shook by fome formidable thrush, That nightly perching on its breaft, Securely builds or tends her neft; While on the next tremendous spray, The nightingale repeats her lay: Th' heroic titmouse or the wren Less timid than the sons of men; Who yet to conscience give the lie, And dare the pow'r of truth defy.

For know, no tremour can impart Conviction to the skeptick's heart: Nor takes, like agues, in a fright, Trembling impiety its slight.

emile !

^{*} A modern Centaur - See the preface to a book entitled the Centaur not fabulous.

Behold the tyrant's iron hand,

That holds in chains a captive land;
In whose firm grasp imprison'd lies
Bold freedom, struggling as it dies;
Crush'd by whose weight the monarch bleeds,
And sceptres break like blighted reeds:
See this strong hand let fall the rod,
And tremble if the bulrush nod;
Belshazzar's like, enervate fall,
If laid a singer on the wall:
The wretch of God nor man afraid,
Yet trembling at an empty shade!

Nor only fear th' immoral crew;
The coward Pious tremble too;
Philosophy herself a fool,
Attended by her nurse to school.
Such dupes to fear, at times, we find
The best, the wisest of mankind!
For Oh! what antidote so strong
As poison that has work'd so long!
What drug eradicates the pest,
Suck'd from the mother's tainted breast?
In vain the doctor we may try;
No doctor's see our cure can buy:
Tho, tamp'ring with the dire disease,
Licentiates mock with present ease;

And

And emp'ricks, falving ev'ry fore,
With nostrums make it rage the more.

Sayft thou, in policy, afraid anguest mediant but To spoil the priest's and lawyer's trade, The statesman, topping the divine, Supports with pow'r the fame defign; To keep th' inquisitive in awe, and and a local and a Smacking his long-tail'd whip, the law; Still thund'ring in the vulgar ear Implicit faith and groundless fear: The nostrums these of church and state; To make a nation good and great. Thus forfeit patriots that pretence They make, as men, to common-fenfe? Can ignorance be understood As needful to the public good; That free inquiry fuch decry; And boast their salutary lie? Or, are they here by habit led, And innovation's tumult dread? on and that and the So facred held the flated rules in the state of Custom, law-giver to fools ! from add to the best of Yet Custom's rules caprice has broke, the address of And turn'd her statutes into joke; no set a rostot sel Nor boaft her laws, however old, Refistance to the pow'r of gold, Shall Science, then, still drag her chain, And figh for liberty in vain? Forbid it heav'n! that thus the mind, By tyrant policy confin'd, the ball in the formation Should bow while Falsehood bears the sway, And give the cause of Truth away. Is this, Lorenzo, to be free? Are these the sweets of liberty? That glorious priv'lege yours and mine, In our own sties, like fensual swine, At will to grumble, eat and drink; But ah, prohibited to think! Our nobler appetites denied Their proper food, and damn'd for pride; Forbad our reason to employ; Depriv'd of each sublimer joy; Robb'd of the privilege to know; Man's chief prerogative below!

May Britons boast, of all mankind,
The nobler fortitude of mind;
To set blind prejudice apart;
To rend th' old woman from the heart;
To laugh at blind tradition's rules,
The mother and the nurse of fools?
Have they with blood so dearly bought
Their boasted privilege of thought;

while whiled will out

To throw like school-boys, tir'd with play,
The long disputed prize away?
Ah! had not custom often fail'd,
What barbarism had still prevail'd?
Deaf to the call of truth and grace,
Denying reformation place,
What lengths still stubborn faith had run,
To end what madd'ning zeal begun?
In honour still of Moloch's name,
Our children might have pass'd the stame;
By persecution's sagget rais'd,
Religious sires in Smithfield blaz'd;
Or now, as in a Stuart's reign,
Been dy'd with blood serne's plain.

Nay still how preposses d we find
With pious falsehoods half mankind.
Think from the stake how late reprieved
Wretches, no charity relieved:
Oh horror! to the slaughter led,
For wearing rags and wanting bread;
Doom'd by inhuman, legal rage
Martyrs to poverty and age.

^{*} The unhappy victims to an act of parliament, not long fince repealed, by virtue of which many hundreds of poor wretches were formerly hanged, or burnt, for witcheraft.

See fill th' enthufiaftic band gamen and war lift Cant, whine, and madden o'er the land; By scripture-craz'd fanaticks led, days and the Whitfield or Weftley, at their head. See ev'n the learning of our schools Perverted to bewilder fools work attending to the second The words of plainness to disguise, when the Durant The And baffle reason with surprize; alim and all and office While truth and nature plead in vaint the a bush and Ah! think how fatal, foon or late, Such crazy members to the state: How dang'rous to the public weal want as well and the Blind ignorance and foolish zeal. Reflect in what a dreadful hour Nonfense usurp'd the hand of power; When puritans the land o'er-run, in a daily and little's And facrilege was pious fun: a shot gash as I at I d. While wretches for their country's good, Dipt their vile hands in royal blood! shukim axed visnoure ove

Avert good Heav'n th' impending rod!

O leave, ye patriots, leave the mind

In fearch of knowledge unconfin'd:

^{*} A famous Hutchinsonian divine, of the church of England.

Lest Truth your cunning should despite; of the sale Returning to its native skies bad and and white Good policy to truth sally stance of sane of the sale of the second or Westey. See even the learning of our schools

Cease too, ye bards, so wond rous wise, do reproved T' instruct by means you should despise, to show all In sober sadness, much too long the roles of the down Mankind have listen'd to your song; has down and W Have strain'd the mental eye, to see the down A Your salse, fantastic imag'ry; With gaudy colours glaring bright, To captivate the vulgar sight; The gaping idiot's grin of praise; Or stare of ignorance to raise:

Nay, tho' approv'd your moral ends, Ye still are truth's mistaken friends, Ah! full as dang'rous to her cause.

As even those who spurn her laws.

No visionary fears intrude

Where triumphs moral rectitude, has an according at

Truth all the artifice disdains and clausing chains; ye reach of dungeons deep, and clausing chains; ye reach of knowledge unconfind:

* If men were not to delare their opinions in spite of establishments, either in church or state, truth would be soon banished the earth. Dedication to Essay on Spirit.

Skulks

Skulks not in life's fequester'd way;
But walks abroad in open day.
'Tis Falsehood, her grim face to hide,
Shuffles on nature's darkest side;
Baffling, in Terror's murky den,
The scrutiny of honest men.

Man to the there the Abyt to one When could appropriat a mercural black bana a tani monde u sur la régarde di South of this or distance a manne of A. Commercial production of the most of the Instance and well-deer and the Walter of torward with a grandful an Margine variety in round the some thicker Hard and hoored him sloav Thurs says a little widther a view All crying: Where's the fellow's hump? The females ago, among the relt. Their detetts non tond expreisid; While Justions joices were cut and grack d The fee a main to Hender back'd. grant a dire to have a fling worlds vigo bind star with a large

to the first termination of the problem of the prob

THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

A FABLE.

Bu Parellet as goin face to hill

with the second country den

THE HINT FROM HELVETIUS.

ONCE on a time, or story lies,
A deity for fook the skies;
And rambling, curious, up and down,
Enter'd, at length, an Afric town!
Where liv'd a tribe of mortals black,
With each a hump upon his back;
A burthen common to the nation
Thro' each such successive generation.

The comely god, well-shap'd and fair,
March'd forward with a graceful air;
While, gathering round, the gaping throng
Wonder'd, and hooted him along.
This gave a kick, and that a thump;
All crying, Where's the fellow's hump?
The females too, among the rest,
Their detestation loud express'd;
While luscious jokes were cut and crack'd,
To see a man so slender back'd;
Eager each flirt to have a sling,
At such a pale fac'd ugly thing.

Nay, heav'n knows where their taunts had ended, If fate the god had not befriended. But fo, it chanc'd, a fober fage Advanc'd, rever'd for fense and age; Made wife by time and observation, His knowledge glean'd from ev'ry nation: He whites had feen, as well as blacks, No mountains bearing on their backs; And knew, from reasons consequential, Colour and form were not effential. Yet fill too wife to call in doubt The wisdom of the rabble rout: He thus, the stranger to protect, Address'd the mob with due respect. "O give, my friends, your infults o'. " Nor vex this hapless creature more: "What tho' before our eyes we see " A lump of fair deformity; much the quites will be Not e'en a mole-hill on his shoulder, " To captivate one black beholder; " But like an unshap'd log he stands, " Unfinish'd left by nature's hands; " Yet mock him not, in cruel pride, and incite V " For wanting what the gods deny'd; and still and " "Tis affectation makes the fool; anything as as if " No object this of ridicule, the down which yad T " It might have been your fate or mine, "To want the human hump divine; It is mainted to

And each of us, an ugly fight,
Might have flat-shoulder'd been, and white:
If therefore heav'n, to us so kind,
Gives the protuberance behind,
Thanks to the gods with fervour pay,
But send this wretch unhurt away."

The mob, on ev'ry word intent,
With some sew murmurings gave consent;
When now the sage the god address'd,
And thus dismiss'd the injur'd guest.

- "On earth a welcome wouldst thou find,
- "Go hence, and learn to know mankind.
- "In other lands thy form and face
- " May challenge comelines and grace;
- But here to beauty are we blind,
- " If wanting of a hump behind.
- "Thus ev'ry nation, ev'ry tribe,
- " Peculiar fentiments imbibe; d ano sigvilgas of
- " And beauty, virtue, lense, lay claim
- "To little more than empty name;"
- " Varied in every clime and nation, mid shoom so Y
- " As faits the general lituation. Tadw gainaw 104 3
- " Hence, judging each by diff rent rules,"
- "They think each other knaves or fools;
- "While no defect or vice is known, avad ingim il
- " Unless it differ from their own." and sand of

- " To turn the shafts of fcorn aside,
- " Then take this maxim for your guide :
- "Gowhere you will be fure to wear I IIM AT A
- " The gen'ral hump the people bear :
- "He's ne'er accounted fool or regue, danors ADDO
- "Whose vice or folly is in vogue." THE HHT ME

No doubt, ere this, the magazine, Your monthly noticem for the spicen,

Hath reach'd your hands at K.
The lift of death, of count, you've sead,
Turn'd up your eyes, and shook your head,
And cry'd, sood lack-a-day;

But, having not deterved to it. That in your tellemental will.

i should be quite forgotten.
I'm thinking how the folks will teste.
If kindly you should make an neir
Of one, thought dead and totten.

Thus, to prevent miltakes, I fend
'T' affure my bett, my worthieft friend,
His magazine tells lies:
So the maim'd foldier, 'mong the fluin,
Just ready to be fluipp'd, in pain,
Aloud for mercy cries.

To turn the shafts of scorn ande,

: CHAPITA A OT BACTET QUARALLIMAN A

OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S SEEING HIS NAME

No doubt, ere this, the magazine,
Your monthly noftrum for the spleen,
Hath reach'd your hands at K.
The lift of deaths, of course, you've read,
Turn'd up your eyes, and shook your head,
And cry'd, good-lack-a-day!

But, having not deferv'd fo ill,
That in your testamental will,
I should be quite forgotten,
I'm thinking how the folks will stare,
If kindly you should make an heir
Of one, thought dead and rotten.

Thus, to prevent mistakes, I fend
T' assure my best, my worthiest friend,
His magazine tells lies:
So the maim'd soldier, 'mong the slain,
Just ready to be stripp'd, in pain,
Aloud for mercy cries.

Yet lead a not-unpleasant life, but delived and little more than thirty-five, which has been delived and little more than thirty-five, which has been delived and little more than thirty-five, which has been delived by may'nt I live to-morrow?

I hear you, clearing up your brow,

Reply, "You live! wild Coz—but how?

"How live you?—Tell me that.

- " For tho' perhaps I am not willing
- "To cut you off with just a shilling,
 "If said, 'tis done; that's flat.
- · Pray, tell me; are you rich or poor?
- "Can'ft keep the wolf-dogs from the door?"
 How fland you with his grace?
- " How comes it fuch quick parts as yours
- "Get not some pretty sine-cures, of a viga vian had."
 A pension, or some place?" was de land and

Why faith, good Sir, to tell you true,

I wish I were as rich as you and you want has avid of

But, prodigal in grain,

At school my little weekly cash bines land shivel you

Went all in whips, and tops, and trash, usquid shive

Improvident of gain.

Nor,

Nor, growing up, did e'er I chufe, sool yem nom to's

Yet lead a not-unple, swan year and carry news, long up of the lead a not-unple, swan yet lead a not-unple, swan way to have a compared to the little more than the little more than the little more than the little more than the little way at 1 live to-uno duft.

Contented I can fit me down, an address, now used I Snug in the midst of this vile town, all no Y and I As in a village cot; the town and work wolf.

Treat e'en our patriots with a sneer, address of the Preferring neither's lot.

Can fee at ease (while oft a friend

Calls in a leisure hour to spend,

And nurse my winter's fire)

Rich knaves in gilded coaches roll,

And truly pity, from my soul,

What half the world admire.

Not that I've learn'd in stoic school boog this you've To live and move by line and rule: as sisw I shiw I No.—If I had it, friend, and legibord the My lavish sould give away, shill you looked the With rapture, more in half a day, and we in the mew Than dukes in years could spend, and instructional

For others have I drawn a bill?

I've paid it—or—I owe it full;

And want no credit yet.

You know what Milton's devil fays,

"True gratitude, the nought it pays,

"Is ever out of debt."

My youthful errors, then, forgive;

And know I live, and how P live;

Imprudently, 'tis true:

But there, my friend, the difference lies,

Between the witty and the wife,

Between your coz and you.

Why then, ye gramblers, do you fust!
To fee your patriot made an ear!
And rais'd o et fin and flame?
C----'s unaiterable foul.
True as the needle to the pulc.
Is everyone the fanc.

What, the 'ne veer'd from fide to fide, and pride, but popularity and pride, Unfertled in his notions; Ev'n fo the needle quiv'ring plays, And eastward oft, and wellward firays, The' confiant in its motions.

For others have I deawn a bill !

And want no credit yet.

You know what Wardals Make (As

" Frue gratitude, the nought it pays, ...

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MOCCLEMS ..

LODG'D in the northern pole, the wife you M Affirm a potent loadstone lies, has will work And And know I live, has been I live in the world of politicks, bearing my there, the great magnet, there they fix, the great magnet, there they fix, the lower work con and of politicks.

Whose influence all obey.

Why then, ye grumblers, do you fnarl To see your patriot made an earl; And rais'd o'er sin and shame? C----'s unalterable soul, True as the needle to the pole, Is evermore the same.

What, tho' he veer'd from fide to fide,
'Twixt popularity and pride,
Unfettled in his notions;
Ev'n fo the needle quiv'ring plays,
And eastward oft, and westward strays,
Tho' constant in its motions.

See and confess its genuine worth, When, plainly pointing to the North, TIJA WA Its was fing all is o'er # ATIJJA WA TO Thus to the pole of politicks At length, lo, P-west in Ca and de flicks, and & A Writhing his struggling rump from fide to Ade, In all the piecestry pomp of priviley pride, Pest payford --- --- poets pedant, price No best is bright, as backeles in high Far-fam'd by tilppers, from, turile hung Peerless arriverile reparter and print plants By nature, appeared ningshilly, and nice: By art, pragramy primitive, precited A simperior bears fraph decisive faints Queer, quacinh, quibbling, quarelous and quaint ; So sne, to finicking, to defi, to feet His numbers total his flyle to bly er meet I Hence Ruth'd with tancied pitts from all the graces, He boaffs that favours, the united their faces; WAle, felt fufficient, in fintaffic tirains, He vents the lifetions of his barton brains a Scribbles the tenfelets, fentimental tale Of mincing minx in Mestpotatoral's vale; Publicly productes prepoflerous praise, la languid, tabour'd, lulling, lying lays : Pens penny-pilfering puffs for poultry pay, And gives egregious egotifms away :

With

AN ALLITERATIVE DESCRIPTION OF AN ALLITERATIVE BARD.

Thus to the pole of politicks As in the gutter firsts the carrion crow, disput A So stalks, in fable state, stiff, folemn, flow, bak Writhing his wriggling rump from fide to fide. In all the pimping pomp of prieftly pride, Pert parson -----, poet, pedant, prig; No bard fo bright, no bachelor fo big! Far-fam'd for frippery, frothy, futile fun; Peerless at puerile repartee and pun; By nature, niggling, niggardly, and nice; By art, pragmatic, primitive, precise; A simpering finner, simple-seeming faint; Queer, quackish, quibbling, querulous and quaint: So fine, fo finicking, fo deft, fo feat His numbers foft, his style so silver-sweet! Hence flush'd with fancied gifts from all the graces, He boafts their favours, tho unseen their faces; While, self-sufficient, in fantastic strains, He vents th' Effusions of his barren brains: Scribbles the fenfeless, sentimental tale Of mincing minx in Mes'potamia's vale; Publicly prostitutes preposterous praise, In languid, labour'd, lulling, lying lays; Pens penny-pilfering puffs for paultry pay, And gives egregious egotisms away;

With

With bare-fac'd eulogies himfelf addresses v lanev va Vaunting each muse the virtuous bard carestes of Vamping vile veries, vapid, vague, jejuhenot sili X. He rings his jingling chimes, to time and tune, alla Or decks in plunder'd plumes, and fets to fale, leve? His green-goose waddling with a peacock's tails and Treats Alma huord toy luftile ont by training room Scorning to flop till flop-thief's cried aloud side wo V Friend to the faithful, formal, starch and shy, ideal He sneers with scepticks, threwd, severe and synthe Or, coaxing doubting deifts to believe, an ion at ma Laughs at each credulous christian in his seeve; . A Forges, forfooth, fanatic fribbling letters, And plays the critick on the bards, his betters; In fulminations by bell, book, and taper, Anath'matizes harmless ink and paper, And contumeliously, with captions curses, Damns blund'ring blockheads bawling bell-men's verses :

While thus, to crude caprice a carping tool,
He, spite of scripture, calls his brother, sool:
Power, name and same, mean time, he knows to prize,
Nor thinks he e'er can stoop too low, to rise!
Subservient hence, to give offence in sear,
He censures nought by prelate wrote, or peer;
But servile, speaking, trimming, meek and mean,
Veers with each wind, and shifts with every scene:

By venal views thus fet his virtues blazing, and driw He fays and does what's really most amazing minus. We Kisses foul J. In I may breach, and, on like plant of Calls Glaster's bishop a fine gentleman and again all Says lean lord L. i. it an (such lies he'll tell ye) by to Keeps all the Nine in that lank sheath, his belly; and Treats Alma mater like a common whore again and Vow's Bate's a whig, and Scotland is not poor look. Slights Churchill's muse, whilst Ogilvie and Home, With him, excell the bards of Greece and Rome. He But is not he, who thus can all and write, make a second of the coxomb, sycophant, and hypocrite is a second.

Forges, forfooth, tankin (ribbling letters, And plays the celluck on the bards, his beliefs; I bedie, and taper, Anath matized harmleternk and paper.

And contumeliously, with captious curies.

Dainns blunding thockheads bawting beil-men's verses;

While thus, to crude caprice a carping tool, He spite of scripture, calls his brother, sool.

Power, name and same, mean time, he knows to prize, Nor thinks he e'er can stoop too low, to rise!

Subservient hence, to give offence in sear.

He censures nought by prelate wrote, or peer;

But servile, socking, trimming, nicely and mean.

Veers with each wind, and shifts with every scene.

In Pharoah's presence thus, we're told, Ev'n In all of T On Boy O N A --- P When Aaron's rod, to crown the jest, Gap'd, gulp'd, campon statament.

The ringityx1330m sasy set up attisw

Chousing, cheating, chopping, changing, arranged A Proteus round the world was ranging; but person A When a blast from Rumour came, at the stand brained Reverberating C -----'s name; and a stand brained Fam'd afar for transformations, a some of the stand Brained Turns, trimming, tricks, tergiversations.

Clos'd with the view intedilections Proteus, piqu'd at the report, as element some Proteus, piqu'd at the report, as element of the report of Posted presently to court sted bial ad as stady bight U When, clapping on a Highland fuit more advasted ba A To gain the countenance of B ---, He cring'd and fidled to the ring, abada to agnord'T And made his bow unto montoleans and maged then eH Then turning round and speaking loud, and arms va He challeng'd C ---- from the crowd of mailing A " My lord, if you're a man, turn out; a fillgad aA With T ---- oft Live had a bout; unionere A " And Charles could match me to a hair, mind on T Wow as a Smithfield read bar lind on i gnignand ni "The deuce is in't, if you can be gorisme a woll " A match for Proteus more than he!" and aver A re.OTT

In Pharoah's presence thus, we're told, Ev'n Israel's chiefs were brav'd of old, When Aaron's rod, to crown the jest, Gap'd, gulp'd, and swallow'd up the rest.

The ring was clear'd, and P--- began, Traw
In form and presence of a man;
Appearing in his pristine glory amassis and according to the pristine glory amassis and analyses of the pristine glory amassis and analyses of the pristing below and based and we and the mose of German cully amassis of the And twent'd a worming, wheedling whig; and the Clos'd with the r--- l predilections
For German generals and connections; upiq amassis of Unsaid whate'er he said before,
And bore the form of man no more.

Through th' objects of the brute creation, by and all the next began his transformation: and and about but A By turns was hog, dog, cur and beagle, aim and T A Russian bear, a Prussian eagle,

An English war-horse on sull speed, over the broken and the A prancing Hanoverian steed?

The British lion now he roared; blue as already but A Now as a Smithfield bullock gor'd; at gaigness at the Now a Camelion changing colour; at a supple of T. A ravenous cormorant never the suller; of datam A to the suller and the suller and the suller are the suller; of datam A to the suller and the suller are the suller; of datam A to the suller and the suller are the suller; of datam A to the suller are the suller; of datam A to the suller are the suller; of datam A to the suller are the suller; of datam A to the suller are the suller; of datam A to the suller are the s

From

From beaft to bird, to fifth from fowl,

A buffard now, and now an owl; ONLINAVE HIT

A trout, expecting to be tickled;

A falmon, — pity 'twas not pickled!

And if he faw the ---- but fmile,

Was ftrait a faivelling crocodile.

While thus he play'd at fast and loofe, A Fox had mark'd him for a goofe; When, lifted up, he took his flight, wood Teal. A mere machine, a paper-kite to hose guital vall Fast to whose tail was tied a taper, 100 lastanual 10 In lantern, also made of paper. stam ale sword bluode Lord! how this change amus'd the -- I do no of For who do ye think had got the ftring topes and o'l' Ev'n B ---, who guided, here and there, This paste-board patriot in the air such another soul I Blazing, a meteor in the skies, ones small to ylims! A) Amazement to the vulgar eyes, to on bould redrego T Of gaping gulls and credulous crowds, and as gailgas Who fee their favourite in the clouds, I said that ad I And think by him to fleer feetre; vd .b'astirdo as W Their ministerial Cynosure to learned that airsusial A Averle to all that's low or rude

Fainting at eviry od, that subbon ruo no all the fainting And flarch as I the devil and all the flarch as I for Proteus, fruck with flame and wonder, connecting the former flare to the subbon of the flar flare flare to the subbon of the flare flare to the subbon of the flare flare to the subbon of the subbon

THE

From beaft to bird, to fifth from fowl, - ARAG ONIONAG DIA ONIONA SUPPLY ON THE SHARL SUPPLY ON THE SHARL SUPPLY ON THE SHARL SUPPLY OF THE SHARL

A trout, expeding to be tickled;
A falmon, - pity 't' al da He'Ae'd!

And if he faw the -- - but fmile,

ADDRESSED TO MESS, HOGAETE AND CRURCHILL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MOCCLEWIT SING

Even B -- +, who guided here and there,

LEST, Hogarth, thou fhould'st draw again which when a find the pen ; there machine, the pen ; the pen is a find the pen if A or Churchill, scorning to give out, has shown at the Should prove less merciful than stout; this can be in the less than apt tale, an equal friend that the book of the less than the pen is the country of the less than the less

Three fisters, daughters of the Town, read-side of it. (A family of some renown) if the read of the part of the first of the first, that a state of the first of

But should be on our nod stay sucho ye've as fainting of God bless us! "twere; short under your stay of the sound of sou

THE

For this was all a fair outfide, Her vice and vanity to hide. The fecond a fantastic dame. As modish in her dress as name: A batter'd strumpet, Fashion hight, The bane of many a living wight: A grey coquet, whose magic pow'r Tho' wasting with the present hour, Her charms deciduous but decay, To fprout again some future day; While thus alternate youth and age, By turns her votaries engage, And fill with constancy maintain Her most inconstant tyrant reign. The third, a female full of zeal, Still flaming for the common-weal; Tho as her fifter, Fashion, guides, Alternate taking different fides; Now a rank Tory, talking big, And now a grumbling stedfast Whig. Or, when no business of the nation Sets her warm blood in fermentation, As keen she flies at lower game, A poet's or a painter's fame: Alike she raves, alike she bounces, About pink furbelows and flounces; In every cause sincere and hearty, Her name, as well as nature, Party.

Now ancient maids and barren wives, Who lead unprofitable lives, id or quies v bas sore and Full often keep (the devil rout 'em) and a language and A pack of animals about tem; then ted at dillom and Dogs, cats, or monkies, substitutes quantil a tental A For children, oft less natural brutes and to asset on I Thus did our jarring fifters three in a suppor your A Keep a well-stock'd menagerie; and drive garflish tod? Whither each quadruped and biped bloob amada tall By gentle treatment was invited; at also a lucide of Or bird or beaft, or fair or frightful, For the more strange, the more delightful. Accordingly in numbers came, Domestic, foreign, wild, and tame; From Stade and Norway, noble rats; From Italy, fine warbling cats; Taught by Marcel himself to dance, A troop of apes skipp'd o'er from France; From Turkey, tutor'd in the east, An Irish renegado beast, shah gadamara a was a sa That like a Bornean ape could fwing, And trot upon an iron firing. Next from St. Omer's learned college, There came a prodigy of knowledge; A Chien Scavant, or dog of parts, At least a bachelor of arts; has avoluted they sould That knew the Greek and Latin better has your all Than all th' academy Belles-Lettres.

H

311194

But more than all a dancing Bear And fav'rite Pug engag'd their care, The latter, as a dog of merit, Was cherish'd for his former spirit; For he, tho' now much past his prime, Had been an odd dog in his time; Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks, And play a thousand comic tricks. Him had our ladies long preferr'd To be their doughty body-guard. Hence in the parlour was he plac'd, And with a filver collar grac'd; On a foft velvet cushion seated, And by all three most kindly treated: Whence, growing infolent and proud, He growl'd fo fierce, and bark'd fo loud, That not another dog or cat About the house, dar'd smell a rat, Or fet a foot into the parlour, For fear of this eternal snarler; Who, like a greedy, envious elf, Lov'd no one creature but himself.

Rough Bruin, but as yet a cub,
Unlick'd, and yet unwean'd from bub,
Was boarded with a neighb'ring vicar,
And nurtur'd with his fav'rite liquor.

to make the self amount and went of the

Mence, growing flurdy and mischievous, He oft committed outrage grievous; Made a cat's paw of Tom's the mouser, And plagu'd to death poor harmless Touzer; Drown'd old Grimalkin, and in ire, Threw playful kittens in the fire. For, out of wantonness or spite, In mischief lay his sole delight; Tho' fome excuse him, and will say, That what he did was but in play, The maggots of a dancing bear, To make the people hoot and stare; As if dame Nature form'd one half The world, to make the other laugh. At length, however, most unruly, He fell upon his keeper, truly! And, when corrected, threw him down, And trampled on the parfon's gown; Made e'en a kennel of the church, And left his feeders in the lurch. Meanwhile, as strolling up and down, The sport and terror of the town, His brother brutes he chanc'd to fee, That lodg'd in the menagerie. Here the first scene that caught his eye, Was a broad stage erected high; On which a fet of mimic apes Play'd monkey-tricks in various shapes;

Grinn'd

Grinn'd, chatter'd, laugh'd, and made fuch faces, That Bruin, piqu'd at their grimaces. Scrambled aloft, refolv'd to rout 'em. And with his bear's paws laid about him; Hugging each monkey-dog and bitch. As loving Satan hugg'd the witch; While the poor devils scream'd aloud, The jest and pity of the crowd. Next, in a neighb'ring charnel vault, He fmok'd a pack of hounds at fault, By fome spay'd bitch's nose misled, To fnuffle there among the dead, In fearch of Fanny's knocking ghoft, Of whom the fcent in earth was loft. But Bruin never wanted scent After whatever game he went; But fmelt her out, and, to be doing, Fell foul upon a brother Bruin, Pomposo fam'd, as rude a bear, As e'er was shewn in Southwark fair: Ill-favour'd, clumfy, and uncouth, The veriest monster of the booth. His waters Bruin closely watch'd: When hurt Pomposo, over-match'd, And fairly worsted in the fray, Growl'd, and turn'd tail, and flunk away.

Flush'd with success, and fond of same, Now Bruin ran at higher game; Nay some (tho' these we don't rely on) Pretend he dar'd t' attack the lion. But brutes, as well as men, 'tis known, Pay a due deference to the throne. Certain it is, he made fine sport Of th' o'ergrown jackals of the court, And caus'd the rest to quake for fear Around the country far and near. These triumphs envious Pag had seen, And, half-devour'd with spight and spleen, Another quadruped to fee, More fear'd and mischievous than he; Refolv'd t'affail this mighty beaft, Or give himself such airs, at least, That folks might think he did not fear him, So growl'd whenever he came near him. His mistress Party, hence mistaken, Till much too late to fave his bacon. Unequal match! her fav'rite's ruin! Slipt poor presumptuous Pug at Bruin; Unknowing that, tho' bark he might, His toothless gums no more could bite. But roughly-gentle Bruin feiz'd, And foftly first old Puggy squeez'd; Who, thinking all the mischief done His foe could do, kept barking on.

E 3

When

When now, enrag'd at haples Pug, He gave him such a cursed hug, That well nigh all his bones he broke, So dev'lish serious was the joke; Then threw the limping snarler down, To howl and piss about the town.

Such ever is the fate of those,
Who wantonly make folks their foes,
Or, quarrelsome, provoke the fight
With bravoes of superior might.
And thus e'en Bruin's self may catch
A tartar, who may prove his match;
And to some future tyger bow,
As low as Pug to him doth now.

ON

n of wheren reconstruct to the state of the

Terror 1. State of the file

ON HAPPINESS,

the second second second second second

AND THE INCAPACITY OF MANKIND FOR ITS ATTAINMENT.

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

Do wits this maxim still profess?

- " That man was born for happiness:
- " Tho tow'rs of hope he fondly raife,
- " Their structure lasting all his days:
- "In expectation ev'n possessing
- "The better half of ev'ry bleffing;
- " His bliss for ever in his view,
- "Whene'er he pleases to pursue."

 My friend, with care, such maxims weigh:

 Nor run with giddy wits astray.

 Genius, in search of truth may roam;

Genius, in search of truth may roam;
But bliss, if found, is found at home:
To region, clime nor soil confin'd
This boasted seed of heav'nly kind.
Ah! vainly boasted, if below

The plant celestial cannot grow!

Say sophists neither more nor less Than happiness is happiness; Yet will they boast this state unknown,
This bliss indefinite, their own?—
The diff'rence plain 'twist bliss and woe,
Whate'er we feel we surely know:
What state can, then, be ever thine
Which sense nor science can define?

That man, by others is't confess'd,
Ne'er is, but still is to be blest?
Yet would they teach, in moral strain,
How all may happiness attain?
As well who ne'er was bless'd with light
May boast the happiness of sight,
The splendour of the solar ray;
Or teach his comrades blind their way;
As such to thee make ever known
A state of being ne'er their own.

Dost thou to prove my judgment wrong
In answer quote thy fav'rite song?
True bliss, thy Pope, if we believe,
All hands can reach, all heads conceive:*
The happiness of each confin'd,
In truth, to that of all our kind.
But terms so gen'ral nought define:
The bliss of all not yours nor mine:

land on high organ carry and all the

^{*} See Pope's Effay on Man.

For, yet distinctly's understood The public from the private good. Nor doth it prove this maxim right To fay that both in one unite; Unless their union be so plain That, feeking one, we both obtain; Since th' individual, for himfelf, Applies to riot, fame or pelf: In spite of all the wife can fay, We feek our blifs a fep'rate way; Just as the present maggots bite, Take our own measures for the right; Or, having no peculiar whim, Along the tide of custom fwim. Mean-while, the all of blifs dispute, None leave their darling fubstitute. " How short of happiness is gold!" The miser cries; yet keeps his hold. " In women," fighs the batter'd rake, "What folid comfort can we take!" " Ah! what in wine?" Silenus asks. Yet, cart the whore; go, stave the casks. " How shall the sons of Comus live, " If wine nor women life will give!" Thus public happiness our care But for our own peculiar share; While fons their father's hopes traduce;

And here even patriotism's abuse.

However

However then the specious face Of wit may countenance the case, Blifs inconfiftently we call The happiness of one and all. Nor is it yet precifely meant By good, ease, pleasure or content. Good might we variously explain. Ease is deliv'rance but from pain. Pleasure is actual joy confess'd; And mere content but patient rest; A neutral state, at best and worst, But negatively bleft or curst: That which our happiness we call, Tho that nor this, the fum of all. The word's plain meaning's plainly this, Some constant state of actual bliss; No matter whether in degree Alike bestow'd on you or me: Enough, if, void of fear or pain, No motive lead us to complain: Enough, whate'er the mode of joy, If fuch that it can never cloy.

Look round the world, and tell me true. Where is fuch happiness in view? From monarchs sled, as sings the bard, His patron's virtue to reward, Tell me, in truth, was St. John blest?
Or did the bitter bard but jest;
Dipping his pen in worse than gall,
An outed statesman bless'd to call?
With equal truth the Muse might paint
My lord of Bolingbroke a saint;
Run riot o'er his dubious same,
And dub him with a patriot's name:
So worthy of his country's praise!
So meek! so holy all his ways!

Nor, tho to him, to him alone
A state of perfect bliss unknown:
Of each complexion, age, degree,
Mankind as far remov'd as he.
Go, ask, my friend, from door to door,
The high, the low, the rich, the poor;
In court, or cot, if here, or there,
Resides the mortal free from care.
You ask in vain, for joy and strife
Diversify all states of life.

To wield the fcythe with sweaty brow, With wearied arm to guide the plough, To sow in hope, to reap in joy, Thine, Labour! is the sweet employ. A life of rest with pain t'endure, To seek in health disease's cure,

To eat the grape, unprun'd the vine, Laborious Idleness! is thine. Yet idleness of care complains And labour quarrels with its pains.

Nor only found, or made, diffres;
Because externals fail to bless;
Lodg'd in ourselves the taste, and will,
That make externals good or ill;
No earthly blessing, hence, we find
An equal good to all mankind.

Belmore, the fober'st thing on earth,
Dreads the broad laugh, and roar of mirth;
While Clerrio, with a length of chin,
Protracted by perpetual grin,
Tho' Socrates himself pass by,
Must laugh in ridicule or die.

How elegant, how high refin'd The palate of Cardella's mind! How low, how vulgar Cotta's foul, That feels no rapture in a vole!

See thousands, as in love with strife, Pursue it, fretting, all their life; And darken with the clouds of spleen, The sky of providence serene:

Wretched

Wretched to find another eas'd,
And most unhappy when they're pleas'd.
How strange! while some, with patient toil,
Raise comfort on a barren soil,
Or pleasure strike, by native dint,
From cruel Fortune's hardest stint;
The patriarch like, whose rod, we're told,
Earth's stubborn setters burst, of old;
When gush'd the stream from Horeb's rock,
To water Israel's thirsty slock.

Hence, not on earth a bleffing fent Gives univerfally content: For, while fo varied is our taffe, Manna itself were show'r'd to waste. With reason, therefore, we profess God meant not here our happiness: Else in the various blessings given Sure various minds might find their heaven. But know, as different we find Each individual's turn of mind, As little with ourselves we see Ourselves, at various times, agree. So oft our views, our tempers, change, As through life's varied scenes we range. At times, fo diff'rent from himfelf, The prodigal will hoard his pelf;

Spend greedily the night at play, To throw next morn his gains away. At times ev'n misers rob their store, And give their fixpence to the poor. At times ev'n trembling cowards fight, And, desp'rate, put the bold to flight: While, fick of fighting and of fame, The brave as belgic lions tame. How oft, my friend, in private life, We love the maid we hate a wife! How oft the scene that gives delight At morn, offends the eye at night! Tis not the want of that or this; Possession is the bane of blis: And hence of happiness we see On earth th' impossibility.

Yet, with an interested view,
Doth still Lorenzo truth pursue?
Dost thou suppose th' enlighten'd mind
In truth's researches bliss may find?
That science fancy may restrain,
And six that weather-cock the brain?
Alas, deceive thy self no more;
But give thy vain pretensions o'er.
For, as a world of fruitless cost
In vain inquiries hath been lost;

himovorno Marco akite

A world

A world of labour spent t' attain That knowledge man may never gain: So millions all their lives have fpent, Searching for blifs in discontent: For blifs, which but a little thought Had told them never could be taught. Yet still they ask; yet still they run A race that never can be won. Thus fought, of yore, projecting fools The fummum bonum of the schools: And wifer heads than those of old The stone converting all to gold; Or vain adepts, much wifer still, To wrest from nature's hand, at will, Promethean theft, celostial fire; To animate their wood and wire: Madmen, that not Monro could cure Of circles and their quadrature, Of thinking drunken nature reels, Like a flung coach, on springs and wheels!

Dost thou, instructed in thy youth
To place consummate bliss in truth,
Conceive it somewhere hidden lies,
Among the learned and the wise;
That hence our bliss or misery flow,
The truth to know or not to know?

bud vem skip or order that

In vain the learn'd, in science deep, In fearch of blifs, their vigils keep; In vain the universe explore; Swift as their fearch, it flies before, Through ev'ry clime, on ev'ry wind, And leaves the panting wish behind. O, tell me, what connection ties So close the happy and the wife. Did e'er the fage in wisdom find The artless infant's peace of mind? Proud knowledge e'er, or boaftful art, Restore to joy the broken heart? Ah! what avails the truth to know. When truth's the frequent fource of woe; While gilded fiction's dazzling rays With fun-shine beautify our days, Or, mildly shed, its filver beams, Reflected, light our nightly dreams; While pleasure and its laughing train Dance, by the moon-shine of the brain. For what is knowledge, but to know How ignorant our state below? The more we learn, the more to find, Beyond our learning, still behind; Our fruitless wishes to increase, Whene'er our mental prospects cease? So far from happiness, my friend, Is science, in its means, and end.

Sayst thou that bliss the world affect
The smile of God on his elect;
Consin'd to Abr'am's faithful seed,
And made dependent on our creed?
Go, ask the saints, to whom are given
The best assurances of heaven,
The few distinguish'd here on earth
As children of a spiritual birth,
How gloomy oft a state of grace;
How often hid their Maker's face;
How oft, by satan and by sin,
Sore buffeted the man within.
These all confess beyond the sky
Their blissful heritage doth lie.

Say, is repos'd this heav'nly trust
Within the bosom of the just,
While virtue in itself you call
The happiness of one and all?
Pretending still, "tho' yours and mine

- " No partial mode of blis define;
- " Yet that our different tastes unite
- " In meaning well and thinking right;
- " An universal moral this,
- "Conducting all mankind to bliss!"
 Alas, what sophistry to tell
 Of "thinking right, and meaning well,"

^{*} Pope.

Unless this rectitude of thought
With perspicuity be taught;
This honest meaning plainly shown;
So oft admir'd! so little known!
At virtue if we're lest to guess,
What is't to say 'tis happiness!
The way to virtue as to bliss;
If dubious that as doubtful this.
How fruitless therefore but to know.
"Virtue is happiness below!"

Sayst thou, mankind are all agreed That happiness is virtue's meed? The fervice of the work inquire, And by the labour rate the hire. Now virtue some to fact confine, While others place it in defign. Some bleft but for the good they do, Others for all they have in view. But, if by virtue's understood The mere intent of doing good, doing down Those fully virtuous may be held, do not be to b Who ne'er one lawless passion quell'd; Whom ne'er temptation led aftray, land satur of Beyond the tenour of their way; an anglish flad mo A fober path by stoicks trod; ve voqued and guitaer Nor friends to man, nor foes to God. gorg doct at

Confiftent

Consistent with a state of rest. If virtue's centred in the breaft, As happy those may furely live ·Who nothing give nor have to give, As those who taste, in ev'ry sense, Th' exertions of benevolence. Some feeming difference yet we find, What pangs affect the tender mind? What exquisite sensations rise, To hear the orphan's piteous cries; To feel the widow's piercing woe; When no relief we can bestow? Doth virtue here rejoice the heart As when the gen'rous ease impart, When purest transports warm the breast, That glows to fuccour the diffress'd? And yet, my friend, 'twere wond'rous hard, If bliss the virtuous rich reward, In poverty that virtue's zeal aved you lis not ensuit. Should double all the pangs we feel; Each gen'rous figh, each focial tear, man and and But render want the more fevere. Howard will ston I

Whom he'er one lawies passion quelled of Wood Wood whom he er tenous the deed quest as a solution of the defigns must yet succeed, worst and baoved Granting that happy ev'ry mindstoll yet day is a law of second of the fiends to see its kind, were to see its kind,

Confident

Here in externals do we place The happiness of human race; Enabled to relieve diffrefs As wealth, or pow'r, ourselves posses; For blifs capacitated more As bleft with fortune's worldly store. Fix'd, by this scheme, the blissful state, Exclusive, to the rich and great; The virtuous poor, but innocent, Claiming at th' utmost, bare content. Besides, if individuals blest As sharers only with the rest, True happiness with thee to call Not merely that of one but all, What is inactive virtue's use? Can it to focial good conduce? Can it, thus fruitless and confin'd, Be call'd a bleffing to mankind? If then we judge fo much amifs Of virtue, and of virtuous blifs, de production of If faith, the crown'd with alms and pray'rs, Hath all its pangs, hath all its cares, While ev'n from knowledge prospects rife, That makes us miserably wife, in the makes of the ord I His perfect happiness to reach, the world wolf No morals mortal man can teach; and an included Still Heav'n's best vot'ries must confess quantity No bleffings here compleatly blefs:

A com-

A compound strange of bliss and woe

Man's variable state below:

Some absent something ours to crave,

Ev'n from the cradle to the grave!

How idly, then, employ'd the mind In fearch of that we cannot find. For human blis stands never still; Our good insep'rable from ill; Whilst all of pain and pleasure share, Their hour of joy, their hour of care, Adapted to each fev'ral state; Fix'd and determinate as fate. The world my friend, an ample field, Of fuch examples store doth yield. How throbs the infant's little breaft, Beneath a load of care oppress'd; The care that iffues with a figh; The tear yet standing in the eye; Or, caught in laughter's dimple sleek, Dry'd up in stealing down the cheek! See next, among the fachel'd crowd, Bold as a hero and as proud, which most area with The little tyrant of his class; darohm an ander use How happy till condemn'd to parfe, and framen Or fob beneath the weightier curfe terrom aleton of Of scanning Lilly's crabbed verse! frod a g'vest! It's

A con-

4 bieffings here compleatly blefs

In youth how glows the vital fire 'Tween expectation and defire; Our fanguine hopes our aukward fears, All fuiting unexperienc'd years. Still riper joys do manhood blefs, When full-blown fortune we posses, We riot on the joyous store, Till health and ftrength can charm no more; When disappointment and chagrin Retaliate all our joys with spleen. Proportion'd next to wasted age Infipid joys and peevish rage, Tho dim th' exhausted passions burn, Take, to our latest gasp, their turn. Thus relative, my friend, we find The pains and pleasures of mankind; Adapted all, in due degree, To human fenfibility. For fee, no more alive to fmart Than dead to joy the hard-of-heart: As far from rapture as despair The fretful family of care. Not fickness, pain, nor death itself Avarus dreads like loss of pelf: While Lavish offers an estate To flaunch a cut, ere yet too late, Dispel the head-ach, or remove Th' effects of his intemp'rate love.

Was ever yet the child of mirth Intenfely bleft, or curft, on earth? Ah no! how lightly feel a pain The light-of-heart, or light-of-brain! The man, fo happy as to think, Life's bitter potions born to drink!

Behold the foolish, weak and blind The sprightliest, merriest of mankind; While fuffers oft superiour sense, Ev'n from its own pre-eminence; Those follies that the wife annoy The destitute-of-wisdom's joy. The blockhead naturally free From cares thy knowledge brings on thee, While Heav'n you daily toil to feek, Poor Ralpho works but once a week: When, left his plough and worldly cares, He plies his Sunday's talk at pray'rs. Nor puzzled he in truth's refearch, Laid all his burthen on the church; The friendly church, by Heav'n design'd To help the weak, to lead the blind, To check the rash, to warm the cold, T'engage the young, t'amuse the old, Th' unthinking from themselves to save, And bring them calmly to the grave. Bleft ignorance! from care so free, Hath it, Lorenzo, charms for thee?

F 4

Would'ft

Wouldst thou to science, empty name
If void of bliss resign thy claim?
Be like the ass, that plodding goes,
Nor looks beyond his bridled nose?
For me—O, rather should I ask
Life's most laborious, abject task;
Would ev'n the meanest lot sustain;
Bear ev'ry tolerable pain;
To emp'ricks would intrust my cure;
Ev'n to be pitied might endure:
Nay, plague me, Heav'n, in ev'ry sense,
Ere take my share of reason hence;
Of science ere my soul deprive,
My little portion, whilst alive.

Yet dost thou ignorance despise?
The joys of knowledge hence arise.
So strange so little understood
The varied source of mortals' good!
To Heav'n my grateful vows be paid
That man in human frailty's made;
That grief and ignorance my lot;
In joy and science since forgot;
Or best remember'd in the taste
They give improvement's rich repast.
O say, industrious querist, say,
What raptures court you on the way;

What views delight, from time to time,
As the steep hills of art you climb.
Such transports ne'er had sir'd my breast,
If born of sciences posses'd,
As when, by want of knowledge sir'd,
To nature's lore I late aspir'd;
By slow degrees enlighten'd grew,
Her volume op'ning to my view;
To the weak mind as knowledge given;
Knowledge, that wings the soul for Heaven.

Lorenzo, is this doctrine strange? Seeft thou not, while the feafons change, How much, as each in contrast felt, We freeze with cold, by heat we melt. Thus exquifite our fense of woe As more refin'd our pleasures grow: Pleasure and pain, as light and shade, By one the other still display'd. Didst never want? to thee denied The blifs of being fatisfied; In constant fulness but enjoy'd Th' infipid good of which we're cloy'd. Say, plenty gives thee bread more white; It blunts the edge of appetite; Or, giving wine, malignly first Robs thee, distasteful, of thy thirst.

How funk, and terrible, to thee

The hollow eye of poverty!

While Villius meets her with a fmile,
And fings, or whiftles all the while.

Tho worn his hands, perplex'd his head,
He relishes the sweets of bread;
Nay patient sees, in want itself,
His crustless cupboard's vacant shelf:
Full many a time, in pleasant rue,
Dancing for joy without a shoe.

Is Fortunatus rich and gay?

Curst with the modish itch of play,
Bubbl'd at White's, thro lust of gain,
Or jockey'd round New-Market plain,
See with his barb his manors sly;
His leaseholds totter with the die;
Braving the storm of many a cast,
His oaks a bet malignant blast;
His card-built villas, one and all,
Like infant architecture, fall.

From sharpers, creditors and duns,
Not half the perils Villius runs;
Whom all the world to trust refuse;
Who nothing owns he dreads to lose.

The important article of drees

Ah me! what threat'ning danger's nigh? Why swells the tear in Delia's eye? Eclips'd the fairest of the fair By fad misfortune's drooping air; Delia on whom kind nature 'fmil'd, Ev'n at the birth her fav'rite child, When, all the graces to combine, She cloath'd them in one form divine; Bestowing grandeur, wit and wealth, And fortune's best of bounties, health: Nay, adding, in her gen'rous fit, Good-nature even to her wit. With all these bleffings yet unblest, Ah, tell me, fair one, why diftress'd. Alas! alas! the belle's reply " Of Brilliante's birty-day fuit I die."

You smile at misery like this:

Match it with Delia's sense of bliss.

In rapture ever, with the gay,

To shine at concert, ball or play;

Her greatest happiness to boast

Her name the sopling's reigning toast;

The all in life her wish regards

Summ'd up in fashions, routs and cards.

Ah, then, how pow'rful to distress

Th' important article of dress!

So deeply some may cares affect, Those trisling cares that you neglect; Half the folicitude we fee northwaters in the same Ridiculous to you and me to the the transfer of the Others there are as lightly hold Dangers, at which our blood runs cold; Lo where, beneath th' impending cliff, The Norway fowler moors his skiff; Or, desp'rate, fifty fathoms high Suspended, seems himself to fly; While thus, from rock to rock, he fwings; And, blythe, his fummer's ditty fings: As blythe the fea-boy furls the fail, Regardless of the bluft'ring gale; Nor winds, nor waves, disturb his sleep, Amid the horrours of the deep.

The cordial draught, the downy bed
Had ne'er reviv'd the drooping head,
Had fickness pale, and fainting grief
Ne'er wish'd for wearied nerves relief.

What racking pains his limbs invade! actory and We Take half his gout, the respite given to assess of The calls a blissful taste of heaven. The calls a blissful taste of heaven. The calls a blissful taste of heaven. Who riots on the bloom of health, and the bloom of health and the bloom of health and the bloom of health

That

That blisful part, which yet remains; and vigosi of And his a mortal's bitter'st pains. Pains which no aggravation know! Amended and hall Yet, so comparative our woe, month poy on enolugibles. Inflict them when Cleora's kifs, oil so are another and the Kind earnest of approaching blifs, which is a stage of Hath rais'd the glowing lover's fire ward and and wall To flaming raptures of defire; an introduction of I Lo, disappointment joins the curse, the sandaland And turns this worst affliction worse.

Correct ideas let us gain. Our fense of joy we owe to pain; so sol and adayle A So strange a paradox is this! And mis'ry to our sense of bliss; While, fuch our varying state below, Ev'n joy degen'rates into woe; And pains, in sufferance, by degrees, and labeled and On their own pangs engender ease; Their antidote, like poison, bring, T'expel the poison of their sting.

The tension of th'extended nerve, and no more last With physiologists may serve, an entire guidest ban W. The means of pleasure and of pain, sog and than sale I The feeming paradox t'explain, has lateled a elles off As firung the harp with trembling wire, a sud avid So brac'd with nerves the human lyre, do no ston od W AND T

White those from with a more stands at all

While

While fuch in tune, these sages say, The fmiling hours in concert play: But if, in change, too lax or tenfe, Health strikes no more the keys of sense: But, tremblingly alive all o'er, The tortur'd strings in discord roar: While fickness, with her harpy claws, Stranger to each harmonious paufe, Labours, benumb'd, the jarring strain, That stuns our ear with deaf'ning pain. Nor yet can health too oft repeat Its musick, howsoever sweet; While, by degrees, lo, ev'ry string, Depriv'd of its elastic spring, In gen'ral lassitude, full soon The whole machine grows out of tune. Should, also, passion, sense or art Wind up too high the nervous part, With noise the notes tumultuous tire; Or breaking strings unman the lyre. Of pain or pleasure on our frame Th' effects, hence, frequently the fame. Thus, full of gladness or of grief, In tears we find the fame relief: Alike the feeble nerve deftroy mand of word 1900 and Exquisite pain, extatic joy. s and scaled has mad at The bandit, stretch'd upon the wheel, wheat is sail Th' extreme of torture ne'er can feel;

But,

But, cruelty difarming, lies

Or dead to sense, or really dies.

So, rapture never meant to bless,

E'vn joy grows pain when in excess.

Indulg'd to print the burning kiss

On Chloe's lips, how sierce the bliss!

How keen the torture of her charms,

Cares'd, to pant within her arms,

Melting in fulness of desire,

Stretch'd on the rack of bliss, t'expire!

Not yet can beatra an off repeat

in sears we had the tunerelief : .

Thus constitutional, below,
Is all our bliss, is all our woe;
Each holding, intimately join'd,
Alternate empire o'er the mind.
Like Persian monarchs, hardly known
Ere tumbled headlong from the throne,
Precarious and as short its sway
Depos'd and sceptred in a day,
Pleasure begins its sickle reign,
And tyrannizes into pain;
When, as to cruel pain we bow,
Its rod grows light we know not how.

Ah, cruel blow to human pride!

Is pain and pleasure thus allied,

That all the sweets of life grow source and and add within the transitory hour!

\$70 17

Complains Lorenzo? darts behind
No ray of comfort on his mind?

If thus with varied joy and strife
Diversified all states of life;

If human being cannot know
A constant state of bliss and woe;

Worn by sharp mis'ry to the bones,

While grief with intermission groans,

And meagre want, half fed, the while,

Grins forth her grateful, ghastly smile;

Tho vain our hopes of bliss, as vain

Our fears of unremitting pain;

Absurd the mischief-making care

That leads us blindly to despair.

Leading in newire imported that the description of the marker of the second or there're often A, maiden with her midkings out).

Trup'd more and see second the este Patry, the tweeter remper'd late.

That e'er heet den drop from the grate But nature, half inkend, had thed.

But nature it anternee on her head;

Ill-nature it anternee on her head;

For the cause of many a care!

Deep-since sed the vargin's bair.

For titler namph, the lived a jest,

For titler namph, the lived a jest,

And as 'er use kins'd among the sed.

SIMKIN,

- Liver of the that the the thirty

There hader module, on or or and evening

grand our was a quart but the little trains

LANGE THE HEALTH ALCOHOLD

A FAIRY TALE.

WRITTEN AT SCHOOL.

Irroravit aquis - - - - - crinem

Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori. Ovid.

In days of yore, when elves were feen,
By moon-light dancing on the green,
Leading in mystic steps their train,
O'er marshy mead or flow'ry plain;
A maiden with her milking pail,
Trip'd morn and eve across the vale;
Patty, the sweetest temper'd lass
That e'er beat dew-drop from the grass:
But nature, half unkind, had shed
Ill-natur'd influence on her head;
For oh! the cause of many a care!
Deep-tinted red the virgin's hair.
For sister nymphs she liv'd a jest,
And ne'er was kiss'd among the rest.

MIMMI

B

The second

ofl

463

0

自的

V.

Now fo it chanc'd that by the mead work griwoft al Where Patty's cows were us'd to feed, agreed nich A There stood a mount, on verdant ground, and said With daifies frew'd, and violets crown'd; polom and Round which had many a tim'rous fwain, was abrill A Seen fairies sporting on the plain: WA A WA For under, as the story's told, and daidwomst and? Safe in the bosom of the hill, and and to books A. Where they convey'd themselves at will; Or, when they pleas'd from thence could rife, Invisible to mortal eyes. By these the nymph was often seen, With clear-starch'd coif so neat and clean, which Devoid of all that negligence, That give the fairies just offence; Who trace the house with critic eye, Nor pass an unwash'd trencher by; But pinch severe the careless maid, and any vincent of For room unswept, or spoon mislaid. They view in pity Patty's hair, and fold wolf And take the virgin to their care. No barren fror can here be for

Now as at dusky eve the maid

Sat milking Mully in the shade,

Simkin, a sprite of neither sex,

That us'd old peevish maids to vex

31977

In

And the plad cucked halls the faring

In flowing azure loofely dreft,

A thin transparent gauze its vest;

Like that which now to us convey d,

The modern females term a shade;

Astride a vapour dancing came;

A Will o'th' Wisp its mortal name.

The same which boys so often ken,

From distant lake or foggy fen;

A cloud of light that leads astray

Trav'llers, benighted on their way:

Thus over hill and dale, the maid
The well-designing Simkin led;
'Till twelve a clock, a solemn found,
Rung, from a neighbouring village, round;
What time the nimble fairies tread
The maiden daisies of the mead,
Which scarcely bend beneath their weight,
So lightly trip their nimble feet.

How bleft the plain! thrice fertile foil,
On which the fairies deign to finite!
No barren fpot can here be found,
No weed nor thiftle curfe the ground;
Nor here is heard the fereech owl's note,
Nor omen from the raven's throat;
But thrush and black-bird sweetly fing,
And the glad cuckoo hails the spring.

G 2

Here

Here too, the scented sweet-briar grows,
The woodbine wild, and wild the rose;
The king-cup smiles with brighter bloom,
Aud violets breathe more sweet persume.
To such a spot, enchanted mead!
The sprightly elve doth Patty lead,
Now from his bounding steed alights,
And mixes mong his fellow sprights;
His bounding steed no more his care,
Directly vanish'd into air.

Now, gentle Patty, in furprize, Around her turns her wand'ring eyes. Here some she saw, with mighty care, New moulding fancies for the fair; Here rose a head, and there was seen Improvements on a capuchin; (For all the milliner imparts Is the refult of fairy arts.) Here stood a crowd in warm dispute, About to form a birth-day fuit; And there in consultation sat As many, modelling a hat; Fast by, inspir'd by female love, The spreading petticoat t' improve, They met, and in debate were high, Or is? - or is it not - a fly?

Others,

Others, to greater deeds inclin'd, Were drawing morals for the mind; And lo! to this important end, The king-cup The fairy histories are penn'd, The sprites, to all invention new, Their slender fingers dip in dew, And fill with deeds unknown before, Their tomes, the leaves of sycamore. Hence are the lov'd of fairies taught, And blest with ev'ry brilliant thought; Who here peruse at early dawn, 'Th' impressions on the dewy lawn, Ere yet an inauspicious wind, Leaves not a fingle tome behind, Or the refulgent fun exhales, On one bright beam a thousand tales! From hence each intellectual vapour, They scrawl on mortal ink and paper. So wretches, vulgar things their care, For mushrooms at the morn repair, Ere yet th' expanding warmth of day, Dries their contracted fweets away.

A number more, at different toil,
Patty with terror view'd a-while;
When now a train approach'd the maid,
With sprightly Simkin at their head;

Who,

She light, orgleded, now no more,

Who, smiling, tript before the rest, of or your wold.

And thus the trembling fair address on small but A

Fear not, sweetest maid, but see into an said and What the gift we bring to thee. and adamva sall This the queen of fairies fent, and he was both In a phial nicely pent, Drops, by moon-ey'd elves diftill'd From the wild buds of the field; Mix'd with liquids nicely caught; Which in acorn cups are brought; Fill'd before the peep of morn, From the prickly point of thorn, Or the furz-bush in the dell, Or the yellow cowflip bell, (Suck'd from thence with slender pipe) Or the hip, at christmas ripe; Join'd with these, a chemic rare, Earth extract from purest air. Nymph, with this bedew thine head, No more shall glow thy locks with red, Of lovely brown shall be thy hair, And thou the brightest of the fair.

This faid, the ken of rifing day, Summon'd each spright in haste away. Now Patty to the phial flies, ad appropriate of which and frait the remedy applies address of such base. She fight, neglected, now no more,

The swains admire that jeer'd before a look not not. The nymphs from former pity turn, right with the squeeurud yven bas and have and envy burney burney.

In a phial nicely pent.

Drops: by mooney'd elves difull d

From the wild hudbof the field :

Mix'd with tilp nide incerve aught ;

Which in access sure and brought

Fill'd before included of arom.

Prom the prickly haracof there a sected in

Or the velley conflicted to

(Such'd homes now with Header pipe

Or the hip, at condinar ripes and

Total with the E a cactain party

Earth extra the way our of airs.

Wymph, withirt's bodew thing head,

'a two more that glow phy locks south is d.

MOd thou the lust of Q the lair

This faid, the ken of tiling day, Summon'd earn fytight in halle as at Compar'd with all he boarts to know,

NAMUH THE TO SEANAR WOOD

AND THE UNDERSTANDING, AND THE HENSIBILITY OF THE DESTRUCTION O

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO, weed bak

Conclutions sale soon he drawe; the

ARE there, Lorenzo, who suppose at your suigant That man can nature's God disclose; bush dassal A Their moral and religious schemes we work sham ad? Building on theologic dreams frame added with anotall Expect not thou a point to hit, with a delived social suff Beyond the fight of human wit; d some gried ba A Nor ever think to judge of ought addition and all Above the reach of fober thought. or work again A, Rul'd by no giant hopes or fears, Whose stature grows with length of years, show will In fearch of truth be fure to find the A sour solved and The labour fuited to the mind and a solesand out soll With genius nature bearing part, often abought angult A The strict, yet gentle, nursesof art. wond logid do Y For, fay the voice of reason true; and brown at both Be ours a just abstracted view; and the regard beinger Be it the privilege of man or easing the with th To trace exactly nature's plant lis metry and on AA The scale of beings in his hands, after rosacra adt . bod. To know the point at which he flands, as flib isupe tA The mite, the feraph, and the man-

Compar'd

11

Compar'd with all he boafts to know,

As well above him as below; MARAW THT MO

Yet, If, of human logick vain, MUNETERATUU

He link to heaven a kindred chain, MISTER HH

Conclusions idle foon he draws;

And heav'n prescribes by human laws. MA

Thy pride, Lorenzo, difbelieve; was a sould show Let Locke nor Addison deceive; and start to do see all For the creation's varied planed or bested model and I Assigns degrees respecting man; the same assigned that Yet, bigot, know, and learn to fear; a see all and God is beyond thy proper sphere. To show and vel and Created beings, all his care, we bested that a successful both he with them creation share? and successful and the God, the creator, stands alone; as a going do also and At equal distance all his plan, we a successful and of The mite, the seraph, and the man.

Compar'd

007

Content, Lorenzo, let us telle sville aville at 18 11
Of you corinthian column gays world has anil adT
That gilt entablature and bafe is standard admind at
Or marble of you thining vale, mayand dad a good of
Refemble more the artist's mind
Than if to meaner use configu'd.
Abfurd! is Jones's genius known
By the great model or the ftone ?
The pile, erect to Trajan's name, and a spare alon W
Affected not by empty fame, fame and and particular
The cross rever'd, the honour'd buft,
And trodden floor, are kindred dust:
For all in one degree respect the state has been
Their fov'reign lord the architect.
How justly then soe'er we plead
That reason Nature's book doth read,
As by her known establish'd laws
Of each effect we trace the cause,
Those laws themselves can ne'er confine is and A 1893
The legislative power divine; sand and an answal
Whose will those very laws decreed. when we nive a
And bad th' effect the cause succeed;
Agent, in fome superior scheme, der ides a sonatol of I
Of which in this we can but dream in as he blew tod'
mperfect embrios of the brain,
Beyond the science of mankind, and else to swind tad
In nature's fane our God enshrin'ds donar of rooft oo

Of you conincian colored with a work of the lines and shadow of his face los in the lines and shadow of his face los in the lines and shadow of his face los in the line work of his face los you work to have a state of you work a state of you work a state of his more than heaven permits more the artist's mind.

To face the sun, to beat the sky, the reason of it had? Demand an eagle's wing and eye. It send a librard Ah! let not, then, mere birds of night, the send of the

Bear Atticus the critick's rod; and shad and I In vain we then define a God; and and a straingal and I In vain we attributes beflow, and view alout lies aloud Work or reason, here, from what we know, and the shad but I Tho science teach, religion warm, agus amol at straing What wild ideas still we form i and a wain the shad wild ideas still we form i and a wain the shad wild ideas for the brain,

That strive to scale the heav as in vain; and and and and the shad of the shad was a strain and the shad of th

Too cold our most transporting zeal and bounded. To paint what heav'ns and light conceal and a contract of the conceal and the

Hence, moirs man, muft ever be Yet will the skeptick ask me why? both rodges will Go, rife and to the dog-star fly-Thou canft not; nor the cause unknown, serong 1 19.1 Central attraction holds thee down; A pow'r occult, which, ere thy birth, Fast bound thee to thy native earth: From which thou ne'er canst hope to rise To lunar plains or folar skies. Nor less within its sphere confin'd The fubtile effence of the mind. What the it boasts the pow'r to rove In freedom through the plains above; Tho' wing'd its active feet to run, word and T With Merc'ry round the central fun; and the bork Giv'n it far distant worlds t' explore, mais and fiso And feas of space without a shore: Yet, still, within creation's round, a tool and held ! Within our narrow fystem bound; Of what's above or what without We harbour univerfal doubt- me month and asserted and Say light prevails, no contrast shade Outlines the void we would prevade: Say darkness reigns, no chearing ray Delineates blind inquiry's way was to have located of

Lay not thy prompt objection by Deftin'd

worl'T

Destin'd thy erring way to trace it flom tuo blos oo T Thro' nature's wide and gloomy space, tadw this q o'll Hence, mortal man, must ever be Thy author, God, unknown to thee goal and live to Y Go, rife and to the dog-star sly-Let Ignorance, then, her idol drefs ton fines non'T In justice, love, and happiness plou noutherns street Adorn with mercy's golden chain, we dissoo I'wog A With all the virtues grace its train; sed baned the ? And then adore in humble plight; weds doldw more Calling those fopperies infinite. Or ansig usual of The pagan thus, despis d as blind, an antiweled to the Creates his idol to his mind in to some seludui ad? Thinking his deity express'd add also it sout ranW By bird or beaft he likes the beft; mount mobern at Then bows before the painted fhrine; it biguit ou T And calls his wooden god divine. wor worself daily. Cast the presumptuous thought aside: 'Tis not humility, but pride pontie and lo east but Unless that truly humble we outsome midiw, this day T' adore the god Humanity which women mo addie! And fuch it is; for whence arise 10 2000s a ladw 10 Our virtues but from moral ties; having wooden and Whose known relations thus define the raid tagil yed That effence mortals call divine p biov out conition bay darkness reigns, no chearing ray Lorenzo, ready for reply, a writing baild assential

Lay not thy prompt objection by.

Thou

Thou fayst " thy friend himfelf deceives," Hist year
" Nor God adores nor God believes a normon ried T
" For the the mind the pow'r defery har to lie of
" If left its effence in the fky or meet a sunday sid?"
"If none imagin'd or display'dong asserted as mild
" To nothing adoration's paid the women amin al
"In me no certain faith is found an arm noutsetied
" My deity an empty found;" a so the requirement
Not fo: for, granting, I confess,
Thy attributes a God express and
Thou fayst thyself " still undefin'd and the meb Jon D
" The perfect, by th' imperfect, mind;"
And to thy attributes must join amandation and a book
Thy Infinite or thy Divine. The rest of red
As jugglers, who, t' enhance deceit, and and and
To facred science give their cheat, or and guittupe X
While, with the curtain still they hide who was a line
The flight of hand too closely ey'd;
So fly theologists impart with at medium their granted
The hocus pocus of their art; ad white are said W
Holding religion's facred veil, a habon bas soldier
Where flights of understanding fail. wo will support about
For know, alas, their wifest plan 100 as shanboog 1110
Displays but a superiour man, you or hand as didd of
Whom Infinite the conjurer's rods o nwent a stuten to
Presto, converts into a godanti to serodima on IsalA
Till, then, they folve our problem right, and to a see
And tell us what is infinite,
sidilloqui! They

They still must be reduc'd to own it vit? Their compound deity unknown: who bod now?

To all, or reasoning or inspir'd, bring and out now?

This infinite a term requir'd.

Differs Lorenzo, then, with me?

In terms alone we disagree:

Perfection infinite is thine,

Indefinite perfection mine.

Condemn not, then, half understood. I not deny that perfect, good, A training and T All-gracious, merciful, and wife, God reigns, supreme, beyond the skies. Neither, 'tis true, my terms imply; But, granting none, I none deny: Requiring but to acquiesce That thou thy Infinite express. Idly doth Bolingbroke refine; Granting that wisdom is divine, and theological whole While, as abfurdly, he denies when a sound source Justice and goodness to the skies. Ideas, equally our own, attachment and will and W Our goodness as our wisdom's known; To both as hard to reconcile someque a und avairued Or nature's frown or nature's smile, as a made a mod W Alas! no attributes of thine a come anawnor offers Can e'er the Deity define que avlot ethe, then, then, then And tell us what is inquited

They

Imposible

Impossible to judge, or know,

Of God above from man below:

Referv'd the prospect of the skies

To gratify immortal eyes.

Lorenzo, let us reason right.

No finite spans an infinite;

Unless, with Matho, vers'd in arts,

We hold th' infinity of parts.

But none th' absurdity will plan,

That God can be contain'd in man;

Tho, as absurdly, they suppose

Our partial gifts the God disclose.

Join'st thou with Florio the dispute,

T' enhance each moral attribute?

Pretending "these, however crude,
"Divine persection doth include;
"As species in a genus they,
"Or parts, which, join'd, the whole display."

So, with the grandeur all t' inspire

Of the gay mansion of his sire,

An idiot heir, his mother's fool,

Taught his synecdoche at school,

Conceiv'd by part the whole was shown;

And took a sample of the stone.

Donn trans seek greet impouse; franch

Convinc'd, doth Polydore, with me, That God's indefinite agree, Yet argue " that our partial view " May still be relatively true: " For, if no abstract light we gain, "Tis just our best to entertain; " Our God to call that wond'rous cause, "In nature trac'd, by nature's laws?" Mistake not here, nor God dethrone: The first mechanic cause be known: 'Tis of some prior cause th' effect; Though as ablum Which no known fimilars respect. tid (surau rat) The God which, then, we so define Nor felf-existent nor divine. four it thou with finis! Be known creation's various ties, Whence physical relations rife; Of each effect the various cause; Attraction and repulsion's laws; That primum mobile be found That drove Des Cartes' whirlpools round; Let matter, motion, æther, join, To form thy attributes divine; an and wind with a h Striving if possible to rife a reces his tynecouche at he To the first agent in the skies: Concerv'd by part the Be next explain'd to moral fense, The wond'rous scheme of providence; Down from those great important springs. On which rebounds the fate of kings,

H

To those, so exquisitely small, abustoogs as say ba A Destin'd to let the sparrow fall: Say'ft thou the knowledge hence deriv'd tigoload T Of him those systems hath contriv'd? Alas! from hence we only trace The features of creation's face: The front it bears to human kind: But not its felf-existing mind. Should we, prefuming to display The spirit of the golden day, Thus call its effence its refult, Attraction, fire, alike occult; Or fay 'tis vegetation green; Who'd think it is the fun we mean? So here t' absurdity we fall, Nor thus define a God at all.

Yet while, to thee I freely own,
I reverence a God unknown;
Think not, thro ignorance or pride,
A God was ever yet denied.
No atheist e'er was known on earth
Till fiery zealots gave him birth,
For controversy's sake, their trade,
And damn'd the heretick they made.
Doth Clody, impudent and vain,
Deny a God in skeptic strain,

Unworth

And yet in ignorance advance to him of the training of chance ?

That nature is the work of chance? Say'st thou the knowledge hiw ylbrulda , shigoloadT With their anathemas despise; amostyl slodt mid 10 For well may Clody these inflame, Whose God exists but in a name; A technic term, devis'd at school, I pity Clody as a fool. But not its felf-exitted o stand To Epicurus' strains belong Should we preprin The censures of an idle song. The farti of the un For fay " united words might join "By accident, and not defign; " Atoms might luckily contrive, " And strangely find themselves alive; " Or, by some other scheme as wild, "The world be fortune's fav'rite child." Explain the terms, — fay what is meant By atoms, fortune, accident. What meanst thou but th' efficient cause Of nature's works and nature's laws? O, think not, then, th' eternal mind To term or epithet confin'd; But take away or change the name; And Clody's God and mine's the same.

Say'st thou " in chance a pow'r defin'd, bold died "Fortuitous, absurd, and blind, and blind, and so synce

" Unworthy

DITA

" Unworthy that stupendous plan, and a mobili bill " Which nature's scenes display to man; dand nind T "When grace with harmony allied, portuges stat of " And wisdom strike, on ev'ry fide." and wool ngited Alas! to Clody these unknown; my distribute yes tul For wond'rous wisdom's all his own. and some and tid In nature nothing he furveys in to above has abbo moral, That actuates his foul to praise: To form an investe In vain the planets run their course, about auproraged Obedient to impulsive force; Nature's a foot Th' excentric comets, far and wide, Pursue the same unerring guide; In vain describes their varied race a. Post -- on O In equal times an equal space: Athenim's americalis In vain thro microscopic eyes, Innumerable wonders rife; On the green leaf whole nations crawl, And myriads perish in its fall. Ah me! what bears the barren mind! What beauty can affect the blind! Should Clody then his chance disclaim, and said said And own a Deity, by name, routib " somehe an ni sul The blund'ring deift would advance For who defines A God, no wifer than his chance.

Boasts nature, therefore, no design? Say whence, Lorenzo, yours and mine.

* Effential Annibutes

Did

Did wisdom's sons themselves create?

Their birth 'tis own'd they owe to fate;

To fate capricious blind and dull;

Design lock'd up in th' atheist's skull.

But say, my friend, how came it there?

Lit chance upon occasion fair,

From odds and ends of matter join'd,

To form an intellectual mind?

Egregious blunder! gross surmize!

"Nature's a fool, yet man is wise!"

Is there a mortal, sound of brain,

Who such a tenet can maintain?

O, no. — For words let fools contest,

Atheism's a mere, tho impious, jest.

How obvious is the truth! and yet,

What learned volumes have been writ;

How scholiasts labour to refute,

What none do actually dispute!

Of the first-cause, or fools or wise,

The pure existence none denies;

But in its essence * disagree:

For who defines infinity?

Blush not, Lorenzo, then, to own,
Th' eternal God a God unknown; in the state of th

* Effential Attributes,

H 3

Whofe

Whose face, to mortal eye denied, Can never gratify thy pride. To him your votive altars raise, As Athens did in ancient days; Nor dare pollute his facred shrine With human facrifice divine; But humble adoration bring, And filent praise; fit offering! So the Peruvian, pure in heart, Strange to the guile, or guilt, of art; Unaw'd by tenet, text, or tale, Erects his temple in the vale, Sacred to th' universal mind. The God and guide of human kind. No firftlings here affront the skies, No clouds of fmoking incense rife: No hypocrite with crabbed face; No convert tortur'd into grace; No folid skull, in wisdom's cowl; No hooded hawk, nor folemn owl, Nor blind, nor ominous invade This spotless confecrated shade: But, as the native of the fpray, Man hails his maker, with the day; By nature taught, heaven afks no more, In spirit and in truth t' adore.

PROLOGUE TO THE WIDOW'D WIFE,

To him your votive alters raife A

ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

Nor dare polluce his facred thring

To gain the public ear, the man of rhimes
Should always speak the language of the times;
And little else hath been of late in hearing
Than terms and phrases of Electioneering.

Our author therefore sends me to assure ye,
Worthy and free electors of Old Drury,
How happy he should prove, if it content you,
That he be one of those who represent you;
The state Poetic, laws and legislature,
Like the Political in form and nature;
Phœbus, the Nine, and bards of reputation,
King, peerage, commons, of the scribbling nation.

Now from Parnassus' throne the prince of wit, It seems, hath issued out his royal writ For a new member. — No offence to give To a late worthy representative*;

* G. C. Esq; one of the patentees of Covent-Garden.

Who, ris'n to favour, hath from us retreated,
And 'mongst the lords of t'other house is seated,—
His service lost, prefuming you may need him,
The present candidate would fain succeed him.

Not that he vainly boafts, on this occasion, AHT
He met encouragement from your persuasion; am
Or that both friends, who love, and soes, who hate him,
Have been unanimous to nominate him.
'Tis for this loyal borough his affection,
And patriot zeal, that make him risk th' election;
To his constituents subject to controul;
With whose good leave, he means to stand the poll;
Trusting secure to their impartial choice:
The town uncanvass'd for a single voice;
Nay, brib'd no brother burgess bard of note,
Nor by corruption gain'd one critick's vote.

N ell

Who, ris'n to favour, hath from us retreated,
And mongst the lords of t'other house is seated,
His seated O. 10 R idea MOISA OOM A
The present candidate would fain succeed him.

THE ATRE-ROYAL ON RICHMOND GREEN,
He met encouragement from your pityX1320M

By opposition lately fore affrighted, and not self. We own, with gratitude, twe see, delighted, to all.

Our rivals disappointed of their ends, see to the back.

To alienate the favour of our friends, and stated of their

With whole good leaves he means to fland the poll s

What could their musing prologue-monger dream on, By his strange tale of Baucis and Philemon*; Of heathen Jove, and such-like idle stuff? True, to be sure! and probable enough! True, to be sure! and probable enough! But were it real, 'tis a fine example, And of his taste, no doubt, a curious sample! Because Dan Ovid's Jove, a filthy rake, to take, Once pleas'd his lodgings in a barn to take, You in the dirt as decently should grovel, he who had take your places; truly, in a hovel!

* Alluding to the prologue spoken at the theatre on the hill; said to be written by . C. Esq;

He'll lay his unadvided icheme afide,

Well

HT

Well must they know, who much frequented plays,
Enacted up the hill, in former days,
How oft the scene dragg'd on, nay, stood stock still,
For want of something, — worse than want of skill.
How ludicrous to see, altho in sport,
The fields of Cressy and of Agincourt
Scarce big enough t' admit a warriour's stride, —
Your heroes always straddle sour feet wide, —
Where trumpets sound, swords class, and pike-staves
rattle,

The shim-sham hurly-burly of a battle; Where bloodless victory sets whole armies shouting, A man should sure have room to stir about in!

How, else, can nimble Harlequin display
His merry magic in the mimic fray;
Flourish his wooden sword, or, driven hard,
Escape pursuit by jumping—half a yard!
Yet have we seen that motley child of sun
Coop'd in a hutch, where he could skip nor run;
But sidgetted, his wrigglings to consine
From tripping up the tripping Columbine:
The stage so spacious, that three steps, at most,
Ran Agamemnon's nose against the post;
While his fair consort, madam Clytemnestra,
Hid, with her petticoat, the whole orchestra!

Just as you fee, thus painted, Law'd, and gilt it

Nor was the playhouse faultier than the play'rs;

As that had its defects, so they had theirs! A because forgot their cues.

Forgot to laugh, — because forgot their cues.

Nay, we have seen a whole performance undone,

For want of chieftians not arriv'd from London;

Base knights that fail'd distressed queens to meet;

But tippling sat in Bow, or Russel-street.

Mean while poor Tragedy was forc'd to cry

And whimper sadly with a single eye;

The other turn'd incessantly to look,

Tearless and dry, intent upon the book:

The actor's part by some pert 'prentice play'd,

Too fond of buskins not to scorn his trade.

No wonder stage so small, play'rs so obedient,
Should render a new theatre expedient;
Where heroes might have room to strut and stare,
And bullies to lug out, look big, and swear;
Where Sir John Falstaff at his ease might swagger,
Jassier have elbow room to lift his dagger,
Pistol to stalk, and Toby Belch to stagger.

On these accounts, and due consideration,
We six'd our thoughts on this our present station;
Here rais'd our house; and having tightly built it,
Just as you see, thus painted, carv'd, and gilt it.

This for our theatre. — As for the rest,

As actors we, at worst, will do our best;

Presuming those whom Royal Grace secures,

May, from their King's indulgence, hope for yours.

A Dopred free inquiry's plan,
To truths as yelerive to man,
Wouldft thous Lorenzo, comprehend
Man's physical and moral end,
To future, or an nortal views
Conducted by the raithful mate
Secure, while yet in reason a light
For thee the takes her daring free
Borne up on telentific wing,
Arempts her belieft note to fire;
For thee those winding tracks a vaplore
For thee those winding tracks a vaplore
Where feldom muse hach dar it to free
Where feldom muse hach dar it to free

Is there who teach that homan woe lynd from a lource abliracted flow a Existing in creation's plan, Some active ill the curfe of man a Some impertection, or offence, In physicks, or in providence of the question old unanswer'd lies; Some curfe of evil rife?"

This for our theatre.—As for the reft.

QUAOr QOOD, JAROMI QUA, JADIEVHY NO
Presuming those whom LIVE race secures.

May, from their King's indulgence, hope for yours.

ADopted free inquiry's plan,
To truths as relative to man,
Wouldst thou, Lorenzo, comprehend
Man's physical and moral end,
To future, to immortal views
Conducted by the faithful muse?
Secure, while yet in reason's fight,
For thee she takes her daring slight;
Borne up on scientific wing,
Attempts her boldest note to sing;
For thee those winding tracts t' explore,
Where seldom muse hath dar'd to soar.

Is there who teach that human woe
Must from a source abstracted flow;
Existing in creation's plan,
Some active ill the curse of man;
Some impersection, or offence,
In physicks, or in providence?
The question old unanswer'd lies;
"Whence did the curse of evil rise?"

Ours is thesterousevol man.

By Wolfius left, and twenty more, and assomed?

As puzzling as it flood before, and desiring rel both.

To God or devil fill affign'd.

The cause of ill by human-kind.

In disobedience to his God,

Did man himself call down the rod?

Or did th' arch-siend, from heaven that fell,

Inspire the mischief to rebel?

Yet, sure, if pow'r preventive given,

No angel e'er had fell from heaven;

Man had no tempter known to vice;

Serpent, nor Eve, in Paradise.

Lorenzo, in the pride of sense,
Instruction's deem'd impertinence.
She, therefore, daughter of the wise,
Hath long been shelter'd in disguise;
Ent'ring, beneath the mask of sport,
The presence, tho forbid the court:
So fond with young delight to stray,
And moralize the wanton's play,
That ev'n her precepts still prevail
In every favorite gossp's tale,
Yet so that those who seek to learn,
With ease the naked truth discern;
To genius but a pleasing task
To sport with allegory's mask.

The

The moral, then, from tales deduct; the sold by Wolfus as a guizzing as A. And let philosophy instructed beginning as the God or devil all assign as

Angelic truths let angels scan:

Ours is the scrutiny of man.

Ours but in reason's bounded course

Allow'd to try our native force;

Confin'd within life's little space

The sleetest genius at the race,

In vain we urge beyond the goal

Th' ideal coursers of the soul.

Art thou, my friend, so ill at ease
That all thy prospects here displease?
Dost thou, in peevishness or pain,
Of nature's system all complain?
Of blunders there, confusion here,
Of heav'n too distant, hell too near?
In mood so splenetic, my friend,
Say what those evils that offend:
Thy doubts propose, thy questions ask,
And take omnisciency to task.

Takes thy fagacity offence

At all thou feest of providence?

Dost thou the constitution blame

Of nature's universal frame,

A disc evin been precent will prevail

To fport with allegory's made.

31

Doft thou heaven's boafted care denyit aid a common. When tempelts sweep along the sky; word fivem stall Thy feather'd geefe when whirlwinds bear agout tul Aloft, and scatter, wide in air tree ve boog ler'neg 10 Or from the hills impetuous rains on and a gain aid T Descend and strip th' autumnal plains to your a ai double Concluding the machinery viles thanks on word to? When earthquakes shake our stable isle, at withat both When Etna and Vesuvius flame To nature each a burning shame land a student sound Finds thy philosophy as foon Faulty th' attraction of the moon, Or bathing in destruction, drowns to board ad I Flocks, herds and men and helpless towns; was 10 Or bears them off some mountain steep 134 10 340 2A All headlong down, to glut the deep land to see bak But nature knows no real firste Or is thy wifer centure bentist names gained assembly Against some comet's dire event to more and have more In time to come, time out of mind, which will be significantly To fall into the fun defignided remier to saisto you al Suspicious that, if planets turned vo boring adds at I To comets, ours at length may burn ; And we be doom'd, fome fultry day, To herce devouring flames a prey! Where trois are control fand to yare

Lorenzo, is this strain admir'd, was a seem not bear Here mayst thou rail till sense be tird. Angunt maw But judge not thou, like fophiffs vain; budgest anT Thinking when crofs'd our stubborn will and mont at Such is a providential illumination of good base based For know, no abstract cause exists down and garbalous And battles in creation's lifts, wheel collapportes and A formal enemy to man, and serviced bas and asaw Since nature's tournaments began, and a does sturse of Inflam'd with enmity and power vigololida vds abar God's human likeness to devour. I mit auta at your No, — 'tis impossible a cause or application disab and a Should counteract creation's laws, and the design of The hand of providence arrest, of the hand of qualities 10 Or heaven's determin'd pow'r contest and aller of the second of the seco As one or other must prevail on on the most most of And one, or both together, fail, or twob another iff. But nature knows no real strife, However jarring human lifeyed englines relies with at 10 From evil and from error free gub a somos smot flasses These only relative to thee lo mo bunis , amos or smar at In icy chains let winter bind again and add other than all The glebe untrod by human kinds of it stad successful Fierce light'nings flash, and thunders roll attende of Their horrours only round the pole of moob ad an back Let Malstrooms roar, and Heclas blaze Where fools nor cowards ftand to gaze:

I

등 NOTE : 10 전 10
Let islands drown; let mountains melt pre baild woll
These were no evils if unfelt item og mindt theust flut
'Mid fouthern feas and lands unknown on signal adT
To thefe who nature groung outen onw shell o'l
There only, eafe her future throes, and only awal and
And harmless terrours round disclose; and a val to
Earthquakes would lofe their evil name, ordern adT 32
And heaven no longer bear the blame; and ano val
Tho eyils now we loudly call asserted mariganed at 1 22
Lima's, and Ulysippo's fall.
Impious! like Whalf's dork was e
Lorenzo, of creation's plan bib it base of series of T
But parts are visible to man and the desiring A
Whence, ign'rant of their various use, and me blod o'T
We think them subject to abuse;
The all with art confummate join, totage at notiser?
Conducive to heaven's main defign.
As parts to complex engines prove, and fel oxnerol
Inspir'd by mechanism to move, in a most believe illA
This retrogade, and that direct, by monno more sonid
In diff'rent modes to one effect; and show show horse
So, howfoe'er they clash to sense, and to ment A
The fev'ral springs of providence, as to Hist evisabors
In concert, at their maker's will, de noise and prince of perfection about
Their ends harmoniously fulfile beyond the beyond
For all from God , bor and that the red; bod mort llard Upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight, let fall the red; bod on the lard upheld the weight upheld the lard uph
As urges the first mover, God o bod Beirge ille bas
are alles one mire more contents of the part

Lisbon, so called from its supposed founder, Ulysses.

How

How blind are, then, the finant ring fools, shahi to I Just taught their geometrie rules is slive on even electrical transfer of the state Mid fouthern fees and sine band southern for shu sluming and To these who nature would confine? gnizinoge bluode Its laws who elfe capricious call, and alea, vino and I' Or fay " it acts by none at all; errorrest delmrad baA. "The macrocolm's valt engine made ow asskupdated " By one that knew not half his trade; on nevasa bak . " Its bungling engineer at hand, of ow won alive out "To help it forward, at a fland." quyll bas a smill Impious! like Marli's, doth it take The pains to mend it did to make, out and to cornated Requiring endless cost and care of sidily are array and To hold in tenable repair? was a surge somed of Ah! no, howe'er to us it feem, was and said sw Creation is a perfect scheme and the naw its of I

Conducive to beaven's main deligne.

Lifton, fo called from its fupposed Founder, Ulysses.

" Man's furely perfect then? you cry alloy say said As man, most perfect, il reply no bas bliv suntar el The creature of his Maker's will a said off stlan 10 Form'd his good pleasure to fulfil; up and rankyd am I Destin'd in th' universal plan To fill his place, and act, as man. Ownered agents 9 What the on earth the human mind word maintenance Involv'd in ignorance we find, or or the lost woo sall Impassion'd, fickle, giv'n to pride, the genti ati more Nor resting e'er self-satisfied; at sen notion it no I Doth pow'r comparative t' improve Perfection positive removed and and had been sady As well imperfect might we fay war and sadw 10 The rifing fun at early days has son they went ore roll roll Since with superiour heat and light sold we should 10 It blazes in meridian heightlish showmen and mismisM Form'd with progressive pow'rs to the day or vision. From out the dust to tread the skies, a no es agest A Perfect as fuch humanity valo mar nit allorb eredW However lowly in degree ward to strike gaining al How ignorant and weak are those ybamos igent and I' Who nature's author, then, suppose In providence remains a fpy, now a n'vand, ands, esW To guard his work with watchful eye; a mostly sid T From fallen angels' base intent we first usew or vinO The direful outrage to preventol lamail anobaquit To refcue, or preferve, his plan rabnew of ablrow at l From that prodigious creature, man. his gaiyouled 10 Like

Like the young fleed, that foods the plain's faint of the plain's faint and needs a rein's perfect from the creature of his she bis a foods a faint of his got she mand his got she maildeauft from the property of the creature of his got she maildeauft flesh of the plain'd in the universal plan

Perhaps, Lorenzo, some mistake, as sasig aid lift o'T Concerning providence, we make simes do off self W The pow'rs of nature to divide was anguar b'vloyat From its imaginary guide: n'vio astaba' ab'noilleann! For, if creation has, in fact, mishation to's miller to ? Been long ago a finish'd act, was a read a wood die a What end doth lab'ring time purfue integ notified Or what hath providence in view? detragmi liaw &A For fure thou wilt not take the fide and godin of T Of those, whose ignorance and pride and titive some? Maintain the universe designed desibuson of sexuld if Merely to gratify mankind a distribute of mind A stage, as on a stroller's care, a of the odt the more Where drolls itin'rant play their part, doubt as stored In grinning mirth, or brawling firife wivel revewell The tragi-comedy of life has alsow bus manongi wolf

Was, then, heav'n's wond rous powir display'd a new and braug of This system in persection made, who was a braug of Only to wear itself away in a selection and a legal and a superior of Stupendous frame! for mere decay structure, or rescue, or present the the void legal of the proof of Destroying, till themselves destroy'd thou that proof of Tour that proof of the pr

Who nature's author, then, fuppoir

Or, in some future, fabled, days, donesto squal no? To take imaginary blaze ided fiel ad himow live of At flames, that all to ruin turn, Annihilating as they burn qua realists like side of Risk'd, then, the censure of my wit, I hold the world unfinish d yet: 3d classes at 11 30 Time building what heaven's wildom plann'd, Creation's work ev'n yet in hand. Thro nature's scenes in order range; wan blid W. See all things in continual change; All to some point progressive run, To do, or else to be undone: Existing for so short a space, Thousands we know but by their place, 1500 h Which chang'd, by changing form, we say The things themselves are pass'd away. Mine the tost m No proofs of Being objects bring, Whose effence ever on the wing; and an angual and Flown from their forms, ere yet defin'd, delin'd, Leaves no identity behinding to siding sin our AA When vice, or felly, but complain

But waving this, yet find we here

No abstract cause of ill, to fear:
Since on the seelings of mankind

Depends the ev'ry ill we find:

Whence, the our suff rings ill we call,

They've no abstracted cause at all:

\$0.L

For, stript creation of mankind, some of no of No evil would be left behind.

At flames, that all to ruin tuen To this will cavillers reply ? not waste as guitalidina We ask not where those causes lies, and ballist If in externals be th' offence, an blow and blod I " Or in the pravity of lense : night would be of T "That real ill exists is plain, the show a notice ? "While man is sensible of pain." In answer, my Lorenzo, here, mor magnish its pac No vaunting stoicism fear: Nor think thy friend fo madly wife T' affect his mis'ries to despile. Hod of rol anifix! I ne'er presume that point to reach, and possible I Nor 'gainst the voice of nature preach: None feel more tenderly than I: Mine the foft heart and wat'ry eye, and to along out The fanguine hopes, the groundless fears; Still unfubdu'd by fenfe or years; Ah, too susceptible of pain When vice, or folly, but complain! Yet, ev'n while tears of anguish flow. I hold no abstract ill we know, to shis that obt 'Tis true, my friend, no man alive and no sonic Could, in his fenses, gravely frive was and abragact The wretch in torture to perfuade up ods soned w Of evil not to be afraid can a bishached on over your

The murd'rer, imangled on the wheel, and inbluod? To smile at harmless rope and steel; and a man a man of the or of that the blows, what do items will gain and shad a basic will be will be a smile and wain the physically all will be a more upon the blows. With a regument, and wain the same upon the same was smile and wain the welcomes mis and wain the welcomes mis and wain the welcomes are welcomes and wain the welcomes and wain the welcomes are welcomes and wain the welcomes and wain the welcomes are welcomes and wain the welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes are welcomes are welcomes and welcomes are welcomes are welcomes and welcomes a

And yet, as, neither grievide nor pain'd, a grieb of I'
Of evil man had ne'er complain'd;
If, relative, our blifs and wor to be a second of the second of th

Sayst thou the learned are agreed about the areas and a The ills of life the good exceed it would not a find of Lorenzo, peevish, sick, or vain, and entering a seem of the Mow nat'ral is it to complain head a make a part of the Mow nat'ral is it to complain head a make a part of the More experience here denies make a part of the More thread-bare maxim of the wife. It could be a part of the fons of poverty and shame, a base part of the wretch, expiring by degrees

By amputations or disease; amon his peaking on yell Such whose vile lot, the world their soc, d b'ansiled as Contempt and beggary below:

Dolle

Shoulds

Shouldst thou to this, or that, propose, ren's number of In death a cure for all their wors planning to the logist at the blogarith manufacture of that the blogarith manufacture of the control of the c

"With open arms, the wretch to fave on a brura

"Rest welcomes mis'ry to the grave on how lie soul?
How few your recipé will try;

Ev'n nature shudders at the thought, as leave thou the Says To sink inconscious into naught; as the the get distribution in the shift and share and share the get shift and share share the says of the share share the says of the same good equivalent must seek be desprience be desprient the says of the same share the says of the sake thread bare maxin; the shoot the weak, the says of shoot the weak, the says of says of the sake the says of pover tread and bleeding heart rever to so the says of the sake the says of pover tread gains and bleeding heart rever to so the says of the sake the says of the says of the sake the says of the sa

The wretch, expiring by degrees

By amputations or disow namud lla, beschi ton year

Such whose vile lot, the woled evogruo ye b'anallad an

Contempt and beggary below:

Shoolds.

Doft thou, Lorenzo, doubt of this ?	
How doft thou measure earthly blis?	
"Tis not by extaly alone my indication in a little and a	
Thy actual there of joy is known:	4
Duration adds to the degree	2
As much as its intenfity. All and and and an energian.	*
Joy for a moment's space how small !	使
Pain inftantaneous, none at all;	
Thro life continued little less was all the less was all	
Ev'n bare content than happines:	
The joyous extafy of blifs , which is the same of the	
Dilating rarified to this.	
Be it on individuals tried; says and says and the W	
Each needs but to be fatisfied:	
The longing wish, the figh is o'er	
When once content; we alk no more.	
Thus equal joy we often take and the partitudes	
In short-liv'd pleasures, snatch'd in haste, word ward	
As others, or, when raptur'd less,	
For years, ev'n we, ourselves, possess, more	I
Hence oft afferted in dispute of to antibred less aff	
That time ideas constitute ; need are now node to A	
Sense of duration fo confin'd you entite joy b'ninos of noise sense of sense of the	2
To that which passes in the mind. wat on gods frod	
Th' expectant lover, thinks, in rage, a ablaiv tad'I	9
His Stella's absent hour an age; agod on node fish	l
While short and sweet the moments fly boog A	
	179 32 30 3
When love and she sit smiling by:	

Nor giv'n their epithets in vain warned, wont food To fleeting joy, and lingering pain, wont hob wolf In minutes flown each joyfal day, daixs vd som ail's Each fad one whil'd in hours away. and laufle voll Nay, the of life tenacious all, and an abbs nousand Longevity no blifs we call. Vida to sai as doom the In diff'rent animals, at leaft, sail a insmom a rol vol The less the greater's constant feast wonstant and 'Tis probable their joys and firife and not said out to Are fuited to their term of life. di manuo and and Whence equal pleasure, equal pain, wax avoyog and May long-liv'd elephants fuffain and patrice gaustice With young ephemerons, whose flight, but no it ad At noon beginning, ends at night; the choon doe's During which momentary space, thin gaigable of I They rife, love, battle, and embrace, or order and w Flutt'ring around, till, out of breath, thups and T They drop into the arms of death. In a vil stone all As others, or, when cancurid lefe,

The real hardship of thy fate?

The real hardship of thy fate?

Art thou with ev'ry friend at strife?

Seest thou no gentle joy in life?

Dost thou no fav'rite scheme posses, und wash of that yields contemplative success?

Hast thou no hope; no good dost choose, along all a good, thou wouldst not die to lose?

A good, thou wouldst not die to lose?

You guiding in one box a long work and well and

Test of

Thy day, thus clouded at the dawn, and all it of the day, thus clouded at the dawn, and all it of the day it of th

o nuo no fasbasa Stands nature then, fo long abus'd, Of abstract evil thus excus'd? As little truth is understood By those, who hold all nature good. " Whatever is, is right."—It may; But therefore good we cannot fay; Unless some general bliss we see Arise from partial misery. In spite of truth, in reason's spite When vex'd, or pain'd, we all deny't; Ne'er, till the pain be o'er, confessing That was, which never is, a bleffing. The term's, then, here misunderstood. Right's not equivocal to good; On virtue peac Goodness adapted and confin'd To th' appetites of human-kind; or sory anobandA The right, unknown to you or me: The fure what is is fit to be! Concluding hence is tha Let Plato, then, or Leibnitz prate and gnitoqqO . Of goodness influencing fate;

buolA ..

Or idle sophists still contest
Their boasted principle the best:
By disputants, or either side,
The partial term is misapplied.
That God is good they know full well;
But what his goodness none can tell:
Unless to man, his kindness shown
His good's dependent on our own.

Lorenzo, merely to mankind and live farfida 10 As little truth is under Thus evil physical confin'd; Of moral next, a puzzling talk, blod onw solon val.

An explanation doft thou alk? Sayst thou "Heaven's care no more extends "To physical than moral ends; "The same the providential power," "That rains the foft, refreshing shower. "That, in the womb of teeming earth, " xav nad W " Its atoms quickens into birth, " Doth in the moral scene connect The term's, then "The cause and consequent effect; Right's not equ "On virtue peace of heart bestows; "Softens the good man's cafual woes; To th' appetites " Abandons vice to fell despair; " Or plagues with heart-corroding care:", then and Concluding hence " that moral ill, Let Plato, then, liw substigit s'arutan gniloqqo "Of goodness influencing fate;

tO

[2]
" Aloud for heaven's dread vengeance calls from o'T
" The curse that on the guilty falls." nomining bal
So far, Lorenzo, I with thee,
In part most readily agree; nattern and stell occasio.
That vice will leave a fling behind, deel has nieg all
Strangers to pleasure; bad llad braward at an anna
Yet all, with good St. Paul, confess dervision and
"Without a law we can't transgress." we stoggue
Now nature's law is heaven's command; and fixe 'T
Whose will no mortal can withstand.
How! lives earth's animated clod
To contravene the will of God?
As well, advent'rous of his neck, he have on Beidad
The laws of gravity to break,
Presumptuous man might feek to fly, a salar vino sud
A creeping earth-worm, to the fky:
Or don the bishop's winged shoon,
To trip it yarely to the moon such notifie or sloqque
What curse soe'er then vice provoke con besten and
Creation's laws can ne'er be broke. In this oxnoro.
Let us infer the consequence.
But know, by physical alone the latest best and a series of the series o
Is moral good or evil known; sweet mag sold first had not received the same of
Reason without the way of the west and without the sail a seed of the
Its evil never would perplex that a shirther to enfure or
Each moral thus a partial illiquon energence moral &A
Permitted by th' eternal will; alist to bad to boog 10

To mortals relative the offence a develop to aloud to And punishments of providence, no that on the curfe that one that of the curfe that of the cu

So far, Lorenzo, I with thee, Lorenzo, state the matter cleares white a flom mag al Be pain and pleasure frangers here, and live suit hat T Strangers to pleasures and to pain, yet at outriv baA What motives had we to complain poor driw lis 19 Y Suppose we, then, in nature's plan, was a sundity. T' exist th' automaton of man, a style anusa wold Rifing from fenfelefs matter's arms, on on liw slodW Which perfect reft nor grieves, nor charms: Should heaven a confciousness bestow. Should heaven a confciousness bestow. Subject to good or ill below; to allow a A. How a A. Not real pain or pleasure give, through awal ad I But only make the form to live: at asm anoungminary As yet from all reflection clear, who was guident A Unnerv'd by hope, maw'd by fear, and ad nob all Suppose to action thus confign'dit at vistay it quit aT This naked, unaffected mind. west to sol show that W Lorenzo, with precision hence be men awai a none and Let us infer the confequence. Ere yet existed moral ill, anola landydq yd, wanz tull The first fole agent was the will live to boog latour al Reason without the pow'r to act, and solve on bad and To censure or advise a fact solding bluow reven live etl As from experience nought it knew, a and larom dacil Permitted by th' eter-entry of falls or true rest the boog PO

Loren k

For reason its conclusion draws From fimilar effect and cause; On the information No instinct, faculty or sense, Securing actual innocence. That bids us virtue's steps purfue, Or points to blifs it never knew: Else giving reason bounteous heaven Had also actual pleasure given: This not suppos'd, -hence reason's use Some known effect must introduce. Now, as innate, if we maintain A love of bliss and hate of pain, Directed as the passions fir'd, The will to pleasure first aspir'd; The moral agent bound to chuse From nature's most immediate views. But, prone to censure and complain, Suppose our first sensation pain; Let pain or pleasure be attain'd, Of both an equal sense was gain'd; As the first tree of knowledge bore Of good and evil equal store; For when the mind one pleasure knew, Its neutral state of rest withdrew; Pleasure and pain, by contrast known, Criteria of each other grown. Hence felt th' initiated mind The sling which pleasure lest behind, And reason did to act commence
On th' information of the sense;
Still as the passions ebb and flow,
Now swoln with bliss, now sunk in woe,
Tracing the bounds, th' extremes between,
Of innocence, that golden mean.
But ah, the fluctuating tide
Of passion doth this mean deride:
Consistent only, 'tis confess'd,
With nature in a state of rest.

Here then from moral actions came
The necessary ill, we blame:
Running self-love, in sull career,
Reason her guide not always near,
Her satisfaction oft pursuing,
Tho at her own and others' ruin.
Th' indulgence of the human will,
We hence presume is moral ill,
Whene'er from such indulgence slows
More pain than pleasure it bestows.

In guilt original involv'd,
Here see the wond'rous myst'ry solv'd.
To the first man no more confin'd
Than passions found in ev'ry mind,
Is, the plain cause of moral woe,
Sin, human frailty here below.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo, evil understood, driv arout and soiv slidW The die's reverse is moral good; an an wol as shan o'T Whate'er more pleasure yields than pain noiliogor The name of goodness doth obtain-maint squaq adT. Jet, on the whole, no abitraci 13 Dota-here confront the etate, oznach and Indiana Doft thou loft happiness regret? The the the to Doth, from our plan of morals, feem and leading and Still providence no perfect scheme, Because, perplex'd with fear or pain, Ev'n virtue covets bliss in vain? Dost thou against the cause object? "Tis disproportion'd to th' effect, d Why feel, "Thus in th' intemp'rance of the will and redson A. " To place the fource of moral ill; wad all radw " Our passions but a nat'ral cause, all was guling " Obedient to creation's laws, it had to staff you " Here palpably too innocent area and fler shelled il Must I repeat it o'er again to to many moun sets the M From pleasure flows our sense of pain. to flash odW Dependent these as light and shade, Thro life, each other's contrast made. and work fleed Whence, the to moderation join'd and an arrisd and T

Content's ferenity of mind; and abnest outries slidW

While

And

^{*} Not, indeed, folely to the agent, but to mankind, or the moral world in general, which was not away with the moral world in general,

While vice but sports with higher glee has control. To fink as low in misery, a standard proportion of to the guilty joy was a standard will. The pangs intemperance annoy; bord to man and yet, on the whole, no abstract ill. Doth here confront th' eternal will; to be desired to the But relative to human life.

Sayst thou indeed if man confined
"To fill the place by heaven assigned,
"But partially to rise, or fall,
"Why feels he misery at all?"
Another question answers this.
What title have mankind to blise?
During thy life is, man and boy,
Thy share of both thou mayst enjoy;
If perfect rest the certain mean
Our pleasures and our pains between;
Null the momentum of our pain;
Who shall of providence complain?

Seeft thou incumbering the ground,
The barren fig-trees branching round;
While virtue stands the brunt of vice,
And knaves possess fools' paradife?
Tis here indeed our errour lies;
Our virtues we too highly prize;

K 2

And

Sore fash'd and watting to the bone, And adequate rewards to find; stated to some of T Create them fondly to our mind: Not farisfied on heaven to truft, and any language langua Or think its dispensations just, and on the ron emiler ? Unless his conduct God submit and the blod of To our investigating wit; Here toiling, as an humble drudge, which only 19 Y For man, his critick, lord and judge. What merit in thy maker's eye That thou vain man art fix feet high; To heaven must all, with shame, agree Unprofitable fervants we; Unworthy of celestial drefs The rags of human righteousness; The all that virtue has to boaft, swinning on magmo? Claiming the world's regard, at most.

As virtue here so vice depends.

Ourselves our guilt the most offends.

For know, proud man, no act of thine

Renders desective God's design:

No pow'r to human frailty given

To injure unpreventing heaven.

Presume not at so high a price

To rate th' iniquity of vice.

Nor let the vainly-virtuous sool,

Projecting heaven by line and rule,

23.4 1

Sore lash'd and wasting to the bone,

The crimes of health and ease to atome, and adequate to defeat to atome, and and conceive by want of rest of meat who had no beautiful of the crime not at so cheap a rate attended to the control of the contro

Yet who shall say that guilt is free,
Or promise vice impunity?
Since 'tis so plain the sting of woe
To joy inordinate doth grow;
While none from virtue's paths would stray
If pleasure did not lead the way.
Can virtue also hence despair?
Since virtue's providence's care;
Compensing pleasure due to pain,
Nor this nor that bestow'd in vain.

Let fools, when hard their present lot,
Think distant heaven has earth forgot;
In discontent aloud complain,
"That all our trust in heaven is vain,"
Pretending God the world protects,
And yet its sev'ral parts neglects.
Do thou, Lorenzo, better taught,
Never indulge so wild a thought;
Conceiving th' individual man
No charge on nature's gen'ral plan.

K 3

What

What the impossible that we'd add adding common f At once the whole and parts should fee; and reveword To fingle objects here confin drow ixea and research Th' attention of the human mind; it died surriv sed T Yet, shall we blasphemously join Heaven's intellects with yours and mine? should sind Know thou the world's great architect Its smallest part shall not negled; to griffing the I So, make an edunate As needful in the stately pile, As golden roofs th' abutments vile; and susquo Nor, in their kind, more perfect they, The parian stones, than potter's clay. How fadly, blundering in the dark, and adding Here St. John mis'd his boafted mark; When, heaven's omnipotence t'enhance, was aloi 101/1 He almost gave the world to chance : " and and and to Supposing God too great to mind work smit-nasth The peccadillos of mankind; while to affect less vA Too infignificant our claim of the an anadith wolf To Deity's immediate aim. dien erileele leer eredW Or rather, from his reasons given, a greenbuch bed He thought the talk too great for heaven; solvelo at Too puzzling for th' eternal wit in dire gainsme. To hold its state and thus submit; Wherefore, like th' idiot at a loss and shall shall A To count, heaven takes us in the grofs. and as engued Acculton d to the metang mood.

Lorenzo

So willing every morest goods.

Lorenzo, probable the scheme, and ald morning of the W However ftrange the doftrine feem slode who so no A Whate'er the next world give, in this beide signif o'T That virtue hath its share of bliss it to nointer 'd'T' While all accounts 'tween vice and woe aw Hard 194 Heaven's intelleds; : wold b'gradalib and discharg'd below: No ballance to receive or pay, whitewest won't Left, shuffling, for a future day, sind risq fiellent of. Go, make an estimate of life; leten and at lathean al. Compare the sums of joy and strife; atom ashley A Each in its separate degree, store and rieds at roll Duration and intensity. 122200 ments senior mentage and Perhaps, upon the whole, you'll find That nothing's due to human kind; Nor loss nor profit in the trade Of transient pains and pleasures made. Mean-time how difficult to guess on bold goldogue At real objects of diffrefs! How difficult, in fact, to trace the meaning that coll Where real pleasure hath a place! In clothes of fur, duke Chilly loft; Lamenting, with his belly full, do to good sand and I The tinker's half-cloath'd, starving trull; A jade, that, warmer than his grace, Laughs at his pity to his face. Ho county desventals Accustom'd to the melting mood, So, wishing ev'ry mortal good, Behold · Norenag:

Behold Tendrilla drown her eyes outrit bus soit of At what the fufferers despite about b'amest a redtield How oft, the scene reverside again, and of work The fecret of another's niegralus is actual paid and another of the fecret of another's How oft we hear much-envied flate and have yell Groan beneath bulky grandeur's weight; and o'T Of thousands broke their nightly rest By that for which we call them bleft! Nay, as a God on earth ador'd, See the dread inquifition's lord, Rais'd, in the pomp of prieftly pride, How envied, by his monarch's fide! And yet how mis'rable a part all a the month of He acts, if not extinct his heart: How little lefs, at nature's cost If ev'ry focial feeling loft on affine on the forth lo Mean-while the wretch, for whom we figh, In cruel tortures doom'd to die, blood state of W To pain superiour, fear or shame, Exulting, smiles amidst the stame, Makes his proud judge with malice fwell; And triumphs over death and hell.

Proportion'd to the weight of care, no to and bath Gives nature thus the pow'r to bear? I would be a get But partial judges we, 'tis plain,

Of others' joy or others' pain.

A wall one bushes shall appoint to that

Solely to an or lablunge frate

So vice and virtue could we trace, allither T blocks Neither is stamp'd upon the face profin out tan . A And who to read prefumes the art model and wolf The fecret of another's heart Public at still instant A Nay, ev'n that art how little known and was a war To open, and peruse our own! Who then, fo much a flave to fenfe, Shall here arraign heaven's providence; Thinking "the good the world may leave" " Ere virtue's portion they receive: "Triumphant that the wicked go, "Blest, or unpunish'd, here below: " As if our end a flight event, " Depending on mere accident." Is this not atheifm in the eye Of those who atheism most decry? ther white the wretch, for whom we fight

Who made the world, with equal skill

Can furely guide it, if he will.

Who, then, appearances shall trust,

To think that heaven's on earth unjust;

When vice and virtue may relate

Solely to man's sublunar state;

And here, for ought we truly know,

Be paid their dues of joy and woe.

Yet think not thou I here deny do to you wanto to.
That virtuous fouls ascend the sky;

Or that the grov'ling fonsion vice and grois its on' Shall be excluded paradifed bas are to onest vi've all Prepar'd, my friend, the man sin life, or and abroad A By varied means of joy and firste, to historid shier o'T Or, by redemption's wond'rous grace, or min 101 if al To view his maker face to face, grand adbiolines and In death compleated for the state at some oil parcial Defign'd him by the will of fate, or to be history and T A place of constant rest may find The portion of the virtuous mind ; me and minds all A place, comparatively ill, in the same of an otal For those whose god their brutal will: By heaven th' immortal Being plac'd. Confistent with its pow'rs and taste. Such future scenes may fure be given; This call'd a hell and that a heaven: And juftly vice and virtue, here, Have that to hope and this to fear.

Still do I hear the growl of care?

"To be we know not what or where!"
Is it, because we know not why,
So sad a thing for once to die?
Is it so hazardous, my friend,
On God our maker to depend?
That God to whom we being owe,
Our friend and guardian here below?

LUSUS

Who,

Such full me scenes thay sure be gayens. This east a beaven a find sull and what a beaven a sull such sull sure is take their to decide and this to seen

Still do I kear the growl of care?

"In be we know not what or where?"
Is it, because we know not why,
So sad a thing for once to die?
Is it so hazardous, my friend,
On God out maker to depend?
That God to whom we being owe,
Our stiend and guardian here below?

LUSUS NATURÆ, TYPOGRAPHUS.

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens

I thought fome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKESPEARE.

To slave to good . Experie

Yet, to complet the piece of fan,

Kick it down tiams; the devile in't

But what car this thing do ??

IN nature's workshop, on a day,
Her journeymen, inclin'd to play,
Half-drunk 'twixt cup and can,
Took up a clod, which she with care
Was modelling a huge sea-bear,
And swore they'd make a man.

They tried; but, handling ill their tools,
Form'd, like a pack of bungling fools,
A thing fo gross and odd,
That, when it roll'd about the dish,
They knew not if 'twere flesh or fish,
A man or hodmandod.

Yet, to compleat the piece of fun,

They christen'd it Arch Hamilton: Ye W 2020 1

"But what can this thing do?"

Kick it down stairs; the devil's in't

If it won't do to write and print

The Critical Review.

Tehought, fome of navarels jonementer had made made ment as it was made them wells they imitated humany to obsertinable.

Westerlieby for the Contracted as

IN ancies a problem of the day.

He was a problem of the side of plays.

Year are are a problem for a problem.

Mas are the track a problem for a man.

They tried; but, handling ill their cools, R.A. like a pack of compling foot, Arching to grok and odd, That, when it roil a about the difficulty kniew not if twere fieth or fifty A man or hodmanded.

334

Beruming to town, on this fide Turnham-Green,

I Jogging BAUTA Nindin A erth A. A. (aw them, who is seen dealessed to be seen

A SHORT STORY, Visiolo of

Le a lit. VIXIOODM NABY BHT NI NETTINWOOD.
They Rudded, nor once look'd behind them.

In the youth of old Time, madam Nature still gay,
And Art, in the bloom of her beauty,
Together for ever, at work or at play,
Were united by love or by duty.

But Time, by lewd Fashion, seducing the maid,
The mother the daughter discarded;
'Till Custom concealing the breach that was made,
The faux-pas grew at length less regarded.

I was told, at Spring-gardens, and this place and t'other

Art and Nature were seen in alliance.

The daughter I met with, but, as for the mother,

Our artists had bid her desiance.

On fresh information I posted to Kew,

And look'd round the princesses gardens,

That both had been there I saw proofs not a few,

The some of them not worth three farthings.

Returning

P

1

Returning to town, on this fide Turnham-Green,
Jogging on without thinking of either,
I faw them, tho both feem'd asham'd to be feen
So closely connected together.

In a little thatch'd house, by the side of the road,

They skudded, nor once look'd behind them,

For ---- had made it his summer abode —

With ----- you'll certainly find 'em.

Times, he had a superior inducing the maid, I no mother the discarded and collection that was made the faux par give at length ich reparded.

Together for ever, at work or griples :

Were united by love or 1-4"

was told, at Spung gardens, and this place and

Ari and Nauge were feet in alliance. The daughter I met with but, as for the mothers Our ariths had bid her defiance.

That both had been there I law process not a few.

That both had been there I law process not a few.

Tho some of them not worth three farthings.

THE SHROPSHIRE GOOSE.

A FABLE.

OCCASIONED BY THE MANUFACTURE OF THE OPERA OF ALMENA.

A Shropshire goose, urg'd t'other day
To waddle in parade,
Meeting a peacock on the way,
Besought his friendly aid.

For, grown beside a filthy lake
Most wond'rous foul and fusty,
Droll was the figure she did make
With plumage bare and rusty.

The peacock, hearing her bewail, And mov'd, tho proud, to pity, Shook the loose feathers from his tail, And dress'd her somewhat pretty.

This done, she turn'd her rump about And saw it made so sine,

"D -- n it," fays she, " the world will doubt
"These feathers being mine.

cefer to tone suga.

Might had had spectation make to the ran loss of the roll held ing play him favour or men Franklin , word hand · Vine a stand Want of a segui at the

and ending it wantened and on it had

Properties have alleged by the best forms Sharp Author they are not new · Lancot at State and soil set !

server be the server of the se with minimum at the Att own

CARLES SALLING CAR

- "Tho stolen plumes I safely wear, " It mayn't be fafe to borrow. -
- "But hold-difguis'd with proper care, " They won't be known to-morrow."

Displaying, then, a goose's taste And rumpiling ev'ry feather, She fought the muddy pool in hafte And plaister'd them together.

Dy'd flut in grain, the dirty elf Thus spoilt the decent madam; Her plumes no credit to herfelf, Nor him from whom the had 'em.

& The levely flow's of beauty blows,
or Twin filter to the province role,
ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.
".That ere the evining fees it die."
Say. " year .orenzo. " year
** As wanth things the annual boughts
O Blind to truth, to science blind, an algori and T
The skeptic tribe of human-kind! ved dirreg diod
Who doubt, Lorenzo, if our lot wire add vd 10 "
Be here to die and be forgot, inbered vient bis lenA ?
Or if it prove our future fate d and Dyamod wimbA
To know an intellectual flate, follarsq ad
In death to perish, or to rife, we all a bat and a says as
Immortal to our native fkies, as I o stroglanar see see
** When zephyrs tola the lily botest
Allur'd by wit to neither fide, so singer & the sdT **
Be reason our impartial guide; was and and was yes
Let us, Lorenzo, fairly weigh bands and the case I at
What argument hath here to fay. and do acciolaco as
". Stands trembling as the forch careers
Hast thou poor Dromio's sophisms got, and will "
Who bids us vegetate and rot;
Man but a rank and useless weed? an amodord? 30
Prove them alike, and 'tis agreed. " " blo nword "
But the analogy of parts about hards and al
Is all that's prov'd by skeptic arts. All and word ornato.
Say that, " of vegetable race,
" We spread the root from place to place;
The state of the s

The lovely flow'r of beauty blows,
" Twin fifter to the province role,
"Allures at morn the gazing eye, MMI HHT AC
" That ere the ev'ning fees it die."
Say, " years disrobe the mantled brow,
" As winter strips th' autumnal bough;
"The rough, rude blaft to both unkind, or beita O
" Both perifh by an eastern wind; aday and and
"Or, by the ax, untimely blowd production of the
" Are laid their spreading honours low." his or sind as
Admit, Lorenzo, this be true: with the every if the O
Go on, — the parallel purfue and allown an word of
Say, " the tall elms, you flately row, og or disab at
" Sweet transports of sensation know ; so of landmitted
"When zephyrs kifs the lily's breaft
"The lily's rapture be confess'd." or new yor brull a
Say "the broad oak, when thunders roar, notice a
" Fears till the thunder-florm be o'er; nerol an rel
" Conscious of doubt and dread by turns, was ted w
" Stands trembling as the forest burns;
" Alive, awake, to nature's laws, "I roop work that
"From nature's scenes experience draws in shid of W.
"Throbbing its trunk with hopes and fears and as M
"Grown old in wisdom as in years!" his medi ever
Is this abfurd? abfurd indeed bea lo voolens add sad
Lorenzo how unlike a weed I by ve by your client lie if
Eay that, " of vegetable moe,
** We spread the root from place to place 5.
- 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

L 2

The

To moral arguments dost run? Dare the felf-righteous niged swe as bne swellent enell Sayst thou " the virtuous, when they die, neven sad T "In their own right afcend the the in me sair slink." " The wicked, here unpunished, goin a how about " To torment in the world below; withiniv gnibloH " Heaven's justice else we should arraigh, awo aid to a " And prove the virtuous good in vain." ON .O. You take, my friend, for granted here, day now no What none by reason make appear; That vice at God Almighty's hands and deed Cease, then Eternal punishment demands as a newson sistrom tad T While endless bliss beyond the skies stindar as to A. Justice bestows, as virtue's prize. do stind a rowling o'T Justice! Lorenzo, what, my friend, and add yeq o'T By justice dost thou here intend even year alle daidW. Her fword the holds; but, fay, what ails w anich ad T. The equilibrium of her scales? of regnol sentitot tud How low the one, tho empty, fies, ileurs sautan driW. To kick the beam while t other flies! standard nentW

O'er all his varied wei; b'llaquos are they held warren will like the word of the word of

Can God . whose tender men

Dare

Dare the self-righteous tribe to say, be and all Here shall we end say, then we can say then the say t

What none by reason make appear a Cease, then, presumption, to contend o is soir is T That mortals heaven can fo offend, nomflenug Isman H While endless blis beyond shift all shift and all while To answer a finite offence; so virus as awofted soifful To pay the fine immortal made; oxnero. I soifful Which else they never could have paid not soffuj va The dying wretch the tyrants cure, lost and brown rall But tortures longer to endure; and to muindiliups ad T With nature cruelly at strife and one and wol woll When criminals are quit with life; maid and dois o'T Can God, whose tender mercies flow O'er all his varied works below, what con I fee by what come works below. Whose loving kindness all confess, without mer hib al Whose name the distant nations bless series and ano Say, can this God, of boundless love, a ni rento en'T Vengeful as earthly tyrants prove fringer ni b'dgioW O shame, Lorenzo, shame to allings tarmilinuq bolT Who cruelty can justice call!

Dare

Such argument, befide, is vain,

Unless the premises were plain; surround in lationimic Unless we first could make it clear,

That vice can ne'er be punish'd here;

That virtue must be ever blest,

For following but its interest;

Or that we truly could define

That justice mortals call divine.

By metaphyficks dost thou strive To keep the man in death alive? Wouldst thou, set moral pleas aside, The body from the foul divide? Material that and born to die, While this a native of the fky; Objects that none can hear and fee Hence claiming immortality! But, fay, is thy corporeal claim Laid to the matter, or the frame? Is it the substance of the heart Or make, that is the mortal part? Doth change of form bring death alone? Form we must immaterial own. If to the effence of the clay, Again, mortality we lay, Doom'd the loath'd carcass to the worm, The substance changes but its form: Through modes of being given to range name and about Immortal in perpetual change, was almost and about Matter by all the skeptic crowd through a washed. Essentially the same allowed; In death, in life, our shame, our pride, and about and In various forms but modified. In tud garwollot to Say, then, the matter or the frame, our pride of the same of the frame. Or both, in body have a claim; the same of the frame. Nor mortal, nor immortal, we From our materiality.

To keep the man in death alive? Lorenzo, doth thy bosom beat, nom 151 month Ablinow To claim in heaven th' immortal feat? more youd anT. So fond of thy existence here, and bug and lainnest Doft thou annihilation fear? To fall as undistinguish'd clay was agon take aboid O To dumb forgetfulness a prey? The joys of paradise in view, Sayst thou " thy claim must needs be true, a bis] " Else, wherefore doth thy fond defire and the state of t " To immortality afpire?" Whate'er in hope be heaven's intent, was many droft This is, my friend, no argument. I, too, perhaps, so pleas'd to live, My very means of life might give, All I am worth, from death to fave, If hope were buried in the grave.

L 4

Infough:

Yet wherefore might not after revene provided in this tenemenship revewed however just tenemenship to hope, however just not this tenemenship to hope, however just tenemenship to hope the the immorphise defined out the principles defend to out the principles defend to out the following principles defend to out the following the most of the truth will fure despite at a single the truth will fure despite at a single to reft on special substitution of the truth with the following the most the truth and to worth not the truth of the single the forthest and co, so the following the solution of any solution of the control of the solution of the solutio

The body and the biniot velocity foin dent that the Again, is't faid " fo closely join'd and the body and the

" In life the body and the mind it was tastided if 'AT

" Reciprocally form'd to bear in nonnam aid guique X

" Each other's weight of pain and care, be and of be U

" Sharing alike the mutual joy, and and and and buA

" Which either wholly may destroy; www gniwonanu

" Since thus together both concur, le release one II

"We know not either to prefer, and a remove tadW

" If both be purposely combined, as at regrad used W

Nor firange, if, needle ... brim to vo your firange. They tumble valoquit condenses when the condenses are the condenses with t

"The foul no seperate being knows your a rento dos

" But, as the body doth decay, and bus nonnam adT

" So wears the mortal mind away."

Part

Het let Lorenze drie und at our birth, de Lodg'd in this tenement of earth, de pool of this tenement of earth, de pool on hope, in fearth and feet a passion find, aright and feet the under thou fair a feet the captive free the void thould feet the captive free the void thould feet the captive free the void of W. And death should set the captive free the void of W. Concerning friends and foes without, the caute to result of the captive free the void of W. Prone thro its prison grates to pry, it doth it ment to the tries of the captive free the void of W. It sees Time's scattered roins lie, university and W. The embryo of another world, and the prison of another world.

The body and the tenant mind in the ball is maged. The inhabitant, with coll and care, used and all is Keeping his mansion in repair, a most viscordinal is Weeping his mansion in repair, a most viscordinal is Weeping his mansion in repair, a most viscordinal is Weeping his present home to prize, asile gained is Unknowing whither doom'd to roam, salie gained is Unknowing whither doom'd to roam, salie gained is What wonder, then, for help he calls ton wond is Weeping walls is word in the word in the calls to the word in the call is the coll is the call in the call is the coll in the call is the call in the call in the call in the call is the call in the call i

oc So wears the mortal mind away."?

What the we hold the foul to be and modes, adapt and the foul to be a second in the se
Attach'd to fenfibility, and bus ave and to support of
Concludes Lorenzo rashly hence
The foul's as mortal as the fense of stob word at a character if
Alleging that " in life we find
" Perception to the organs join'd, per of marine 10
" Poor mortals of fenfation void and the shall wolf
" As these are damag'd or destroy'd;
"Therefore the foul on fense depends,
"And with the failing organ ends."
Lorenzo, thro a darken'd glass on who are not very but ve
Seeft thou but faintly objects pais? brided sint driw
More darken'd yet, dost thou confess that or take out
Thy certainty of vision less to success of much more division less to success the success of the
With its transparency thy fight and wheel and brang o'T
Decreasing, till obstructed quite?
Suppose it broke or let it fall,
Dost think thou couldst not see at all?
Ridiculous! when objects lie
Contented from the prefer sys basks at on ago IIA
To reason of his future fare
Thus, may the foul, to body join'd,
Be deaf, irrational or blind: on or repointed dioce
But take th' obstructing organs hence,
At liberty its native sense, and all the many plates A to
By fits no more it hears and fees,
As now by piece-meal and degrees, and learning of A
"His strength and vigour pass away.
isopii

In partial modes, adapted here

To organs of the eye and ear;
But, intellect, all ear, all eye,
It reads the wonders of the fky.
At once what nature can disclose
Of scientific secrets knows;
Now sense and science both combin'd
In each perception of the mind.

But here, Lorenzo, for a while

Lay by the metaphysic foil.

With this, behind our darken'd glass,

Too apt to make a blund'ring pass:

By much more anxious, on the whole,

To guard the body than the foul.

Too nice th' anatomizing art,

To take them dextrously apart,

Let us on both inquiry plan,

And scrutinize their compound, man;

Contented from his present state

To reason of his suture sate.

Doth Dromio fay, to hold dispute, and the best of

- " Man, if no plant, is yet a brute; do do sale and
- " A helpless animal in birth; " A notion of gradil 1A
- " His body form'd of kindred earth, and and all
- "An animal in his decay, bas learn egoid vo won A
- " His strength and vigour pass away;

" Equal

Thus, may tac touly

22

While man, with all his boafted fense, and chood of T Riots at health's and life's expence, and have brilled Luxurious, casts his cares aside, his guidant and of T Or starves thro indolence or pride; has and take T Here no pre-eminence his claim. The day have he had blive of T Insects! in life and death the same!

We must not beaute? In the control of the control o

Tho both, sharp fighted, grave and fat, mem slided with the state of t

We must not hence, my friend, infer Melinda's only born to purific ni muibom on santa al Nor that, because alike in shape, radio ad nam hold Must we with burning Faddle by nature's but an ape. What, if a monkey, taught in France, drive restrict 10 Content to bear the flig sonab bluos tounim flibom A Or, mischievous, should play his tricks, guilgaim 10 Vers'd in Parisian politicks, on sono roi-, boorg A Breaking thy China's brittle clay, smine orom nom all The fure to fuffer for his play; stalqlad arom that yes Wouldst thou acknowledge, hence, to me, ave and I The pert baboon, un homme d'esprit peineb li .naM Or own, on this fagacious plan, this aur aved adgild A monkey's nat rally a mair? in enising out tead ever! Or fought his shelter in the wood:

(B.)
Let rash polemicks idly pratewording and one stendig
And hence their maker, (state lat'tan a bna aruf Of
The arts of focial life despite is tanding upy sids IIA
And think that brutes are only wife ; Tyme son beed I
Call it by windlower named it been an appoint yet it lis?
If kings and priefts we ne'er had feen; as mud air
If lawless, ignorant and wild, sharing arom grown yes
Man had been left, while yet a child, and wallb woll
With brutes to share a common fate;
More blest than in his present state transitor and fordation
Go thou, and act a focial part, of along his adverse &
Man's nat'ral state's a state of art. The world wisher to
'Twas nature, when the world was young,
Made loofe our first great grandfire's tongue; as a T
Taught his wild fons the force of speech, to there H
And gave the human pow'r to teach; or real short us
To focial converse tun'd the ear, and voice dred enad w
Gave mutual love and mutual fear,
Inspir'd the hero, warm'd the friend, avon moss 10
And bade the firong the weak defend. And babol and
'Twas nature gave religion's rule, a theat has affector q
And bade the wife conduct the fool;
In justice gave the law, to fave to a detail it brish it
The weak and honest from the knave. The stand and T
.'Twas nature rais'd our thoughts on high, a radw bak
In contemplation, to the sky;
Taught us to beat the wilds of space wared ornered
And worlds on worlds in other trace: : : and arthur dell'
Planets

Planets and sunk nown explore, solution of the red.

And hence their maker, God, adore a bas assured to all this you artificial call, indeed and laced to death of the arts of

With brutes to theire a common fately

Within the folitary wood usland and me duth field snow Rears the old brock her helpless brood; but and and For fafety, fcouring to her den, and lar and a male At fight, or found of dogs and men? " Truss asw Is 'Tis nature warns her not t' expose the wood abaid Herself, or offspring, to her foes ; blin and idgua T But fends her to the fafe retreat, and add away back Where both enjoy their rest and meat. Vaca land o'l Why rears not man in forest wild, we at issular avail Or acorn grove, his fav'rite child? oran out b'right. But, lodg'd in towns, and nurs'd with care thad bak Protects and feeds his fondled heir? Experter, fure, were human race suggest abad bad If train'd in forests, for the chase; and aveg souther all The chase that might our food provide: Assa ad P And what need animals befide?

Lorenzo, here we plainly find and thed of en signs?

The characters that mark our kind. The characters that mark our kind. The characters that mark our kind.

in contemplation, to the fix;

'Twas

Twas nature knowledge did impart, Which time has ripen'd into art: But call it art, or what you will, "Tis nature, human nature fills As natural for us, my friend, and a construction of To bid the cloud-capt tow'rs afcend; To bid the floating castles ride On moving mountains of the tide; As for the bird and beaft their food To feek in thicket, plain or wood, astronomy and To build the neft, or dig the den, Far diftant from the haunts of men. Science, disprove it those who can, Is, therefore, natural to man; To other animals denied to an an elimination of the This best and worst excuse for pride. and a second a transparati

There are, 'tis true, who gravely hold

"Grimalkin's no effential foold,

"That men and monkies differ wide,

"The former to the heavens allied:"

Striving to prove, by various means,

"That brutes are nothing but machines."

But, can we e'er with these suppose

Springs lodg'd within the terrier's nose,

Direct his nimble feet to go

Where the old fox lies earth'd below?

the liberal and beauty and the second of the

14

Per Land Manager Land Land Company Company

Or that by mere mechanicks Tray
Purfues his master's doubtful way?
For me, I frankly must impute
True syllogisms to e'en the brute:
A pow'r of reason, spite of pride,
No more to him than man denied.

So much admitting, doft thou fay the man was a second

- " I fairly throw my cause away,
- "Unless to brutes, heaven also give
- "In immortality to live."

Lorenzo, no. — Tho des refin'd,

My pleas are of another kind:

Low as the dust tho' here we lie,

Yet death may raise us to the sky.

Is man a worm? 'Tis here his fate

To winter his aurelia state;

In time to burst his cell design'd,

And leave his clay-cold case behind;

Flutt'ring on angel wings, to rife

A bright papilio to the fkies!

Distinguish'd from the beasts, my friend, and as a second second

- "The pow'rs heaven meant them to employ;
- " Passion nor instinct e'er bestow'd at the and beauty
- " On man, or beaft, a useless load;

1

M

" But

"But serving animals, in kindrid vive to staming of "To th' end for which they were defign'd." ned: . erA This once suppos'd, here and disputes soull estaufas oT Look round among our fellow brutes, the ton shad toll See to what point their labours tend, smine ne as , neM And how in death their talents end, hand birthing nishid Perfect the bird and beaft, we find, srawog and blodes Advance not here their feveral kind; a lo evirquineria From race to race no wifer grow, til rade of viscom toll No gradual perfection know and to has bus this sell T'increasing knowledge void their claims of the val Still their specific pow'rs the same; aled undgim radW In th'individual centred allowed and more the best and W Tho generations rife and fall bas gaingt gaileon and T Mean-while by observation wife, de that rommil , 10 The human genius never dies ; id stoot smolsloriw 10 But, in tradition kept alive, a flar rated and been woH Golconda's or P; svivrul dtob emoglod or Colconda's or P; Or, glowing in th'inftructive page, that th's direct fact Improving, lives from age to age; and a mod it dated T Ev'n giving those, who greatly know, in some of For this life only were defigued . wolld william nA What idle mourner droops his head to anglow llow &A Is Plato, Locke, or Newton dead the series winxul do With Plato still his pupils roved han are stody flow ah That give, while none can cavorg simebasa sid gnolA With Locke we wing the naked fouled asw why ! dA And mount with Newton to the pole of disease of ton H What To MIZ

To animals of ev'ry kindnish at stammas grives But ferving Are, then, their proper pow'rs affign'det bas at a Tie To actuate, firengthen or refirsin, b'soqqui sono sidT Nor fense nor instinct giv'n in vain? gnome banor sood Man, as an animal confessidged mode ming said or ose Diftinguish'd plainly from the reft, it disab at word bak Behold his powers, his labours here are brid ant footes! Presumptive of a brighter sphere lat and ton somewhat Not merely to this life confin des on ones of open more The aim, and end of human-kind isolved laubarg old Say, if our purpole but to live, good would gain say I' What mighty help doth feience give? adiagon nieds Hin? What needed more the human brute a danbivibui'd nl Than cooling fprings and ftrenght'ning fruit bang od? Or, summer past, the diet spare a tolde ve olide neoM Of wholesome roots, his winter fare hings mamua on I How need our better rest and health thousings in stud Golconda's or Potofi's wealth, smoodand to shorw ad T That facrific'd that health and reft, and gaiwolg .10 To fetch it home from east and west? and garvorque Lorenzo, fure, if human-kind odv. Slod graving a vel For this life only were defign'd, would will summin A As well we ignorant had been work someon sibi and W Of luxury, the bawd to fin swarf and about cotal at As well those arts had been without and life of the without That give, while none can cure, the gout as and groth Ah! why was speculation given gare an about darw If not to teach the way to heaven? I have much both oT M 2 What

Sugar 2

What need have animals below a alt blaiw of ils wo'O The planets' paths above to know amom and BalbaA Or, in what curves, meand'ring, rove Eva here my friend to of of of of order of me and a very Lends Art its microscopic eyes to various and every In nature's miniature to pry fleet author inch aturn A. To fee beneath the civil knife bod out drive at the A The butcher'd atoms robb'd of dife; wilder that baA To know that 'scaping from the steel, to not nog sid'T' Thousands may perish at a meal ; so smo - on O While conscious ev'ry step we tread, by an aduob I We trample hofts of beings dead bod b' showqid ad T Ah, why this knowledge, given, to raife is haid yM Our wonder to our maker's praise tond slidw-nesM Why hence inspir'd our God t'adore, blod sem usal If feen, in death, his face no more from min with no It cannot be. Of heavenly birth, as egod elbi briA Science, no offspring of the earth, ve did on read To man hath Jacob's ladder given ; warmen endW Reaching, its foot on earth, to heaven in and W O, seize, with ardour seize the prize; ottong its R stie And claim thy kindred to the fkies; to the govern o'T Genius, Lorenzo, yours or mine, an aggiocab and W Faint image of the pow'r divine; Endow'd with ev'n creative power, or gal fol rad no To form the beings of an hour, mand blim flidW To people worlds, to light the fkies, some and rell To bid a new creation rife;

· M.

O'er

What need have, borne responds the planets paths abol book wratnemom and the hand or, in what curves, meandring, rove

Ev'n here my friend doth nature's planauos astillosa? Prove the divinity of man aigoplosaim ati 11A aband A truth that genius feels and knows sinim a suite of As oft as with the God it glows: and diseased sol of The butcher'd atomb'nginocoff noivildo't llan and This portion of the etherial mind took that would of O, no.—Come death in any form; o vem abashuod T I doubt not to ride out the fform; " sucionos slid W The shipwreck'd bodysto survive; to attend alamsu aW My thinking part fill left alive Iwonal zitt ydw ,dA Mean-while, through all the modes of fenfeyow and Bear me, bold Contemplation, hence; har soned volW On thy firm wing, Op let me foar; the being mind if And idle hope and fear no mored 10 -- ad sounce the Bear me to th' ever-blooming groves, he on , soneis? Where Genius with fair Science roves; disd nam o'll Where, in the cool fequester'd shade, it is guidas & O. feize, with andour this prior prior of the state of th To heaven directed by whose eye, and vdr mislo baA Cenius, Lorenzo, sib ot elles orange and surface When drooping nature calls to die, oxnonome, and other calls to die, oxnonome, and oxnonome, an Let this my latest wishes crown; and to again miss. On her foft lap to lay me down, a've driv h'woball Whilst mild Content, and gentle Peace, and most of Her handmaids, waiting my release, how slope of To bid a new creamon rite;

TO O

M 3

Strow

Strow, stealing round with softest tread,
Their grateful roses o'er my bed,
No thorn among, to break my rest;
Without a sigh at close of day,
To breathe, becalm'd, my soul away.

WEITTEN IN THE YEAR MUCCLXV.

WHEN glass appear, at dead of night,

Lo! Cardour, cloathed all in white,

Stalk'd up to my 'scruttere

The Papers thrunk beneath her hand,

The link turn it pale within the flash,

The black as jet before,

The trembling goofe-quills, it's bight, Their feathers flanding boit upright.

Like Hainiet in the play

Cried; ** Arruboud --- Speak --- a spright of health, ** Or goblin dama'd, rast total's he steak for the sealth?

, TU O. C. N. Sine, " from st. | one's gate.

25 And with me bring the book at face

Colife The Demman's Magazine

" Here Samueh | -- n - n's mann behold

"The first by his own hand enrolled,
"In Fame's bright list is seen

M. a

Repeatedly

CANDOUR, PENS, INK, AND PAPER,

Strow, Realing count with foften tread,

To breathe, becalm'd, my foul away,

By suchacafian fluorbers breft;

A FABLETO IS don't a month?

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXV.

WHEN ghosts appear, at dead of night,
Lo! Candour, cloathed all in white,
Stalk'd up to my 'scrutore:
The Papers shrunk beneath her hand,
The Ink turn'd pale within the stand,
Tho black as jet before.

The trembling goose-quills, in a fright,

Their feathers standing bolt upright,

Like Hamlet in the play

Cried, "Art thou?—Speak—a spright of health,

"Or goblin damn'd, that com'st by stealth?

"And—what hast thou to say?"

"I come," faid she, " from St. John's gate,

- "And with me bring the book of fate,
 "The Ge'mman's Magazine.
- " Here Samuel J -- n -- n's name behold,
- "The first by his own hand enroll'd,
 "In Fame's bright list is seen.

M 4

Repeatedly,

" Repeatedly engros'd you see oy madam , and "
" The same by Hankfornth, Asid all all all all all all all all all al
" At Lambeth dubb'd a doctor! S
" He who, so learned in the laws, in a reftern vM "
" Had practis'd, had he found a cause, had evall "
"A client or a proctor of bluedle swe to 32
"How dare ye then, ye miscreants base, ms?
" This register of theirs defece and law at and I so
"In manner fo uncivil treep year the in I'm
" And thou, wile implement of with and was
"Whose ears are cropp'd and nose is split, doo?
" As mark'd out for the devil-
" He'll have you all, we carping crew, As nedW "
" And your uncandid mafter too, may sent doug to
"With envy puff'd and pride." baA "
Provok'd at this outrageous fib, and and by baA 30
The Pen turn'd short upon its nib, or dog med T 25
And briftling up replied. and gualque of
And—nace believes to in the At Tyburn thus, with hearts to render,
* The findividual goofe-quill that was influmental t
사용하다 그 사람들은 사람들은 이 경기를 하는데 하는데 사람들이 되었다면 하는데 보다면 하는데
the writing a Review of Dr. Johnson's Shakespear?

** The wenches thinelling erg, to water, . "The prifonen was a hopeful youth,

" (" Tie ony that he's hang'd." of In Pager's bid shifted in the

- Sure, madam, you yourfelf forgets vibstesque H
- " Or elfe have ta'en your evening's whet mai ad T 33
- " My mafter's foug in bed, and I so of code all "
- " Or we should maul a prude insile A
- " Sam J--n nt madam. Don't you know H
- "That he was 'peach'd some time ago, 392 and "
- "When he and kander, link'd together out ba A
- "Robb'd Milton of the cap and feather, alon W
- "When Shakespear was affaffinated, y sved If sH ==
- "Such crimes you also said you hated, thoy ba A "
 "And wish'd th' assassin noos'd; dri W "
- " And yet no fooner is he taken, we side to h'dovor?
- "Complain he's hardly us'd, wifflind bath
- " At Tyburn thus, with hearts fo tender,
- "The mob hath just harangu'd; I a gain and
 - .. The wenches fnivelling cry, in truth,
 - "The prisoner was a hopeful youth,
 "Tis pity that he's hang'd.

- " But know that Shakespear, soon or late,
- "Without your gracious leave; HOIR
 - " Nor shall e'en Garrick's kindred worth,
 - " His best interpreter on earth, and HAHHW" Get Jain n a reprieve." and now and T

The playhouse at Richmond I india. Which White and card and

We the block nave leen afore now Englished kings and queens the contract But this is a palace, I vow.

And a colly one contract learns.

I flared, as you'll dirake all about a To fee fuch a wanderful thinger was a Rut I folgow when the feered canter out, "Twas econy and to be fur for the king."

God blets not had be but them chare,

And the queer, I'd bas in a cast a crown p

For they come not to wake nor to fair a

HILAR's miles up to landout one rown.

Tho esse there were smart follown we No wonder, entited by such sell a For they played so — I cannot tell now.

But I done on that Maid line Mills.

RALPH MOULSEYS DESCRIPTION OF RICHMOND PLAYHOUSE.

" Nor shall e'en Garrick'i kindred worth.

WHERE Hodge, ye great oaf, have you been,

That you ha'not yet been to the play?

The playhouse at Richmond I mean,

Which i'saith is most gallant and gay,

We shew-folk have seen afore now
Enact kings and queens in a barn;
But this is a palace, I vow,
And a costly one too, as I learn.

I star'd, as you'll think, all about,
To see such a wonderful thing;
But I sound, when the secret came out,
'Twas design'd to be sit for the king.

God bles'n, had he but been there,
And the queen, I'd ha' gi'n half a crown;
For they come not to wake nor to fair;
And 'tis miles up to London fine town.

Tho else there were smart folks enow:

No wonder, entic'd by such skill;

For they play'd so—I cannot tell how,

But I doat on that Maid i'the Mill.

For a lafe, with ordered thouse single and I with ordered orde

Yet, acting apart, there's the feenes, garrand ber rell.

All fresh as the barley mow fignt, bed with a roll.

But her canadalike fereens, and so Ralph was also forwards like fereens.

And painted most desperate fines as a large of the control of

Then, fimple the I as a sheep, I way bid again and On the man of the shew was so kind, and skip had a She'd shing you so peep a so peep a so To see what you behind our sales of To see what you behind our sales of To

There I thought to have found out a flam; wo To To of tinfel and fluff I've been told; admin a A But their dreffes, ecod, were no flam; according to I But velvet and filver and gold.

In the green-room, which I took for blue, would of Gay ladies I faw richly dress'd;

And some of them handsome ones too;

But their manners were none of the best. O back

So sweetly she sing specification and selection of the other kneeding back on her kneed leaning back on her chart a book of like a carrid ivory queen in oals a selection.

Her red pouting his lay so fair of the part of the sound of the sound

The man the fine are successful and so was a successful and the man the fine are successful and the fine are successful as a successful and the fine are successful as a successful are successful are successful as a successful are successful as a su

For, whisking and frisking about, or induced I send?

As nimble and light as a feather, a solution to not.

Her petticoat makes such a rout, as a send to the send and the send as a send to the send as a send to the send as a send to the send to t

So, Hodge, if so be you're inclin'd, on-near and all To the play we will go, lad, together; bal you'll Next week, if I hold in the mind, and ho amol bal. And God sends the farmers good weather, tog

tioning about you are count doing?

I will be the late of the late

300 3

Doft thou demand, ingenuous voitte, What is, AQUELERAD, NAMUH NO

AND THE UNIVERSALITY OF SCIENCE T

At least no fater truths we know Than what sort was oil out at Taigs na

Paniwer -- Wouldst thou learn of me, his

line on black I bulk. Aid a wall NoT to the fount of Hippocrene, beabait which and Nor groves of laurel ever green, ni being tal eroy to Nor where the sportive graces ftray bid and deep oo With flowers is frown the Muse's way, 13 and vive more Lorenzo, no, I more rejoice und sudmiglul som adT At Reason's bold, and manly voice men at b visono Than at the foftest, fprightliest air, no inch on as bnA Mirth ever fung to lighten care; its asw their fast tadT Truth's fober tale more pleas'd to hear ministry of the Truth's fober tale more pleas'd to hear ministry of the pleas of the tale more pleas'd to hear ministry of the tale more pleas'd to hear minis Than all that tickle Fancy's ears a goin again vd soni? The fuch, to babbling echo fweet, same an allest odW Aloud the public voice repeat. Is orther a guiving and W Her numbers, then, let Truth excuse, and am never H Tho rudely fing th' unpolith'd muse; all nogo valq o'T Careless of ornament, and proud To differ from the fing-fong crowd, I be sweet toll So boaftful of the poor pretence and if above dibits aA To swell with found the starveling sense. devine doud Truth hopes not for poetic praise: tiels missingest al To fiction facred are the bays.

Dost thou demand, ingenuous youth,
What is, and who doth teach, the truth?
I answer—Wouldst thou learn of me,
'Tis that wherein mankind agree: MO AHT GAA.
At least no fafer truths we know
Than what the world will grant us so.

The truth, indeed, as fages tell, and add of TOM So deep, that hid, for want of light, and at another now from ev'ry peering mortal's fight, and at another difference of light, and all another difference of light, and another difference of light, and another difference of light, and light another difference of light, another difference of light, and light another difference of light, and light another difference of light, and light another difference of light another d

But fure we boldly may receive an anagor radio of As truth what all mankind believe: and to suffice of Such universal faith a guide and based state llaws of In skepticism itself implied. The property of the sagon dates of

Still vague investigation's laws."

Y	et sayst thou, " till	the world unite
**	To fix on some on	ne rule of right,
**	Enquiry ftill is at	a paule; the will a

Lorenzo, all, with you and me,
In points demonstrable agree;
Conviction, right or wrong, the test
Of truth in ev'ry human breast;
For what's demonstratively so,
Believers ev'n profess to know.
On Science hence our search must rest;
An universal rule confess'd.

Laid then those subtilities aside

Where human certitude's denied,

Inquiry safely may proceed

To form its scientific creed.

Let Prior's Solomon profess

His science all uncertain guess,

Th' egregious sophist but affirms

A contradiction, even in terms:

For who his ign'rance can suppose

Of what he's conscious that he knows?

Where for the they have briefly server the

thor motions and will support

Dost thou, my pupil, still delay?

If plac'd belief in points alone That are demonstratively known; These much too few and too confin'd To ferve the purpose of mankind? Lorenzo, see to common-sense How just, how gen'ral the pretence. To nation, climate, age or fect, Unlimited without respect: Hence, howfoever wide we stray, When church, or fystem, lead the way All, of necessity, agreem many and a second In what alike, they hear and fee. For not a fon of Adam's race Innate conviction can efface. The highland loon, the lowland lout, Wild Irish sierce, and Cambrian stout, The boor that Rhynland's polder drains. Tho reason slumber in his brains, All the fame premises in view, The fame conclusions ever drew. Emission of the Marines W. For know that like our mother earth Its human offspring, at its birth. Where fertile clay and barren fand

N

Unequally demand our toil:

Th' unequal strata of the foil

The rich that toil with gain repay are no colts of Thrown on the poor our pains away and control of The purple home yewest and purple home properties and from the forth fendation's tendent had in the forth fendation's tendent had in the forth fendation and the forth fendation of the form and the fendation of the form and the fendation of the fendation of the fendation of the buds, that wither as they blow and the fendation of t

If vainly, then, midde sais and Bars short street of the cholar deep is digwe not stand that so the son of the sold form and shows and shows a false, so more stoom and shows that the more stoom and shows that the sold that the stoom of the said that the

Confident, fure's our mislo claim and street of truth, on comes and plant where too create, on comes and plant where so comes and general and eliminate and general and continued to the continued on the continued of the continue

W

Far as his little feience goes.

The man is uncultive can all with galls with the rich that to prove the wind all the purple honours of the wind prove the purple honours of the proventive bis sent and the purple honours of the proventive bis sent bis s

If vainly, then, in letter'd pride; about a son of the scholar deep is dignified; as an a truth a son of So false, so empty the pretence belowed to sheet and of the pretence belowed to sheet and of the standard of the pretence belowed to sheet and the standard of the pretence belowed to sheet and the standard of the pretence belowed to sheet and the standard of th

Confishent, sure's our confidence, and has latered of T In search of truth, on common-sense trade on such That gen'ral index to mankind, and to bell word To taste and genius unconfin'd, against an hold of Pointing in all one common way, and the sense nearly

Of wit and knowledge all the end coquib sidgil diw
In length that radius to extend and hand at ablot at
In flubborn age, or pliant youth wouth and on a Deogg
Its hearing in the line of truth
A needle constant to the pole, standard and Here
Whence beams true faith upon the foul.
The demonstration of his light
Doft thou object "if common-fense" ald nob od W
" So plaufible an evidence, anoggal somety's suit
"And all mankind of this possess'd,
"That any differ from the reft?" On the and a lov bal
Know thou, when honest minds diffent.
Milinderstood's their aroument and sales sland staw
Diff'rent the premises appear. Vide is to believe drod
Else were the fix'd deduction clear.
Hence half our numerous quarrels rife;
We fee not with each others eyes:
So that precifely all alike wasted and then avisono
Nor terms, nor things conception strike.
For every individual draws and the state of
His plan by mere perspective laws:
Fix'd to one station, time and place,
In pow'r no full furvey to trace.
The falle mistaking oft for true.
Observ'd at diff'rent points of view.
So, when to cheat the partial fight,
And prove in mirth that black is white, and affect the

With lights dispos'd the shades between his his his 10 In folds is spread the artful scene suffer that the nat all Oppos'd, the colours strike the eye, age moddust al And he affirms what you deny and and an agriced at Here spotless all appears and fair : mallnos olboon A Perceiv'd a total blackness there. mand annul W The demonstration of his fight Who doubts? who knows not black from white? Thus evidence supports dispute; as sidilusia of Nor one the other can refute. To backlasm the baA . And yet is common-sense to blame? This was fall " The premises were not the same, and andw would would Were these alike, the fay you err, books books books Both would infallibly concur: serious and more fild For take each others point of fight, be the saw all H And fet, at once, the matter right. two lind some H

Conceive not, then, because we find
One source of truth in ev'ry mind,
We e'er shall individuals see,
At ev'ry time and place, agree.
As soon, amidst you grove of trees,
While plays a constant eastern breeze,
We ev'ry single spray shall find
In one direction, west, reclin'd.
For, tho to truth alike our claim,
Our taste nor sentiment's the same.

For dulky green the jaundicid eyes ronge nivis and T Mistakes the clear-blue summeroslevest, doidy shoot A The distant scene, however bright of beineb dod o'T Is darkness to the short of higher pitered and and od W To loaded ears as while established sloui n've thy baA The clack and thunder of the milly and emotod ried T Thus loft, as colours on the blind, vish gaimoob odW With pride uncharmable by the first residence about of the distriction of the contract of the Than mufick to the deaf mormore, 10, best disressed in To ignorance the abstracted forecived use beinguel bell Mere Turks, denounc, two swells wolfsejdo the Hence oft objection calls with the control of the To fatisfy the blockhead stdoubtes to turn restrict of T To eat with hendebredge normal with floor on on on Who His fought folution, comprehends: temorisM-itnA 10 The tritest arguments of more, notomas as baild, self. In vain repeated o'er and wien, woled still aid shull ball Proving how fruitless were the coil, may and mun ad T The jarring world to reconciler and be world of And yet, as but from time and splace Las S bettiw-lish Our feveral modes of thoughtwe trace, sumsbood lists For, if requir'd by gracuur sweet ylbrid work is roal. Each others herefy to thum palwoux as the solved and Our own our glory and our pride, to agod ai I bluod? While curses all the rest betidend ment or privary to ? By pious children doom'd their fire quitago or glur auo Y By fires their children to hell-fine sebnos sali and ablolt Heirs to falvation's brighter fphere addiw from Hift 19Y So strangely damn'd, and damning here! sadorque aid T Thus 33/12/

Thus Calvin ignorantly haves use and near which roll At fouls which, therefore, Luther faves o she salafilM To both denied Lord Peter's keys ; enen that of T Who shuts out hereticks like thefen and or alendrab al To loaded ears as last of feel as see bebsol o'T' Their bosoms burn with christian seals; bus Asalo an T Thus loft, as colours pelled of estivate and Thus loft, as colours pelled of the state of the st On dolnels qualities refulliwh eldertradon dolnel with In Naz'reth bred, or Bethle'm borneds of shahum nad? To ignorance; most of third a ruo is a ruo ignorance of the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laugh'd our Saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laught'd our saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laught'd our saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laught'd our saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laught'd our saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laught'd our saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laught'd our saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laught'd our saviour's birth to fcom; and in the laught'd our saviour's birth to fcom; a Mere Turks, denounc'd for you and me oido ito sone Hi The bitter fruit of Zacop's tree and sold and visital o'T To eat with fiends below; the doom ong one ton of W Of Anti-Mahomet and Romelnos, activito the uol aiH. Yet, blind as Sampson, when despairs may a fisting ad T Had funk his life below his care, reso betreger niav nl The numbers wanton Gaza loft elability word grivers Destroy'd but at his proper cost, or blow gains and T Half-witted Zeal, of all the teff and and as , say ba A Itself condemns among the reft : the seborn largest our For, if requir'd by gracious heaven thaild word hastA. Our service but as knowledge given, and and dash Should I in pope or mufti, truft; words and awo and For proving to their tenets just, and the salmo slid! Your rule to censure me, or mine, barablida wolq y8 Holds the like condemnation thine. Dian rish soul ya Yet still more wicked, weak and blind outsvill or arish. This reprobating zeal we find to b'amsh ylagustil of EDITE N 4 When,

. Sonic

When, void of truth, absurd and vain an interior of The tenets zealots thus maintaine and the with the sealots thus maintaine and the sealots the sealot the sealots the sealot the sealot the sealot the sealots the sealot the se For fure ridiculous and odd noricious that, that surl That zeal precipitate for God, asbisses ros semis tadT So fhort of knowledge, that, indeed, page has alone aves It understands not ey'n its creed in northway your o'T For know that neither threat nor blows For know, whate'er the world pretend, and interest and around?

But few believe what they defend. Is a non an'T In modes of faith the falfehood taught, more son basil Nonfense is equally their fault bus northwork and col Thousands by forms of speech deceiv'd ... Additional and T Ne'er yet by mortal man believ'd; games AuT adT Creeds penn'd, as faid, at heaven's command and affil In terms no foul can understand in mi tad , heibal odT Or fuch, the thunder'd from on high, and and there o'T That plainly give themselves the lie was said eloin! But fure, if words no fense convey, a never ni zvoj 10 Faith in their utt'rance dies away to and lie to eno toll Nor can a single son of Eve in and red seminated ydT Howe'er believe, and we be sweet as word Belief no vague declaimer's rant, and set on at baim adT No bigot's creed, no fophist's cant that went squad of 'Tis not the scripture text to quote; and as explain 10 To get our catechism by rote; and not will woll O'er homilies to spend the day to the that will do to french the day to the to the day t At midnight, half asleep, to pray ivideor our shink to By torture, gailows, whip or claim;

Ŧ

)

r

J

0

H

T

0

H

Ö

8

To chatter matins at the dawn do biov andW The tenets zealors is nivel 36 faim and this solding To True faith, that consciousness of soul of louising and roll That times nor accidents control straining and precipitate Save those adapted and combined by bol word to mode of To root conviction from the mind, on abashaban it For know that neither threat nor blows Sincere belief can e'er impose, and restadow, would red The monk's hot zeal, the jefuit's skilly availed was tall Lead not conviction as they will. out driet to about all Go, turn inquisitor and burn vient ellaupe si elastroll The hereticks, all round, in turn; and yo shaeluon? The Turk, refusing to refign nam is nom yet by we'll His fenfual paradife for thine; a britte a branch about The Indian, that in death pretends to luol on amies al To visit but his former friends; b'isbaudt odt doct of Unless his faith what you may tell, will vinisle tad! Of joys in heaven and pains in hell. brow it problem Not one of all the suffering tribe one on the distant Thy fentiments per-force imbibe. and algund a new row. Howe'er induc'd by hope or fear, a boodslist instage A The mind is no free agent here: analysis august on relief To change their faith beyond the power sons stogid o'A Of martyrs at their dying hour stranger and and sill How idly, then, enthufiafts rave mindostes two tag of Of fystems, that will damn or fave; it or spillmod to Co Or think true profelytes to gain works lied and lables IA By torture, gallows, whip or chain; Since,

Since, ever conftant to its canfe on all dul sti wort flott True faith depends on nature's laws pollym et ils loll By nonlense nor caprice misled, jughen right of etigl al The honest heart and fober head! stream ried to real How idly wild fanaticks preachient ed flui it dgwond. While ignorant of what they teach too bus yflonod o'l The spirit ne'er affects the mind augent tadt effer erell Unless with th' understanding join'd; oht confcience, the solid in the Nor hath the word, if void of fense, To gospel pow'r the least pretence. coloms mastes A Some certain meaning, hence, and plain and sundieW A faving faith must needs contained bib encerever al If fix'd its object, fure, no lessin over bus Rob o'l' The fense of terms our creed expression and mid axil A parrot, else, if none deceive her, is a molest that T Left they should soil the reveited xobodiro bau A A Convinc'd as much as ever yet al agminishment riedT The Athanafian paroquet! Visitivat at and odw als to? Let not fanaticism deceive: s'noitememb a'biloud'il None can a mystery believe, the outstones and thurt H The plung'd by zeal in error deep, and agle slitted al While common-sense lies fast afleep, andw gaiwondaU Their faith rash bigots strangely boast; villenod yedT The ftrongest his who's cheated most; find year sone Before they cre that of earth or earth or earth or which the before they cre they create they cre they cre they cre they cre they cre they cre they create the create they create the create they create they create the create they create they creat But headlong runs into the church: b'amebaoo flet O For, laid thy hand upon this heart; so no a slent eval The formule of thy creed impart; ONW Doft

Since, ever could be be depended as a complete of their depends on the depended of their heart as least as languaged of their heart as languaged of the bonest heart as languaged of the dependent of

Mor hath the word, if yold of lenfe,

The formule of the creed impared

At eaftern temples, as of wore, al all i wood landog o'T Some certain mean roof the door insem metals some In reverence, did the zealot use in flum dried grivel A To doff, and leave, his dirty floes: Beido ati b'xi 11 Like him, the modern faithful, taught 191 to shed ad T That reason is a thing of naught, it is to torned A Left they should foil the church with doubters based A Their understandings leave without from as bonivno For ask who thus in mystery trust, or an astronadia A od T If Euclid's demonstration's just 3 13 minimum ton tol If truth the geometric art, avoided violation a nee anoth Or subtile algebra, impartants in last ve b'anuiq od T Unknowing what precifely meant, in strong mor slid W They honeftly refuse affent saift stoold olar disa ned I Confess they first must comprehend, and figurant of T Before they credit or contends long diam tol field od W O felf condemn'd! O dead to shame lang goodband to Have these a conscience void of blame sit vis bist viol. Who take no worldly points on truft, Helvit world the But scruple till they know them just set went list Yet their supreme concerns will reflyingar nodt flod What reason tells the flat acounter what reason to work the state of the world content to the Conviction openly defy, bringer and noitelever on And with their tongues their hearts belief word woll These the true faithful shall we call? Is right why got These have, alas, no faith at all, union notes and W For, howfoe'er with art they strive; shioded druit &A. What feems to all the world live blood and the Cloath'd in equivocal difguife, our grand tootq vdT Or garb of truth, their specious lies, it want olfe and Still common-fense, unrooted out, or died never H Will find a flaw to fix a doubt; and oblassed ybusil And where one doubt is left behind that the yell No firm belief informs the mind miner o'n'veed 10 Have madly broke its dread commands

Yet is there whose officious zeal, boold in qub band Pretends a consciousness to feel, went lived to bool II A fix'd internal evidence what the man will be a feel of the pretend of the p

If such be more inspired than your

Art

D

X

F

V

" Where

Art thou thyfelf inspired by Heavin pow on sales of W. Tell me what certain proof is given !! Ild siqued to B Doft thou intuitively view enranges amengul ried to Y What reason tells thee must be true? dr llad especial No revelation here requir'd, viso vlasqo noisivaco How proves such truth that thou'rt inspired? dirm back For why inspir'd, if but to tell at that a unt and a land What reason might have told as well? in war and the As truth beholds thy mental eye diversion now What feems to all the world a lie; thould gest of Thy proof imagination flrong? is oving ne b'disol? Here also may'st thou still be wrong. don't do dray 10 If heaven hath ever fir'd conceit, shapl nommon Hird, Brandy has also done the feat. IR of wall a bad liw Nay oft th' infatuate of brain, iduob one some bak Of heav'n's prefum'd injunctions vain, tailed min of Have madly broke its dread commands, And dipt in blood their murd'ring hands real at 19 Y If God or devil then infpire, Synthesis inco a sentered Of reason still we must inquire : but a language bix A And reason doubtless would reply, and amount to " Heaven never yet reveal'd a lie." miles regented A On others gifts confiding more, disoid nontrigini va Doft give thine own pretentions o'er? addien common ! Doft from th' inspir'd thy faith receive, as bod san'W And pin it on thy neighbour's sleeve? wod each sud Reason or heaven must tell thee too, stady would of If fuch be more inspir'd than you.

"Where then the proof Par Pfrankly owned with at 10 On actions ne'er perfechandele forigininu se, vet uninspirele for or Such guides, to me, by madness fird down ym saiA The times of Meddie he with the Turken all wind and The

When heretic free multipling for and When heretic free multipling and which will be the state of That dar'd the holy examiner prefilmer of the brat that To revelation these thy guide, awoner reliable to T Thy faith by wonders verified dolg and that guittell A Go thou, and, easy of beliefob, some lylered sliv My comrade ask if I'm a threffin qookid boog a'lalq U Wretches, so impious as, surface and structure so impious as surface and structure so impious a The earth about its axis ; ood enoisign about its And, hence, thy conduct most absurdant as the And, To take for one the other's word, you wood sti soot line Vile herefy of sard fave, of the herefy sale of the sa Hath fubtile priestcraft play'd the knave! oslike blo Its pupils train'd, from early youth, aget and ton ball T' equivocate and hide the truth; b' nonsh gantiness R To practife the deception nice is one rougi to each al Of tricking hand, or quaint device; and abnegal nahW To cheat the palate, note and eye, now to evol slidW And gild that dirty pill, a lie! wollaw snoegbug bnA Yet dost thou miracles maintain? agassh sittli woll Be here thy definition plain theologues in every bluode The muse disdaining to reply

To fuch as shock the naked eye. 100 collect oga * Events as miracles doft own, Subarqui rofteren te onibelam

Whose cause immediate is unknown?

Or is thy faith establishid more one ode and where On actions ne'er perform'd before thiniau toy som of Alas, my much-believing friend, om or desired double The times of yore might these defends nambem aA When heretic free-thinkers role solbhim to sigh al That dar'd the holy church oppose saim ne nod nod For infidelity renown'd bing the shelp of To revelation thefe the guide for the state of the sta Afferting that the globe was round and you do fait yd I' Vile herefy! whence, doom'd to hell bus words of My comrade aft if I illat averam qoffid boog s'alqu Wretches, so impious as to hold, said a noisanglai il And, as the years their courfes run, vdr , and , baA Still took its journeys round the fund one for oaks of Vile herefy! for which tis faid and mod shot and Old Galileo too had bled valo plansfier of but fubtile priester of plans of the ball of th Had not the fage, more loth to die, buiert dique atl Recanting, damn'd it for a he in has etapovinpe 'T' In days of ignorance like thefe, geoph and shifter o'l' When legends had the power to please and gains in to While love of wonder falv'd deceit, also pale the of To cheat the pale the And gudgeons swallow'd whole the cheat at blig bak How little strange that monks and fryars and flob to Y Should prove miraculoufly liars; command yet ared set

^{*} Ego, Galileo, corde sincero et fide non ficta, abjuro, maledico et detestor supradictos errores et hæreses, anno E

Whofe cause immediate is unknown? 8

TO THE ENGINEER.

Or converts to divines so sad

Turn out miraculously mad!

But now, a century worn away,

Time working wonders ev'ry day,

The vast discov'ries years have made

Have spoilt the wonder-monger's trade.

Wouldst thou, fince facts fo strange of yore Are now miraculous no more, Thy genuine miracles define As real acts of power divine, Th' effects of some immediate cause. In fact transgressing nature's laws? How! -did th' omnipotent, on high, Let those, his laws, at random fly: Or was his providence fo blind To what omnisciency defign'd, That still his fov'reign will attends To strike his foes or skreen his friends: That pow'r beyond th'Almighty's art To nature's fystem to impart; Needful heaven's arbitrary fire To blaft a fig-tree or a liar? Lorenzo, be not thou fo vain, To think thus brittle nature's chain: From which whatever link we strike, Tenth or ten thousandth, broke alike,

Connecting

The age of tiste a most travols month.

Connecting fystems all destroy'd, Unballanc'd worlds would frow the void To atoms burst! restor'd again Old Chaos to his ancient reign, Unless, in time, the God attend The works of his own hand to mend. Alas, how blasphemous to fay That heaven can fave no other way; Or that, for trifles or in joke, or and and and Creation's facred order's broke. For do we not, in fact, confess, If God may nature's laws transgress, The wife creator wanted skill and published the last His vast intentions to fulfil, montanto in his wast Or that th' intention, the his own, Was in th' extent to him unknown? Or, still more impiously, imply That heaven can give itself the lie? Say, then, that miracles there be They're but miraculous to thee: So many links conceal'd remain, Which form the complicated chain, True causes and effects between, In nature's providential fcene. What the without an obvious cause We fee inverted custom's laws, Must we immediately infer That nature from itself can err? . The Hope a C.

Commanded

Commanded by the word diviner , res gain fill driw Say water chang'd itself to wine ; or eye vbeerg bal Graves open'd wide their pond'rous jaws the mine is A breath the fole apparent cause of bood to soice of T Ah, who shall boast, that God revere, Creation's laws were broken here? parint with eachies Might not ten thousand springs unite, ages remot oT Causes too fine for mortal fight, along sladt of autoN Such varied wonders to produce; when you be woming To providential ends of use ; non bland gammi re's N Form'd when by heaven, its power display'd, qiad o'T The earth's foundation first was laid; o spinges at the Or when that logos was defign'd ou blrow, ett garing By miracles to fave mankind, and moisting or doub yes · For these on hear-tay we consider Think not, Lorenzo, nature strays of the town! Whene'er the world is in amaze. The war flanod to I Extend thy view from pole to pole: polyon somic See one great miracle the whole; and mi flutt snow Where all events their cause succeed, bomes less Where As once the great, first-cause decreed; a grims ib 10 Where order fill from order flows, secured floor And never interruption knows; man a would woll Capricious but to mortal fense and anor mun morf What from deception e'er can ! How strangely, therefore, bigots err, along nom adT

Who wonders to plain facts prefer;

With

With lift'ning ear, who love to range, vd beanance Say water change; Say water change that a lift a strange change of the creator's plan; Say water change their creator's plan; The voice of God for that of man! A who shall boal, that God revere.

Besides, thy miracles confind and state, awal a notificar To former ages of mankind bullouds ten ton theil Caufes too fine for more velocity and our saufes Unmov'd by prayer, and deaf to praise, w beinev doug Ne'er turning back, nor led afide, ne lainebivorq of To help our wants, or footh our pride; nedw himself But keeping, pack-horse like, its track, to drue ad T Bearing the world upon its back : ogol tadt nedw 10 Say such to revelation guide; linem syst or salarim y& For these on hear-say we confide: In want of proof, on trust must take and los said I For honest jew or gentile's fake; blow and re enad W Since, howfoe'er the truth's conceal'd, viv var basted None trust in miracles reveal'd; design and see Unless learn'd Jortin's scheme may pass wells and W Of dreaming Balaam's talking als. having als some A Dost thou, secure, historians truft? Hill robro andW How know we if their tale be just? In maint 19 van bal From num'rous causes prone to err, or and sucionqu' Dubious, alas, what there aver. to ynomiad ad I What from deception e'er can fave The man whose trust is in a knave? " Vegnaril woll

Who wonders to plain falls prefer;

To falsehood he how oft a tool remember years more The gifts of grace to bi look in a fool to or or grace of the From feien skeet flench and testellment, the hould, the The honest may be blind or weak; of nalodo a navaeH Be led a visionary dance, mort b'movet yldgid odW Like Peter, in prophetic trance, la 'ar bassish blods Or Paul, that fometimes hardly knew and nevolo 10' If what he faid was false or true; and an assured 10 Inconscious, his own word to take, tal next lorenzod Unlefs we can differe deslaws abin to quality and If fall alleg we can different and the same an My friend, no wonder, then, at all, and ni , sev on A Adventures strange should such befal; so somerage Or that, by wild opinions, they noticepered blad yall From truth are blindly led aftray, no your noise IliT Who, like old wives in winter mights, in some of yell Hear, fee, and feel, and char with sprights of med W Their prudent caution, therefore, just, Who waking dreamers feldom truft; To whom light visions fact may seem, And fact itself an idle dream.

In awful reverence, yet, we own
The power and will of God unknown;
Confin'd not to the narrow bound
Of reason's most extensive round;
Active a thousand ways beside;
Beyond, unknown how far and wide.

MERSES

From

From grey experience, hence, concealed boodelist of The gifts of grace to babes reveal'd anobilities alord W From science hid that facred fire la mand bluod ba A Heaven's chosen servants doth inspire; an flanon of T Who, highly favour'd from above, visitority a bel se Behold descend th' all-quickening dove, was a said Or cloven tongue; the spiritual boat of sair dus 9 10 Of brethren in the Holy Ghoft as we bish ad tadw 11 Lorenzo, then let your nor low awa sid suois noon? Unless we can disprove, deny a biw to geel affet if And yet, in fearch of truths unknown, a bnoist vM Experience be thy guide alone of a grant saturable Nay held perception in suspense igo bliw yd stad a O Till reason may confirm the sense; it are down mon's By science only unconfin'd w at saviw blo adil on W When God, himfelf, informs the mind are see treeH

Their prudent caution, therefore, just, Who waking dreamers feldom wuft; To whom light without fast may frem. And fast itself an iole dream.

In awful reverence, yet, we own The power and will of God unknowers Confin'd not to the harrow bland Of reason's most extensive round; . Astive a thousand ways besides . Beyond, unknown how far and wide

From

0 3

VERSES

Above him, just about to write, With countenance observant.

VERSES ON READING LORD LYTTELTONS
NEW DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, MAND
SEEING HIS LORDSHIP'S PICTURE AT
W-----'S. base success where set of the base of the set of the set

Each ven rable antique

ARE these the Dialogues of the Dead? List bank.
The speakers are alive,

And say what, ages past, they faid, bord and and and As ancient Sages say, evil-yell and an ancient Sages say,

Such converse charms in every page, in gaining and No wonder all admire it:

'Tis strange though, where, in this dull age,

He deals not with the devil, they fay, Yet I was once in doubt; But in Great Queen-street, t'other day, I found the secret out.

His Lordship should acquire it.

Calling at W-----'s, behold
The man, to rise unable;
Yet, rais'd by him, the dead of old,
Were rang'd around the table.

A DRINKING

Above

Above him, just about to write, With countenance observant,

VERSES ON READING MILLION, TAN MOTOS ON READING HIS LORDSHIP'S PICTURE AT

Touch'd by the artist's curious hand, Each ven'rable antique

So looks, his thoughts you understand,

ARE these the Dialaged mid read way that ARE The speakers are alive.

Can then his Lordship fail to write, as and was but.
As ancient Sages fay,

The gems of W----- in his fight
Remaining night and day in a small show on the show of the same of the

Tie firange though, where, in this dull age,
His Lordthip thould acquire it.

He deals not with the nevil, they fay,
Yet I was once in doubt
But in Great Que meffect, c'other day.
I found the fecret out.

Above

O 4 A DRINKING

THE MOSE EDING IN MIN CORNE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

LET Euler go meafure the fun,
His knowledge must truckle to mine,
I measure the fize of my tun, And know it in bottles of wine.
And leverers cropt the fragrant thyme,
Let Meyer chop logic for nought, in and daid and W
A fullogift is but an afst 30 HEST VISTADEL and WEG
While I, without wasting a thought, and allownsow
Infer from the bottle the lafs and so and stool tal
se Alas, poor hare! ere yet too late
Let Haller mispend half his time, and men sel O"
Exclaim a strong of fliddur bar , weeds, and rubdid to pore; b weeds, and rubdid to pore; b weeks, and rubdid to pore; b weeks, we will be to pore; b weeks, and rubdid to pore; b weeks, and
I only feek out for a thime, solves boog add avig oT
As he, wifer once, did before, burnels each ad T
Not doubting but the tale was trac-
Let Bodmer his inference draw,
And stoutly with casuists fight; and
And noutry with calulus ngnt;
He might as well balance a flraw, a won tulk
He'll never put folly to flight. and gard odT
For, while intent tadvise the hare,
And in ages to come, the they cry, in no bestagil add
"Such men when again shall we see!" bauol bak
While I am forgot What care I ale lee I ale
What are ages to come, pray, to me? THE

THE HARE AND THE CROW.

NAMESO THA FABLE TARRET

His knowledge and Lille & A Paine.

I measure the fize of my tun. THE flow'ry meads were in their prime, and bak And leverets cropt the fragrant thyme, When, high in air, a medling crow good revent Saw puss securely feast below; as and at fligolly? A Meanwhile the hunters, from afar, modaliw if alid W Let loose the yelping dogs of war, and most satal " Alas, poor hare! ere yet too late "O let me warn thee of thy fate." alla H soll Exclaim'd the crow, and quick descended, and To give the good advice intended on to deal viso I The hare, alarm'd, with speed withdrew, and A Not doubting but the tale was true: Whereas, in truth, th' unkennell'd pack ambod 19.J Had ta'en, full cry, a different track. Jinoft bnA But now, to mount on wing again, law as angim off The struggling crow attempts in vain ; were strait For, while intent t'advise the hare, She lighted on the fowler's fnare; on as as mi baA And found, at length, herfelf the bubble doub Of all her needless pains and trouble or ms I slid W

THE

od What are ages to come, pray, to me?

Who meddle thus with others cares,

Too oft neglect their own affairs MANA OT

But who abroad for business roam, HHT MO
Should nothing leave undone at home H MO

MDCCLULIA

OF namarried ladies, good-natured and gay, I often have sung, as a body may says.

But now I must sing, as I would for any life, Of notable Nanck, a new-married wife.

"A wife Man - A wife - as I hope to live. fee, "Put in fach a word and I'll never forgive ve--"

Why. Madam, your hufband - "My hufband! O

of That's just facts another preposterous word.

"The lines of a fong should run smooth and delightful:

"But hufband! and wife! wife and hufband! On frightful!

"Tis true Mr. X. I ne'er the von till lately.

But I vow and protest, from this time I shall hate ye.

offo doubt but you'll pen it all down in your

* How we climb'd up like fools to look over the gallery;

1A 28 -

Who meddle thus with others carets

ON THE AUTHOR'S WRITING ANSONG ON HER at books at books.

M DCC LVIII.

OF unmarried ladies, good-natur'd and gay, I often have fung, as a body may fay; But now I must fing, as I would for my life, Of notable Nancy, a new-married wife.

" A wife! Man. - A wife! - as I hope to live, fee,

"Put in such a word and I'll never forgive ye --."

Why, Madam, your husband — "My husband! O Lurd!

- " That's just such another preposterous word.
- "The lines of a fong should run smooth and delightful:
- "But husband! and wife! wife and husband! Oh frightful!
- "Tis true Mr. K. I ne'er faw you till lately,
- " But I vow and protest, from this time I shall hate ye.
- No doubt but you'll pen it all down, in your raillery,
- "How we climb'd up like fools to look over the gallery;

- "At the top of the house, at the top of the hilly I "
- 'Ill eswif work nove; thanh ver to this work in ward W ... True, Ma'am, and as you can take nothing amife.
- "For their Ham was for bad, and their Lifbondo prick'd,
- "That the vintner and cook, both deferv'd to be kick'd;
- "Which made me fit glouting and pouting, as four
- " As the white wine itself, for at least a full hour.
- "Then truly, at last, when things came on the table,
- " For my part I fat like the afs in the fable;
- "Ducks, pullets, fcotch-collops! and yet, with all that,
- "The vittles for fix, one might put in one's hat:
- "Then fuch bad attendance! the dishes so small!
- "Not turnips enow, and no carrots at all!
- "The beef upon table, and they in the pot!
- " And then the defert, with no fruit to be got!
- The French wine too, adding fome crowns to the charges,
- "You gentlemen said, was no better than verjuice:
- " For which I remember you rav'd at the host;
- "Tho you might just as well have e'en talk'd to the post.

"I warrant you would, if you could, and had time,"
"Put this odd-come flortly fine stuff into rhime."
"True, Ma'am, and as you can take nothing amils,
Oblige me, and make a cantata of this. H rieds roll."

of That the vintner and cook, both deferr'd to be kick'd;

i Which made me fit glouting and pouring, as four & As the white wine itself, for at least a full hour.

is Then truly, at last, when things came on the table, is For my part I fat like the als in the fable;

Ducks, pullets, icotch-collops! and yet, with all that,

"The vittles for fix, one might put in one's hats

c. Then such had actendance! the dishes so small!
. Not turnips enow, and no carrots at all!
. The beef upon table; and they in the pot!
. And then the desert, with —— no fruit to be got!

M Ohe French wine, tras, adding some crowns to the charges,

"You gentlemen and, was no better than verjuice:
"You which I remember you ray'd at the hoft;
"Tho you might just as well have e'en talk'd to the
post.

ON A CERTAIN MUSICIAN'S TURNING POET.

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

In vain of late did Dr. B - - - n,

Amuse awhile the gaping town, noted you last H

With Poetry and Musick as assigned to so of ed T

King David, in the cure of Saul, a land odw short T

So hideously did squeak and squally a street with the cure of Saul, a land odw short T

It would have made a Jew sick, sive are noted to short Sauly and Sauly and Sauly short Saul

We made its joint; ano ni istra thod dingle By great Apollo's favourite in all policy palary aligno attracks their disappointed batinu yliqqah flood. What racks their disappointed better disappointed by the poor, culp; yeld eralbh and yluoinomrah The thief, who exists great attracks their cell bathgiles and you'd furely be angry bees take fielden ware.

Split, then, your goofe-quills, bards, or learn noting. His two-fold art from Dr. A seed; and me is a look. Go, and compose Sonatas; amount that the compose Sonatas; amount that the compose of the comp

For principal and interest given ;
Yet, leifod and yet nestring (ballar of orotoro nA *
Dealing even these with sparing head

ON

ONO NUMORALISENTAMENT. MO

POET

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

IN vain of late did Dr. B - - n. HARK! my Lorenzo, how they rage, lidws alum'A The pious of our pious age show bear viteo I dit W Those who think heaven an easy fool ar, bive I got A Of wifer mortals made the tool, sould bib viboobid of Takes counters vile for current coins aved bluow it Our filthy rags for robes divine; We made its joint immortal heirs and dignel as of the For penance, paltry alms and prayers billog A design val What racks their disappointed zeal an yliqued stold Dooms the poor, culprit bard to feel the vibroisomall. The thief, whose rhimes the rents have stele and sull Long mark'd on their celeftial roll! ad visual b'uo'l So angry bees take fudden wing, Furious the harmless boy to fling or your ment things Who, less in anger than in play, most us blot-own zill O'erturns their labours in his way. dog mos bas .00 Have they the poor their farthings lent, ill moor to At more than th' usual cent, per centic diw combas T Becauses the promises of heaven awa sid twent HiW For principal and interest given; Yet, loth to mortgage house or land, moter on A * Dealing ev'n these with sparing hand:

Sider on Scientific Street street and

Hard times and taxes wont to moan,

T' excuse their adding to the loan;

Spite of hypocrify, confess'd

The world's security the best?

Vile us'rers! yet ye think it hard,

Your virtue should not meet reward!

I think so too—hence, hence, to hell,

And there your worth to devils tell.

Do here th' immoral pertly afk, What profits rife from virtue's talk? If " vice and virtue, blifs and woe " Quit scores effectually below; "While, unaffected, heaven furveys " Its ends fulfill'd in human ways," Say they " if pain give pleafure birth, "To joy proportion'd grief, on earth; " and the " Our fuff'rings all comparative; "What matters how th' ungodly live? "What can we gain by felf-denial, " Or standing virtue's fiery trial ? " And and the Virtue's clear gain, my friend, 'tis true, If any, hid from me and you, Lodg'd in the dark decrees of fate, and an and the Awaits us in some future state; A gift heaven pleases to bestow, Wholly unmerited below at a stoke of want we want

THE REAL PROPERTY AND THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

So, whatsoever diff'rent state

May vice in future life await,

Hid in the counsels of th' all-wise,

The reprobating secret lies predestination's awful plan

Beyond the scrutiny of man.

Can yet Lorenzo weakly dream That ours is an immoral scheme: Because we hold that joy and strife Are ballanc'd probably in life; and the stand with Whence equally nor bleft nor curft The lives of th' unjust and the just? Shines not the fun alike, on earth, On good and bad of mortal birth? Falls not the plant-enliv'ning rain Alike on mountain-heath and plain? Tho noxious there vile brambles shoot; Here sweetest flow'rs and choicest fruit. To reason's sober call, my friend, Did the blind passions but attend; While ever present to the mind A full conviction we might find, "That in the luft of mere defire " No certain pleasure men acquire; " But what in extafy they gains stands sowah and a "They're fure to lose in future pain;" and your A form, which, w. whot, of nearly of the charm, so in a serior of ugadant evil as the nalf of ugadant evil as the nalf of ugadant evil as the charm; so in one of the charm; so in one of the charm; so in the charm, so in the charm, so in the charm, so in the charms of the charms of

The monfter clafps; till, turn'd her face, Thro reason let a sensual eye disol and an arrived eW Th' enchanting form of vice sipy; bear a noter out? Equivocal in make and face, it sinds in most lear tell Her left fide doth her right disgrace. with sunt doidW As form'd to give, and share, delight, and re on bluo. One blooming cheek doth hearts invite; While roguish loves in ambush lie, and puttiv bloods And dart their arrows from her eye soonni tol fieal iA The flrictest moralists contained a taper fide, nor shills on the strict and the Her thigh that scarce her garments hide, welstrom H Her well-turn'd leg, and anche neat, surriv laufis al The half of beauty's form compleat. w agod on sel I But ah, the contrast fide appears no notes and some H Worn out with care and grey with years adquented T With wrinkled brow and fquinting eye, into ver 107 Scowling most haggardly awry; Hear I soom to sheel A While hollow cheek and noftril maim'd, og vlno sidT Notch'd ear, burnt hand, and thigh-bone lam'd, null Display a wretch, from head to tail nor Ribai inclass. Difeas'd with many a desp'rate ail; are swofled viereM

A form

A form, which, wrapt in squalid dress, silve that the day Compleats the half of ugliness. It is live that the day Behold the charmer, whis is vice not on even as M Embrace her.—Is thy stomach nice is to uquit wold Too often passion, single ey'd, o well at gamma and Enamour'd with the fairer side, when at basis brown The monster class; till, turn'd her face, We starting sly her loath'd embrace; tell notes out T Thro reason's medium only shown to gammadaes at T Her real form, in tints her own; when at leave up it which, thus disgusting to the sense, and a basis and the could ne'er beguite our innocence.

Should virtue, then, disown the muse; thingon slink At least let innocence excuse:

The strictest moralists content

If mortals were but innocent.

In actual virtue, true, indeed,

I see no hopes we should succeed;

If once by reason grown so tame

That naught our passions could instance.

That naught our passions could instance.

This only points, to what is right;

This only points, to what is right;

Reason, indifferent to the event, and the standard world.

Reason, indifferent to the event, and the standard world.

Merely bestows its cold affent;

Saysh thou we all unaquitue in the same as the same and t

To virtue sense of right and wrongoisenisai live nA Know that from diffrent pagenoled willeson to flum But from this knowledge who infer oxes sattiv bak The conscious party cannot lerr in grioubab out io T Nay, founded on fuch fenfe our claims 'de mont tud To bear of vice the moral blame! and not not not so of The fool, the mad, do what they will worse village all Standing excus'd of moral ill must set in fieldon of T Say, then, the virtuous multibe wife side of sevitoM. In wisdom, fayst thou, virtuelies? b'rimbs re'swoll By other motives must the mind toutive laufes mor I. To virtuous actions be inclined as street boog a roll "What other motive 322 doft thou afe to soiv 10 A fertile foil, where, takalanted the Lorenzo, while foil, where, takalanted the Lorenzo, where the land the land to the land the land to T' unravel here the human winded bas boog stas !! Its moral principles to find.

* See Hume, on the general principles of morale.

Ayes.

As far as truth's congressed buringents lated which she had sverage like had witten that which side an average like had witten that with the principal of the congress of the principal of the congress of the

To virtue fense of right ambviggs notation and a Know that from different passions vice illegen to flush But from this knowledge started for sake and survive but For, the deducing marlitlenom garry candlitlenom grindlenom sort But from th' indulgence of the will no bedoud , yall No passion, not the love of pelfy and soiv to rand of Is really vicious in itself sale of the mad, look at The fool, the mad, do whet list in itself and the mad. The noblest in the human break, o b'eura gnibnat? Say, then, the virtue, b'shannos tud noisa ot sevine Motives to action but confidence with the same of Howe'er admir'd, howe'er approved, wat mobilis all By other motives matching arrange and visite and arrange and arrange arrangement of the second a For a good heart, as putito use, enough a wountry o'T Or vice or virtue may produce svitom ratto tad W A fertile foil, where, taking root, lunfflib connero. Plants good and bad bear equal fruits and leverno 'T' Its moral principles to find.

• See Hume, on the general principles of morals.

P 2 Narcissa

ENAM

See Phormio, Roically cobnim a sono ballacod Rically The pureft fure of human kindpitutifinos yd dtuoy al Till growing passions taught her breast, see seven odW To feel for all that feem'd diffres dentous some shall But, living for birnfelf, faire of organism and gaivil . But And figh to give, unalk'd, reliefed and unidion abnill Ah, fince, by cruel arts betravid, what or brownslodW How low is fall'n the hapless maid band made stone to ! Too innocent to feel diffruft, but has herest ribers sill Or know how diff'rent love and luft, micegan allid ail. Now, by her tempter evin accused, we board sid ni stad See her abandon'd and abus'd and or earn a boog oo T Her open heart, her generous minds france volution O While bankrups knaves abengins won noistition or Of vices glorying in the shame only pages and sliv of Her former felf had bluffild to name lead and to b vol Alas, for pity! fee, mean-while, At loft Narcissa's ruin smile all saldix Rai do sto and T Gremia, to pity never movidond towar only nam an'T As little loving as below'd to meet and anounival In spite of all vile man could fay, i danbloo gaillist 10 In pious maidenhood grown grey, son bus shad slidW Bleffing her better ftars, that the and to a newoig mor? Still triumphs in her chastity; Tho, with the planets, on her fide vigariest, oznarod Ill-nature, ugliness and pride televin eraniv agnificat 10 To whom advertity evere

Hath fold experience much too dears

See

See Phormio, floically cold, im a once a michlos yllarion, formal see In youth by conflitution old manual to saut figure ad T. Who never yet, this heart of stone goods a gniworg HiT Made once another's canto his own said the rol leet of But, living for himself, for heirs, handbast no tlam of Minds nothing but his own affairs: . svig of don bad Whose word to take not faithless lews, vd soul and For more than heaven is worth, refuse ills a wol wold His credit facred, east and westil leet of menoni of T Or know how diff rent love shed antique wond to Safe in his hands were many a pound sat rad wo W See her abandon'd a bruorg's nur of nea boog ooT O worthy, honest mands we cry; and streed ago well. While bankrupt knaves in dungeons fier invittore of So vile the rogue, who, scorning pelfuniviole assiv 10 Lov'd others better than himfelf! had to remot rell

Thus oft th' inflexible, the juft, and afficient field A. The man who never broke his truft, the property of the man who never broke his truft, the property of the last strategy of the last strategy

Alas, for pity! fee, mean-while,

Lorenzo, feelingly I fpeak to a souling and drive of T

Of failings where myfelf am weak; souling and an ill

To whom adversity evere

Hath fold experience much too dear:

306

P 4

Hard

When alk'd affiliancementality of the same had hearted prudence far form meant and fooles as cold, with slow which infolences as cold for a look and for infolences for a look and for a look was a look of the infolences of the look of the look of the look of the blame, some form of the look of the blame, so a look of the look of

How oft less victious it svig shift suoquoq tast no on That ne er, beneficent oscirt a ni stanbnish to shift and Simulation of their broke off soiv to mass suoisful at gniblei?

Nor cheer'd with comfort the diffrest d...

The dryest eye, the hardest heart, and show aid and T May act as virtuous a part; where has room and allowed Tho turn'd, as adders deaf, the earthering an inguily To all that others feel on fear; and gniving an emband While vicious sloth, a whining cheat,

Too short of fight, beneveres it evolves of some of Sond all Proves oft a breach of leadt stime gnilggursh, enurshed To virtue therefore it is less that an avoid more grown as a solution of the man be strictly just.

Passions, the springens of life;
Are but the elements of life;

Andmes mich winding fome through vales despend on alu om sunding fome through vales despend on alu on sunding fome through vales despend on alu on sunding fome through vales despend on the sunding for the s

When

While .

When alk'd affidance constitute (solid and an arrow-foul'd fragolists, but narrow-foul'd fragolists, blood as a solod as a solod of the solod of the

How oft less vicious is the mind, no good that a room off.
That ne'er, beneficent or kind, at shahais to all at all a room off.
For others broke one-moment's rest, no ideal and a room of the last of

The diveit eye, the fresh bits but noque slow with and Espoule the poor and needy's part, a virtuous strate of parts of as addets de alership eneshand uni gnigntly The turn'd, as addets de alership eneshand unique that others feel electrons gnivirsh in cheat.

While vicious sloth, a whitning cheat.

Too short of sight, benevolence around show of borol al Proves oft a breach of innocence: guilgguist, anuscial Missortune therefore it is first in nort audion guist Requir'd the man be strictly just.

Passions, the springs of joy and strife; bood sid modw no.

Are but the elements of life;

And as rich fireams from mountains flows all and I Smooth winding some through vales belowed not start and

When

While

Virtgouffy

While others, raging as they come, slow means and Tear up their mother-mountain's womb to gaine or adT Or, pouring down the hills amain, gaiges stody skill Deluge at once the humble plain; ment and shad baA The hero, thus, the thim vitnes enoiling amon work of While others, furious, bold, and wild, a labeen woll Foaming o'er reason's rock-built mounds, saled said Difdain the check of moral bounds, grant and grains W But see in pastures streams of use When art corrects the flood's abuse, When, their due channels taught to keep, shoot il * In shallow brook or river deep, ment stativ this slding Smiling thro dappled meads they go; And paint the flow'rs they cause to grow. Corrected thus, by reason's art, is sit is im are soonell The burfts, or meltings, of the heart, single and mora In virtue's channels fee them glide agreef stody and Her flow'rs the blooming margin's pride, as saken 10

Is the small spring thy fav'rite theme, and many liw I That trickles forth a shallow stream, to every even do how In murmurs soft, a purling rill? Save bead of million to What wilt thou do to drive the mill? The bead to be he how wilt thou make to ride at large to your end of the them. Thy timber, or thy loaded barge? The navigable stream's required as and as purling rills admired to be he had been esteed to be he have here a supplied to the have here as a purling rills admired to be here.

The stream, whose turbulence abides are are about of the swelling tides, adom used on the Tear up to the swelling tides, adom used on the Alike whose raging boson swells, and was pour of the hero, thus, the soldier brave and to the torse of the hero, thus, the soldier brave and to swell used to

* It should seem that Mr. Pope supposed herosim incompatible with virtue, from the following lines, in his Estay on Man.

When art corrects the flood's abute.

And paint the How'es they cause to growe

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed, before Trom Macedonia's madman to the Swede; to shind ad The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find, out of Or make, an enemy of all mankind.

I will grant that many heroic actions have been atchieved, which have given just room for those, who have no tincture of heroism in themselves, to suppose the hero to be without either head or heart. But, however reprehensible the conduct of heroes may have been in general, history may inform us, that many of the distinguishing blessings mankind enjoy have been effected by those, whom narrow-minded moralists have stigmatized as knaves or madmen.

547

Should his weak mind compunction feel.

In honest ways of trade, brisham of lurally vibroutive Could not the fortn. brish shaw, and as stagnorsh and Torture the hort radto and next patted on son as and Mangle the native that of sago blog and trad sham and Or draw its heart's that nintage in the same and Who would not cry. Sa teath doub as litt support of the world not cry. Sa teath doub as litt support of the would not cry. Sa teath doub as litt support of the would not cry.

To Bridewell's lash the biveiled connected as a flarve of the victions tenderness by the state of the same of the

We read the characters of grace; now onw state of the work of grace; now on the state of the work of t

Is there a man, whose tender heart

Behold another Paul we craise a part,

Who cloathes the naked, feeds the poor,

Should

Should his weak mind computation feel, In honest ways of trade, to Real or or luisu viluouril The strongest as the start of the formation and T Torture the horse, that draws the cart; one one The warmest heart the sib it stored deal and learn and Or draw its heart's blood thro its eye in rednien bal Who would not cry, we too proud to ferve tourniv 31A " Work, idle wretch, or work or ftarve;" To Bridewell's lash the knave configned, each to Y For vicious tenderness of mind. Ho shorts snoutriv all How plain in th' hypocritic face

Is there who, worn with vice, begins And falfely to youl To hide his multitude of fins. Leave of the wicked world doth take vnialliv gningiled While time, and circles sales surrive so surrive sind bank Or, anxious for the fouls of men, anglou balayd ruo Flies to the pulpit or the pen? Is there a man, Behold another Paul! we cry, A new apostle from on high! Who cloathes the gal

And bribes the orphan to his door Are there whom cares nor want exclude, and bail of At little cost, from doing good; In pious practices that spend Their fortune and their latter end : will bis visit sid slierq baA The fick who physic in distress; And make the trav'ler's burthen less? gad of b'gildO Could he not eat the bread at the not eat the bread at the Tarn by the law from the diffress designed and Tarn by the law from the diffress designed and Tarn by the law from the diffress designed and the law from the diffress designed and the law from the diffress designed and the law from the difference of the law from the difference of the law from the difference of the law from the law from the law from the law from the difference of the law from the law from

Shoule

But, fay, doth tenderness of hearth of shoose on all?
Teach the divine's or doctor's artifue bed tread and Too oft unletter'd preachers rave, nob fainthful ment.

And damn the fouls they meant to fave of to treat to Too oft, alas, the pious pillies we will be divine our virtue of the pious pillies we will be deadly to the Ward's, doth kill they at a ment.

While lighten'd more the pediar's packets of the More of the meant of the pious pillies of the pious pillies of the meant.

Internet a supplier and a country what what what we will be a supplier and we will be a supplier and we will be a supplier and will be a supplier and we will be a supplier and will be

Whence then is virtue, I don't thou cry the a food of the work of

To go where these may chance t' encline, at stomerod.

'Tis not sufficient to set out, had and the notes alid'

Tho meaning well, thy way in doubt; Walk closely way in doubt; Walk clo

That passion reason mayn't abuse; in the passion reason mayn't abuse; in the passion reason mayn't abuse; in the passion of th

'Tis not enough to mean aright, as how validani ban't Unless the meant effect's in fight:

Too ant to wander from the mark and league and *

Too apt to wander from the mark, and all one of the ward in the dark.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Savil

But, fay, doth tendernebish it have it faid and tenderne sit is The heart had put it in the head, a onivib ent nose T When mischief done, vinstead of good; stellas the coll For want of being understooded a loud od amab bat A To virtue pitiful our claiming spong and sale and oo'l When, at a venture taking aim we will viewed a to More by good luck than fenfe or with nating a slid W The mark of moral good we hit is awo uso shield of What virtue's in the madman's dream, Or fool's impracticable scheme is vi and some W ... Whose, should they ev'n succeed, at best, bas dross at

Chance-medley virtue is confess'd nothing bas notes & To form true virtue in the minds.

Knowledge, my friend, goes, hence 'tis plain to M Foremost in virtue's fplendid train; teht andw og o'T While reason and the passions, join'd reight ton as T' Walk closely, hand in hand, behindley gaines and?

Here known experience shouldst thou use, Is't faid ? " one mere good-natur'd deed noing and T Cautious in virtue. Back doth exceed. "" and in succession of the control of the On this weak maxim doft object, we made redried off We virtuous merit here negled; inge ords, when, then Thus honeft ign'rance to contemp ; nod soiv or noille And inability condemn forms mean on agroup ton ail's

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Unless the meant effect's in fight;

^{*} One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed, of igs of T Can all defert in sciences exceed and biald nod W

Sayft thou " as no fore-knowledge given, " Events are in the hands of heaven; " And, therefore, virtuous those confes'd " From what they know who act the best." Lorenzo, no - unless'tis shown That fuch no better might have known. Tis true, as individuals bere Are plac'd in nature's proper fphere. Their knowledge more or less compleat As genius and instruction meet, Man by no seraph's rapture fir'd, Virtue's as knowledge giv'n requir'd. But think not thou that bounteous heaven Hath barren understanding given; Hath talents lent which, unapplied, 'Tis virtuous in the earth to hide. No-with the pow'r of reason blest, Improvement's claim'd, as interest. As of conducting him to all

Is there who turns away his ear,
Instruction's voice averse to hear,
Most obstinately bent to plod
Along the road his father trod,
Old custom never to forsake;
Nor use of eye or ear to make?
Tho right the wilful wretch we find,
Is his a virtuous turn of mind?

阿拉斯

four meridly interest's to be good,

With God above, or man below; How is't deserving not to know?

かを建せなかできてを連載

0

Of virtue's merit, Folly, hufh; Nor put true wisdom to the blash Remember virtue fill depends Both on our motives and our ends! What merit is't we gladly do not see that he had not been median and he had not been made and the see that th That which our hearts incline us to? Or what that reason doth submit To own the truth is right and fit? For fay that by the heart or head Solely to virtue men were led'; If by the heart, and that alone, What man e'er call'd his heart his own? Right oft by impulse forc'd to go, Whether his reason lead or no; Apparently against the will, As oft conducting him to ill. How meritorious then the best, was and common at That love or pity warms the breast? For this, nor that, from vice can fave; Or if they could—'tis God that gave: " and and and a

Is it from caution, practis'd long,
You feek the right and thun the wrong;
By just experience understood
Your worldly interest's to be good,

6

What

Old sufform never to fertake;

What merits here the clod of earth motified and nid'T
That nature imil'd upon its birth
The virtuous boaster wes gain flot reason is aven and The virtuous boaster wes and property of the virtuous boaster wes and property of the virtuous boaster wes and property of the virtuous boaster west and the virtu
To teach it virtue, as its trade?
Sayst thou " when head and heart we praise and
" Doth this not virtue's merit raise?
"The man of vicious acts asham'd"
May yet for spiritual pride be blam'd.
" The elegantly just"—too nice
Perhaps for vulgar scenes of vice.
"The lowly-minded, kind and meek" nreel O
Mean, pitiful, perhaps, and weak.
"The patriot, in his country's cause"—
A gudgeon, greedy of applause.
"The pious, who their God revere,"—
Only, perhaps, of hell in fear to arom Beido adT
Cr, not by fears fufficient driven.
Push'd forward by the hopes of heaven.
So little do we truly know
The cause to which we virtue owe ; while you li visit
To what bad principle or good
Ev'n we ourselves have vice withstood ?
Nor can the best of mortals tay.
From what has yet directed, may:
Or in a state he never knew
I ell what his head and heart might do.
Who then their moral worth shall prize?
Shall ev'n the best the worst despise?
of the Thin

Thin the partitions that divide

Ev'n vice itself from virtue's pride;

The virtuous boaster weak and proud;

Like the tall idiot in the crowd,

Who, stalking with exalted tread,

Above his fellows rears his head,

While from his more distinguish d height

The harm upon his pate doth light.

The pride of virtue hence depreis di pluv rol square ? O learn to pity, not deteit; bebaim-viwol odT " Ev'n looking with a brother's eye lotting masking e The patriot, On wretches doom'd by law to die; To heaven that hath the diff rence made moss bug A 'Tween thee and them, the honour paid! aoiq ad T .. The object more of pity, fure, lad to equality , vinO The vicious mind no leach can cure, erest yet ton , 10 Than such whose mere corporeal part Diseas'd admits the doctor's art? viers we ob shill os Nay, if by virtue understood aw double or obuse of I The act producing moral good, quantiq bed tell u oT And moral good and evil known and arrived by By sense of physical alone, The term of merit thrown afide, From what has ve Abath'd at once is virtue's pride; Since fuch most virtuous we must call and and and leaf Who most promote the good of all." sieds neds od W Shall ev'n'the best the worst c

Here virtue see, in fortune's power, model a survey?

Dependent ev'ry day and hour! gain that a share yell.

So little rests on good intent, hour so a so good intent, hour so good conduct.

So much alas, on accident! ho and of night share yell.

See to the public good conduct. The public good a lot below on the public good a lot below on the gain. The public good a lot below the gain.

A post of virtue oft the gain! The way and below the gain. Of knavery, honest hearts distain.

Proportional to ev'ry flate, beta to do a do be bad A Sayft thou, its virtue we must rate; a wood, as a still Those much to blame, the doing good, as a sun a way of the much to blame, the doing good way as a sun a work. Who fail to do the most they cou'd?

Most needful, then, how far to know a subshould to move a common of the work of doing good may go a sun a sun a work of more a crime. We have a sun a work of the for say, if e'er preferr'd to place, a sun a work of the sun a sun a work of the sun a sun a work of the sun a work

For hence the poor are cloath do the hungry fed, all Health to himself and to his infants bread now when the lab'rer bears, and the hungry fed, all the hungry fed, al

May make a flutt'ring fop look fmarter; and garter hi self mitted and May make a flutt'ring fop look fmarter; and medical of the city; he sais down of the city; he sais down

Proportional to two properties of the proportional to two properties of the state o

Knowledge, Lorenzo, hence confessed. Knowledge, Lorenzo, hence confessed. Knowledge, Lorenzo, hence confessed. Well from your power of the best of guide to a voy out. Well spent we hope our vacant days, not fait of the free of wisdom's ways; and state of the fait of the

Nor, when the longest day is o'er, some or driest Cease, by the midnight lamp, to pore

5

O'er the dull tale, or tedious page
Of faint or more laborious fage;
Happy if faint or fage could tell,
Where I with her might ever dwell;
With her for whom, and whom alone,
My genius for the verfe be known:
For truth content to lose the bays;
The poet's for her lover's praise.

ONCE on a time, bow long ago Perhaps chronologills may know, On a wide lake, far north and cold, A race of beavers kept their holds. Their island cabbins duly flor d And feafted at a plenteous board, To industry and labour bred. Mean-while they toil'd, as well as led g Nor waited sheir decreasing flore . To fail, ere provident of more-Continual plenty, hence, by flealth, Grew up to luxury and wealth; When now alas | in evil hour, To wealth faceceds the thirth of power a Tonger fatisfied to reign Sole mafters of the war ry mark, To fee the trembling otter #15 Heredigary Enemys

2 4

Condema

O'es the dull tale, or ledious page.
Of taint 62 As A VoAc A age; A H T

Happy if faint or logo could tell,

Where I with her and Med dwal ;

WRITTEN IN THE TEAR SMOSCHERS TM

For tenth content to lose the bays:
The poet's for her lovests praise, sidov non sov sid

ONCE on a time, how long ago Perhaps chronologists may know, On a wide lake, far north and cold, A race of beavers kept their hold; Their island cabbins duly stor'd, And feasted at a plenteous board. To industry and labour bred, Mean-while they toil'd, as well as fed; Nor waited their decreasing store To fail, ere provident of more. Continual plenty, hence, by flealth, Grew up to luxury and wealth; When now, alas! in evil hour, To wealth fucceeds the thirst of power: No longer fatisfied to reign Sole mafters of the wat'ry main, To fee the trembling otter fly, Hereditary Enemy, The second section of the second

Condemn'd

woM.

Yet neither, fuerond and no gnivered and redien 19 To trespass on the lake no more and grown lature 10 And yet, as if some resyagisation that nature gaves a some first and some first a The spoils and triumphs of the wave at b'nagged baH But, vainly fond to hew their might of and flo sun'T Or turn out champions for the right, we mistation al They interfere in all disputes min of lenew landsund Between the continental brutes puffrom anoididgmA And, parties in their feuds to make may a doidw ni Their island tenements, forfake on and easier events all Transporting madly brutes and stores, and sould bak Blind war to wage on foreign thores is ni an bash oT And fave, from otters, bears and cats, out not slid! Land-beavers vile or worthless rates neve one min oT Mean-while, at home, in various ways miss of his A Their wealth's confum'd, their frength decays as W Recruits and payment of allies soot of sheadragol 10 Demand exorbitant supplies a) and not sud and guot bal While e'en by battles, fought and gain'd, Their little state is only drain'd guode of stay and to V And need no burchenforne affect

Sagacious creatures shall we call biopt in blon ried The brutes that squander thus their all? regard mon Tor shall we not their wit deride,
Who thus expose their weakest side?

But time and circumstance you say, south the shid H. May change the face of things.—They may a sadd

Yet

Vet neither, furzodan change the nature, b'nmsbno Of brutal more than immanocreatore it uo sisquer o'T And yet, as if some reventions is at ton beintened Had happen'd in his conflictation main bus glioqi sa E Thus, oft the beaver leaves his home mor viniav and On mountain wildspifordwars, coroning out our out of Unnatural wars! to him at least lie at arratrated yad T Between the conit had grivel author moiding Amphibious, moifure loring beating and in the conit of the conit In which, a generous jack, with prider with a bak He always takes the weaken fide imment buelli ried T And hires the poorplat his expence bear gaitroglass T To fland up in their own defence; saw or raw build And lave, from abog one showed and one and while Land-beavers vile or washing edition are will or Mean-while, at home, ivew flourestal, niw of a A Their wealth's confyeld guilot shr shook with a W Recruits and payme, in shellsh dook delighe in my my and payme, an And fought but for the fake of fighting loss beamed While e'en by battles, fought and gain'd,

Yet beavers are accounted wife, loo at stall stall risel?

And need no burthenfome allies:

Their hold in liquid waller from more than binpil ni blod The brutes that squabers wit deride. Or shall we not their wit deride.

Alas, dame nature furely means and sloque and on W.

If birds will dive and hines nyafimus and change the transfer they dropp and diet the page the tage of the page the transfer they dropp and diet th

Jet.

Now

Now fo it happ'd, as poets angew want annaging & A land-rat was the beavers' king some they what when A By all belov'd, without diffute ind rieds won eradW A just, humane, and honest baste; aipr lie ablod baA Who, yet, throughout his gracious reign, us ion bal Too highly priz'd his old domain, dash guitab aQ Too poor, too weak, without allies are lubrowood of While conqueit made the seimen stiffbims bash oT And therefore at their own expence houngon nis V The beavers purchas'd its defence spients lle vilui oT Or when by chance of war twas loft and gaiving va Redeem'd it always at their coff; 10 1000 ment evel oT Bribing the tygers, bears and cats, mun vd won on W With subsidies to spare the rats stille night for buolA And keeping, in their constant pay, bear stayed of T And yet, alas! twas all in vain,

Now on a day it so fell out, the transport of the landed brutes began their rout; the war is like aw?

A cat, of cat-a-mountain race, the advances of the land of

A yengeance

But

A vengeance they were arg'd to take good if of wolf For what they fuffer'd on the lake; of any per-busi A. Where now their fishing haunts were gone and is ve And holds all ruin'd one by one ins . ansmud . flur A. And not an otter dar'd to dive imponds the only Or, daring, reach'd the hore alive, and vinger on I. So powerful were the beavers grown, oot 1000 oo'l While conquest made the lake their own land bash of Vain conquest! if constrain'd, at last, protered ban-To fully all their glory past, it be adonuq arevesd adT By giving back each dear-bought prize, vd nadw 10 To fave their poor or weak allies; was it b'mabas. Who now, by numerous foes enthrall'd, and adding Aloud for their affiftance call'd; and an ibildut dailw The beavers readily confenting the managed has To do what, done, they're fure repenting And yet, alas! 'twas all in vain, The patriots ventur'd to complained a vab a no wolf Twas all in vain to represent and as and belong ed T The stores immense they yearly spent, so to ass A How much they ow'd, and, to their forrow, and and How much they still were forc'd to borrow; bak In vain they shew'd the end they fought, you assert of When 'gainst the otters first they fought, and rooms and The By almost ev'ry battle gain'd, wasd and b'miela bak At length compleatly was obtain'd; and slinw meall And therefore, having got their end, do his saw bak They need no longer to contend;

& ventreance

The typer's call, earned in the typer's call, earned the war's earle, earned the war's earned the typer and the typer and the for accept of peace of the word with the same all for in all for the shear all for the their all for the their blood and treatment the the the typer and the total the tot

To that fine, florid declamation, By which he us'd nigy of skyt tud, I flui sanshnoms.

Success had turn'd each beaver's brain;

The tyger's martial fame and fire had dom eds as , sul Did all their heated breafts inspire fobi sidt stiere o'T' And every honest, plodding, beaver, grow shorin sill Seiz'd with a military fever, and had feid hand ried T Careless of what was done, or doing best mid tel bal Ran, fighting-mad, the road to ruin is an an ont aA Nay ev'n the chief, who, once, more loudlidw-nseM Than any of the patriot crowd, it should not find odw Saw him on every sencifelent reflections a view on emid was On the great rat and his connections; oildur and and A And enter into every meast new grown and enter into every meast and Contrive to the throne; snow bowled by work And, worse than either of the Brothers, and bledell Adopted measures, damn'd in others; sweets all our oT Weasures himself condemn'd so late, nient erom slindW As big with ruin to the flated mos or noiser a flut woll Vet now he swallow'd all th' objections to enture od T He made before to land connections, Housep ni yawa

"The tyger's call, the fat's diffrest no gaibash to a

" Demanded infantly redress; and thermon won tagil

"And generous brutes should facrifice at bloow .haA

"Themselves, their all, for their allies, manage flex."
How much unlike this specious cant

To all his former, noily, rant! and mid ever think

To that fine, florid declamation,

By which he us'd to gull the nation ! flui oan innome A

But, as the mob had been to found lainsm a roggs of T To praise this idol of the crowd and beated the biQ His friends were now asham'd to own bonod vieve on A Their honest chief had chang d his tone; a drive b'sia? And let him lead them, by the front, sanw lo alelera As the he ne'er had turn'd about. bem-goingh cas H Mean-while, with grief, the patriot few and n've yell Who best the beaver's interest knew sq and to you near Saw him, on every flight pretence, ohni sid too b'rso A Abuse the public confidence; end has rat and no And enter into every measure, organistic A Contriv'd to squander blood and treasures o b wod wov! Beheld the waste of both increase, and near show bak To purchase war, instead of peace ; cornlasm bergobA While more their toil and less their gain amid serules M How just a reason to complain ! advot aim drive gid aA The fruits of all their labour thrown ollows od won to Away in quarrels not their own nat of erolad obent all But tell me what Bair could your heart thus engage

on the flage,"

And who, of all chirages and him it could be

Mrs. L --- " No fure!" --- Yes faith, it was field. I

THE country was wonding for three weeks to-

Where Sol had retir'd to, and ta'en the fine weather; Some faid (for conjecture runs wild in these cases)
The poles of the world had got out of their places; While others suppos'd some wet planet had cross'd us; And some blam'd the Devil and some Dr. Faustus. But, Saturday darting his beams all around, The cause of our late want of sunshine I found: Stepping into the play-house, lo, snug in the box; Sat Phoebus himself, with his carrotty locks. Your Godship's obedient, said I, with a sneer; Who ripens the corn? What the deuce do you here? "Why, faith, to confess it," his Godship replied,

- " I have been on a vifit a little afide:
- So well entertain'd I was never before,
- And han't been in heaven for this fortnight and
- " Such a charmer I've met with, that loth I'm to go,
- "And leave her unnotic'd with mortals below."

 Oh, oh! is it so? return'd I, friend Apollo,

 Your father's old tricks, then I see you still follow.

But

But tell me what Fair could your heart thus engage — "Look you there — don't you fee her? — She's now on the stage."

And who, of all charmers, d'ye think it could be?

Mrs. L'--- "No fure!"—Yes, faith, it was she.

I HB country was wond'ring for three weeks to-

gethet,

Where Sol had retir'd to, and ta'en the fine weather; Some faid (for conjecture rans wild in these cases). The poles of the world had got out of their places; While others suppose'd some wet planet had cross'd us, and some blam'd the Fevil and some Dr. Faushus. But, Saturday daring his beams all around, The cause of our late want of surshine I found: Stepping into the play house, lo, sing in the box, Sat Phoebus himself, with his carrotty locks. Your Godship's obedient, said I, with a sneer; Who ripens the corn. What the deuce do you here? Why, faith; to confess it," his Godship replied, "Thave been on a triat a lattle aside;

BN Well entertain'd I was never before;

And han't been as heaven for this fortnight and more;

Such a chaimer I've met with, that loth I'm to go.
And leave her unnoticed with mortals below."
Oh, oh! is it for returned I, friend Apollo,
Your father's old tricks, then I fee you fill follow.

ON READING THESPIS,

what each case which you was their their

A SATIRE ON THE COMEDIANS OF DRURY-

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVI.

WHEN feeble folly flings the random dart,
E'en let it fly.—Who feels or heeds the smart?
But when rash genius, or eccentric wit,
Take wanton aim some destin'd mark to hit,
How needful is't that judgment guide aright,
And that the very feather bear no spite!
Else while the point, replete with venom, flies,
Declining worth and rising merit dies.—
So heaven forgive, and hell afford a rope
For him who wounded Pritchard, Clive and Pope.
So wild a head, with so deprav'd a heart,
To heaven should never mount but from a cart.
That stage first Thespis trod, in ages past,
And had he justice, that would be his last.

from worth how that wilding remail

the vent county we like a second

Percent consider the and definition aring that

Alignated Seccession Supports

ON THE DIVERSITY OF RELIGIOUS SECTS AND OPINIONS.

state of a Albania is also offer all

AN EPISTLE TO LORENZO.

THE STREET OF PER SEAS ME CELEVE. LOrenzo, turn not thou aside From science, as an erring guide; Nor, foon as doubts thy course impede, Abfurdly amplify thy creed, By myst'ries dark or dogmas old, Because to son from father told: If to known truth we were confin'd, Of little faith were all mankind. Sayst thou credulity outsies Slow knowledge, fourning at the wife; Opinion, wing'd, feet, hand and head, In haste, without her errand, sped; Or driv'n, inactive, here and there, With ev'ry vagrant breath of air? Wouldst, therefore, know what fystems err, To whom opinions to refer, Where trembling Doubt and Errour blind At once a guard and guide may find; At once successfully apply, And give to falshood's face the lie?

学 第

No fest, alas ? profess the huld this init all suit I That reconciles the knavel and fool steel ent and That That leads the foolish and the wife:

While these revere what those despise and acture Nature Whether from Nature's general lawn bas b'rettel ed'T The outlines of our creed die draw, viva as . suoins V Or think the truth be only given't sonad anotion ad T In revelation pure from heaven as that a research medW It matters not; unless we findasroage garabnow woH Foretelling, evinin cribnim and ni xabni seing Some ray of heaven's unerring light, a standard build T To point, or here or there, arightment * arous 'dT' What groundlefs fears the weak contron!

Let Christianity display grans rient sterbbs med reeH Her wond'rous volume to the day some eid salet bal The facred lines, however true, bard to senidt flidW As calmly view the thre: wov bas am ton falls As Colin drives his with accepting with and saying mile A Rolls the big thundendered but comprehend and gid ad allo R As taught by father, priest or friendy il eared edt tleM Or tenets new, more nice than wife, mi word I am dA Peculiar to themselves, devise things band van fill o'T How then prevails the facred text, signs to senil ydT If by the comment thus perplex'd; whit arts avaid of If hereticks, of ev'ry kind,

Their tenets in the gospel find;

FALW

No feet, alas i profets twalted shiring and sunt II That reconciles the ktwal and Tootstel and the wife :

Let Nature's striking steams engage arover shedr shid W
The letter'd and unletter'd age; source most partial with the various, as ev'ry varied tribe, and no conclusion of T
The notions hence the world imbibetout shi kinin to
When meteors glow and comets blazers of the vertical with the wond'ring ignorance doth gaze; stone astitute the Foretelling, ev'n in errous wife, at we had so with a most of the judgments gath ring in the skies land to stone of Th' aurora * streaming from the pole, at o stone of T
What groundless fears the weak controul!

Hear them address their angry God, winsissind 19. I And take his mercies for his rod take was about how well. Whilst thine, or Bradley's, curious eyes I beaut and T As calmly view the threatining skies, non them said A The plagues, the samines, wars they yield appose AT As Colin drives his team a field. It is an amount of the field that he plain has said only to Melt the sierce light'nings clouds to rain't agust 2A Ah me! how impious, Crito cries, at went at an an I To lift thy hand against the skies; when a to the field of the form; a same and to H. To brave the fury of the storm; a same and tyd H.

Their tenets in the grainstal?

The T

With Franklin, madly to defy
The thunderer's red right-arm, on high,
Bold Titan! to erect thy stand
To wrest the lightnings from his hand!

Yet those in physicks better read
At honest Crito shake the head:
In pity, or derision, smile;
Nature and truth their guard the while.

Thus, by unlike experience taught,

Peculiar are our modes of thought;

Explained, by custom's partial nod,

The voice of nature and of God.

Dost thou apply to faint or fage,

The guides of our believing age,

The truths, which mysteries conceal,

Or those of science to reveal?

From far and near, what tales absurd

Adulterate the written word!

How oft the pure, and perfect text,

Have base theologists perplex'd!

* Alluding to the manner of preventing the damage apprehended from thunder-clouds, discover'd by our late improvements in electricity.

What cement

Their fecrats to r

What transcripts! what interpolation! and assil divergent of the Eternal fource of disputation!

Alas, Lorenzo, few believe, again agil and flanw of In fact, the doctrines they receive! How few of ev'n the reverend tribe The very canons they subscribe! apadiash to wing as Do such their mother-church defend? On her pluralities depend; The mitre and the fine-cure nacious validar vd and I Preserving best her teners pure. Them we are reilura? For, rob the priesthood of its gain, de benisland What pillar will the church fuffain? I to solow on I What cement binds the crazy wall, Whose fapt foundation threats its fall? gas not foch Do fuch profess to turn the key On myst'ries, hid from you and me; Or those of space to reveal Or of the oracles of old The dubious phrases to unfold; To teach the truth to vulgar minds, and alcredubA. Which heaven's own blaze of rhetorick blinds? Ah, think not these will e'er display and are the Their fecrets to the eye of day. Tell me what artist will impart To thee th' arcanum of his art. Not one but all, referv'd and fly, Affect to cheat th' observer's eye:

and W

31

Their flightest knacks important made, me a vo b'rill To raise the wonder of their trade to noiquiado tad T For pence, the printing of the reverend the the printing of th That none may serve their God for nought in flo oT Casts o'er his ignorance a veil, work hit signs of Or masks the moral of his tale; s same and and awal aO Securely laughing in his fleeve, one and salw vis? When fools the tale itself believe ais a root aid b'asso To fave his calling from abule 19 status vibog on W His caution here, in fact, of ufe; and sousy hut al For once his art and mystry known we divens a Who church-authority would own ? Miliai bas studA As, when sublime conundrums his nieg vibinow on We laugh to fcorn the quibble? wit; substant and? So, in rever'd enigmas wife, while the goat more slidW His riddling reverence we despite and or again the said

Yet while the orthodox, for gain
Or vanity their craft maintain,
The truth, a term of meaning wide,
To all the priest assirms applied;
No less the het'rodox than they,
From pride or av'rice, go astray:
For motives similar prevail
With those who brew or broach the tale.
Say, else, if self-conviction true
The conscientious Henley knew;

Fir'd by a pure religious zerla and and florigin ried T That champion of the public weal, brow shi sier o'T For pence, the primacy to flight maravar and no sun'T' To jest with ev'ry facred right is very lend anon sail To trample, with avow'd defign, rongi sid 15 o cfts? Or laws both human and divine large the marks the moral of Say what his aim, whose dread rebukes dans y lawses Craz'd his poor neighbours of St. Luke's tool ned W Who, godly warfare proud to feek, mills sid syst o'T In fuff rance turns the fmitten cheek sand noisuga aiH As knavish Jews, to fell their ware, as are aid some no Abuse and infult tamely bear, which are down of W No worldly gain to Whitfield yields mildet nadw , & A. The plenteous harvest of Moorfields, and of Agual aW While from the gift of sterling gold, is his never ni ioc Like off'rings to the Lord of old to never guilber sill

* If I would have changed my principles for interest, I might have been archbishop of Canterbury before now.

HENLEY, viva voce, being a mine flore on the of

You less the net rodus than they the St. Luke's hospital, for lunaticks, in Moorfields, new the Tabernacle and Foundery, very talind several to the Tabernacle and Foundery.

With those who brew or broach the tale.

Say, elle, it felt-conviction to war.
The confcientious Henley knew;

The coatless priest with Aaron vies, and a sund of the And modern tabernacles rised and members would had. Or, are fanatic weavers led to a contract of the And Because his vanity is fed, and a contract of the A tickling transport while he feels, and a contract of the A tickling transport while he feels, and a contract of the Andrew To find his thousands at his heels;

To hear the Io Pæans ring, and a sund and the Andrew Mich yet as oft the mob bestow,

Which yet as oft the mob bestow,

On fainted pick-pockets, below.

Since no good cheshian, very for Law !.

reflected frauday on the folence in the many

The priest or parson's led aside;
While these, th' instructors of mankind, or migolood?
Their interest in our ignorance find;
O shun, Lorenzo, shun the street
Where disputant theologues meet.
See the wing'd cork, from side to side
Rebound, the truant school-boy's pride, who make the wing'd warmth, with equal noise, the might shall so these, by turns, like truant boys, which is a supplied of the street what saint or father saith,
Bang the light shittle-cock of faith.

Alluding to their admitting coblers, porters, and heg-

But hark! what jargon strikes our ear? In all all and and I What Hebrew madmen have we here? What are been but A What pen the phrenzy shall describe the and all all and I O Of Hutchinson's or Behmen's tribe the and all all and I Who, scorning reason's vain pretence, Make war, a dire croisade, on sense? What war, a dire croisade, on sense? What wonder is the prizals make, What wonder is yet, in truth, twere well and the Might Bedlam spare one vacant cell; what wonder is yet, in truth, twere well and the Since no good christian, yet, for Law; Hath strown his darken'd room with straw; when the same and the same

Theologists so prone to err,

Dost thou philosophers prefer?

These oft, an interested sect,

Like poverty or pride affect.

Logicians, casuists by trade,

At random draw their furious blade;

Taking, in gladiatorial pride,

The cudgels up on either side.

juS

^{*} Two of the most incomprehensible writers that ever reflected scandal on the science of divinity.

[†] The reverend Mr. William Law, — a writer little inferiour to Behmen himself.

To them indifferent wrong or right john divit of his A Swifs champions! theirs the tafk to fight air bnew va And share, with venal art, the prey; vitiw and ground The golden gettings of the day's abrow aren in mere words So Broughton's heroes bruis'd and bled tome slind At once for honour and for bread; but ralodo and And Powel's + virtuous thirst of fame to beingw .liT Inur'd his iron lips to flameans that at the wheen woll The learn'd, prodigious wife indeed award b'xioo :08 The man by heaven infpired to read won ened woll Affecting merely to decide, and it allows a short with the state of th Indulge their magisterial pride, of its about ordiliups of And, deigning scarce on fense a look, and very your roll Profoundly dogmatize by book; to anot quithall shall Save here those champions of the gown, singled rindT Meek Warburton and model Brown aregards derow al Madan, and that mild man-of-God, A as vigololid? The rev'rend doodle, doctor Dodd and bas band of Whether as near from Chbeille ra'an e'iram lasr oT The pedant's, or the parson's pride; blo edt alors oT " Could neither wheel rocchain decide?"

By fingularity of taste meren never the basis of war. Alas, my friend, been wrangling sophists thus intent the verses of A.

On cross-grain'd paradoxes bent and against to seemed

A famous boxer, air surfere inputin mudibnura +

An eminent fire-eater.

As if to truth they made pretence mer dibai med oT By wand'ring but from common fente goigment shive Among the witty and the wife, lan w driw , stadt but A Hence in mere words the difference lies to mable ad T While empty terms, for years, engage a not day of od The scholar's and the skeptick's rage product and anoth Till, wearied out, they stare to fee miv + elewo? ba A How nearly all in fact agrees of or and non sid b'runt So, poiz'd between two empty scales, out b'misel of P Now here, now there, the beam prevails, vd nam sal'T Which, as their false vibrations cease, brom guithoff A In equilibrio rests in peacera to estigana rient aglubal And, deigning fear the thin fact in fact when even in fact inference of the land of the la These slashing sons of argument, strangob ylbauotor I. Save here those characterin debate in a state of the stat Is worth the pains to investigate. bus normatis Wash Philosophy at Arthur's traught, in that has inshelf So Bond and Brag, disputing, fought, bear'ver ad T Whether as near, from Change to Kew thom Ison of To cross the old bridge or the new. to strabeq en'T " Could neither wheel nor chain decide?" Alas, my friend, they never tried to varishing nit va Good fente and lis rature differacid,

* An academy well known to the students in the policer sciences of pitting, betting and white a blancy story at

.APHAn eminent fice-eater.

[†] Brundisium minuci melius via ducat, an Appi.

For neither of these learned youth

Car'd one brass farthing for the truth;

But each, to make his judgment out,

Would drive full-speed ten miles about.

The first-philosophy * in use
Thus argumentative abuse:
While truth and falsehood, right and wrong,
Serve as the burthen of a song:
With sophists, as with scolding wives,
Quarrel the business of their lives.
Leave then, Lorenzo, vain dispute;
Empty the triumph to consute:
Nor those for truth's desenders take,
Who cavil but for cavil's sake.

But is there, lay-man or divine,
In whom good fense and temper join;
A priest of honest Clogher's + mould,
A thiest moderate as bold,
To whom indulgent heaven assign'd
A truly ethic turn of mind;

- * A term in vogue, given, by way of eminence, to the philosophy of the present age.
 - The late bishop of Clogher, mother on deviate bloods

Who

Who dares the mob in fcorn to hold; Hath weigh'd the happiness of gold; Hath found the pond'rous cheat so light, That avarice gets nothing by't; Who rates the value of a name From th' infignificance of fame; Vagololidg-from ad P Not vainly feeking more to know Thus argumental Than God has given to man below; has divers stird W Yet, wherefoe'er display'd her charms, and and as a seed Embracing truth with open arms? Anidgot dri W On fuch Lorenzo may depend, to the mind and formant For guide, philosopher and friend. "But where such friend and guide," you cry. Knowst thou no such? alas, nor I. For O, the truth, in fact, how few Have pow'r or talents, to pursue! Alike th' abilities unfit But is there, lay-maked Of pedant dull or sprightly wit, and boog more at Of captious criticks, scholiasts vain, and to hang A With ev'ry superficial brain. Indeed too oft ev'n genius gains Its labours only for its pains: Immortal bards not feldom here, Dupes, from their mother's milk, to fear-Tho smoothly run the hackney'd lay Along the beaten, moral way; Should truth on custom turn its back, and and all Or deviate from the vulgar track, Like

of W

If falshood's painteness property of the doating levity of terries abrad gniziroques and Truth's thorny painteniam on tibers right, some Should first hernings choracteristic of the like heroes holdly out.

To founder in the dripper band raite band of the Whom every must at once in the dripper band will be water the guide that some frame that such a substitution of the femperance that substitution of the femperance that the property of the femperance that the property of the femperance of the femperanc

The proud, coo haughty that other almost with formal bank of The proud, coo haughty that to bank of The proud, coo haughty that of alainse grow lightway for alainbag definition of The heedless counts without his hold.

The church of Rome, to which Mrc Pope returned, affter having written his Effay on Man for, that he was true Roman-catholic at the time of his writing that effay is a tale, adapted merely to the credulity of a Racine: Unless indeed we have as little opinion of his judgment as his friend Bolingbroke had, who is faid to have ridiculed him as one who understood nothing of his own printiples or faw to what they naturally led, a consequent many views A

oV.

If falshood's painted charms engage diw adapted The doating levity of age or abad gaining and doubt Truth's thorny paths who fear to run; and gainmult Should first her dangerous portal shum at two-now of Nor set like heroes boldly out,

Yet still beware—the boldness thine, and yet yet who we would be work of the boldness thine, and yet would be work of the boldness must refine it is a still be work of the boldness must refine it is a still be work of the boldness must refine it is a still be work of the boldness must refine it is a still be work of the boldness of a child; should be still be weakness of a child; should be still be weakness of a child; should be still be still be weakness of a child; should be still b

The rash, too angry to be bold, amend. Asad about By Falshood oft are bought and sold and sid tel ned W The proud, too haughty to be wise discipling and I See not where grov'ling Errour lies big eviron and I The heedless counts without his host,

Or runs his nofe against the post of the character than a street having written and indolence of street having written and indolence of the meck indulge, at Truth's expenses of the meck indulge.

So hard to keep that middle way, was a Raone so less indeed we have just a less indeed we have just indeed we have just indeed we have grant bluod from which enquiry ne'er should from white for the talk, so hard to find memoral as one what they naturally bring capacious mind plant they naturally so what they naturally bring capacious mind plant in the property of the talk.

No wonder fools, the would-be-wife,
Suppose in doubt that wisdom lies:
Or that, because so short their sight,
Truth may be errour, wrong be right *!
For ignorance, to sooth its pride,
Must seek its own defects to hide.

Affecting, hence, all unbelief,
Is Scoto infidel in chief;
His hand and heart, his ears and eyes
Confessing what his tongue denies?
To truth in ev'ry system blind,
Yet seeking it where none shall find;
Lorenzo, here his wit's a cheat,
That mocks his judgment with deceit.

Cicero somewhere observes, there is no opinion, however absurd, which has not been espoused by some or other of the philosophers. And nothing surely can be more so than the samous inference drawn from the weakness of the human understanding, i. e. that, because we do not comprehend every thing, we in reality, know nothing. Agrippa, it is true, has declaimed prettily, and the ingenious bishop of Avranches chopped logick as dextrously on the subject. Yet, alas, such is the perversences of common sense that the greatest part of mankind, even to this day, do insist on the certainty of their knowing their right hand from the left.

Where'er

Where'er opinion gaily dress'd. Runs gadding in her rainbow veft, Among her fifterhood, a crew Of motley wives black, red or blue, See skepticism, the truth in chase, Run giddily, from face to face; Now this, now that, by turns, enjoy; Nor find them false till found to cloy. Thus, with the fair he most admires, Full foon the wav'ring lover tires; At morn, her smiles with rapture meets; At night, affronts her in the ffreets; By loofe fuspicion wand'ring led, Or spider Fancy's flimfy thread; Till, on fome lying whore, at last, He lights, and holds her tenets fast.

Nor strange, oppos'd to these, to find, In uniformity combin'd, Believing thousands; who suppose Truth with the croud for ever goes: As if convinc'd the rabble rout, Because too obstinate to doubt. Yet customs old or fashions new Are all th' unthinking herd pursue.

billion bankladar, vant gravoud

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF

Tales half destroy'd, the good to slarb ni xobodtro adT So much infpired the Lagrang bas thigher at a fillow ak Of custom born, to fashion bred, Thus blind credulity is led; oxnered and fibliod While modes of faith, like modes of dress, with modes of dress, with the modes of dress, which is the modes of dres Mankind capriciously profess. On names implicitly de Yet all agreed, thro shame or pride, and both a standard bala Nature's fimplicity to hide, and shirt showed no rilg? Whate'er the fashion of the time, It holds the naked truth a crime. Thus, to a man, we find the crowd, To doubt too bashful, or too proud, In errour rather chuse to fall, O, credit not, my frie Impatient, hence, of stop or stay, and associated now They blunder on the broadest way; jud 1019 to floing al Or make a guide, in every fireet, offort vo to fue qual Of fool or knave, the first they meet, and of line Authorities how blind and lame

Hence bring the credulous to shame; While all revere the mould'ring page, Where moths have spent their gothic rage:

* Whatever country you go into, let the religion be what it will, the unthinking part thereof are always the reputed orthodox.

DED. TO ESSAY ON SPIRITON

Yet supercilions

Tales half destroy'd, the rest to true!

So much inspir'd the Lord-knows-who!

So much motion to the control of the control of

Couldst thou, Lorenzo, build thy hopes
On mustis, patriarchs or popes;
On names implicitly depend,
And mere authorities desend?
Split on this rock, mistaken youth,
Lost were thy voyage to the truth:
'Twere best to give thy labour o'er,
Nor urge in vain thy genius more.

O, credit not, my friend, too foon

Fine tales and tidings from the moon;

Nor, howfoever learn'd or just,

In priest or prophet put thy trust.

By Paul or by Apollos taught,

Still to one test their tenets brought,

Their doctrines, howfoever true,

Believe not till they're so to you:

For oft the wisdom of the wise

Is only folly in disguise.

Yet superciliously reject
No tenets that the world respect.

Gainst such too rashly ne'er inveigh;
Nor cast thy grandsire's wit away.

T'ales

Dif-

Distaining at the lamp to pore,

That lights us to the cassic lore, which is a calculated with the cassic lore, which is a calculated with the cassic lore, which is a calculated with the cassic lore, which is shallow with the cassic lore, and the case of the

But while, thro ignorance or pride, no harmed . He I Opinions thus the world divide bast daw shot bluodo By turns while truth and falfehood rule. As made the priest's or statesman's tool; Or, with some temportzing view, dated a darth gnoM' Nonsense, that's neither false nor true; bie agaula oT Canst thou, at ease in doubt, my friend, a soli sand On points too dark thy faith suspend? Its about tulk Canst thou the world's applause forego; animon slind And burns thy bosom but to know produce eladrica or Is truth thy only creed profess d? I and to seeddoH Can'ft leave to providence the reft? Throw partial fystems all aside, Trust to knowledge, as thy guide. See where the stream of science flows From nature's fountain, whence it rose: Thro hills and dales meand'ring led, As clear as at the fountain head: Stand thou not shiv'ring on the brink; Once well embark'd thou canft not fink :

Nor can the current falfely guide, at an an an animabild. While reason's banks include the tide; an angil tad T Whence truth, in fight, on either hand, faunt that ad T Smiles on thy voyage through land, as because the land.

But, O, with caution hoist thy fail, we not except that To court the metaphysic gale;
Lest, hurried on, thy heedless youth a order of the state of t

Should lose, with land, the fight of truth: A should of Turn'd forth adrift, thy lot to take, an elider and you on errour's broad unfathom'd lake; herig add about A 'Mong struck leviathans, in vain, and amount of plunge and flounder thro the main; and almost the tides nor set, nor currents steer, and almost the winds all round the compass veer; hoot amount of the tides and struck the sight, and fine? To faithless anchorage invite:

To faithless anchorage invite:

To faithless anchorage invite:

Rich barks! all ship-wreck'd on the shore!

Throw partial lystems all afide.

Trust to knowledge, as thy guide.

See where the stream of science flows

From nature's sountain, whence it rose.

Thro hills and dates meand ring led,

As clear as at the fountain head;

Stand thou not shiv ring on the brink;

Orice well embark'd thou canst not fink

To him our flurdy als was tent

for To bear a cruel weight, alac

At a large pre nium per cent.

To market foon the miller gots,

Leading Tridan Do Di La U A A O A A night returning with a fack,

Laid right a. B. d. R. A. D. T. T. L. O. T.

A Mettled ass, in days of yore, word of negotian was basely never bore, which are basely had been builded. In freedom rang'd the fields around, as be admitted to the fields around; Where'er he chose in safety fed, and the fields what firm he pleas'd, his bed. I shum when his master dar'd to lick him, and that I was fure with lifted hoof to kick him.

At length, howe'er, by chance he fell been tad? To one, who knew the manage well;
And, bent to tame our reflive jack, or grant and T.
Refolv'd to let him for a hack.
A neighbouring miller foon he found, and the half and But and Who corn for all the parish ground, and the half wanting such a beast to bear and graved elid.

The grift committed to his care, and mind easy eliminated.

To him our sturdy as was lent

At a large premium per cent.

To market foon the miller goes,
Leading the jack-ass by the nose;
At night returning with a sack,
Laid right across our hero's back;
Who, bending now beneath its weight,
Began to forrow for his sate, was at bottom.
And, as the miller lagg'd behind, and another of the bound of W.
Unburthen'd thus his troubled mind.

- " Alas for what mysterious end is storaged with a storage with the storage
- " Must I beneath this burthen bend and w obser baA
- " I, that have liv'd an als fo free not ve nwong and
- " And bray'd in boundless liberty ! and as a grown all
- " I, that have long difdain'd the bit! eid nodw baA
- " Must I, insulted thus, submit band die oud and as W.
- " To bear a cruel weight, alack!
- "That needs in time must break my back"!

Then, issuing forth a piteous groan,
His load he gladly would have thrown,
But that the miller fast had tied,
And girt it on the underside:
While having seen his inclination,
He gave him hearty stagellation.

To one, who knew the manage well;

With grumbling, and no little forubbings theim but Th' impatient as put up the drubbing pour blow of T But fill most grievously complain'd that it and arew To Of pains he either felt or feigned s biquit of tadw , toll Again next day to market fents sonidasm flab won X With heavy heart and head he went; driew a si ered T But guels with what difdain he burn'd, a radraf doubl When with two facks he back return'd: dignerall your Yet, thus t' augment his toil and trouble, save won X Each day he found his burthen double; a soom well A At the same time (the truth be spoken) god said saids His wind and back remain'd unbroken. a rebrum-iles For, tho a life of toil he led, on heel val or evilled all The more he work'd, the more he fed; mobern tul So that, at first, the lank and weak, and during and He daily grew more round and fleek and sees redto of While, as they added fack by fack, and about A More sturdy seem'd his brawny back. d a halva bnest A

In such good case, 'twas all in vain let no and seeds this out the found, to murmur or complain. The seeded jack to fill, the trough to fill; the seed of the with yearly load, lim and to the mill, bed given because Lamented furely necessary.

But on this topic once fet thinking, would don't be be supposed He judg'd, at least when fresh with drinking, and well That from the grievous weights he bere, to gain and He gather'd strength but more and more,

And

And might in time, like Atlas, carry midmung daily The world upon his back. Ay, marry lastraquit dT 'Twere fine if that could come to passing from lish tall But, what so supid adamate to the rentre of ening 10 Know, dull machine, and have a care, yeb twee misg & There is a weight thou canft not bear and vised dri W Much farther should thy masters try dw daiw cloud to a Thy strength, 'twill give their hopes the lye." Know, even now, thy life's at flake grows 's audi said A few more facks thy back will break of an yell and Bethink thee, then, vain brute, in time: Self-murder is a horrid crime; mon wasd bas barw air Be passive to thy load no more; i lies to stil a ods no? But freedom feek as heretofore; by how an arom and I Nor think, because thy belly's fed, and is used of No other care should fill thy head. nom were visab ell A broken back may, let me tell ye, as year as selid W Attend at last a bursting belly. and a most youth stoll

Needs this our fable illustration?

The loaded jack-ass is the nation, the book and all Oppress'd (at least the wise have said it) backnown of the With yearly loads of public credit;

With yearly loads of public credit;

Lamented surely heretofore,

Because such grievous weights she bore;

Her ministers in piteous taking the bore;

Exclaiming oft her back was breaking;

bqA.

Who, now, the ten times more lies on her,
Maintain the'll bear it off with honour;
As if, by fufferance taught t' endure,
The fame the means that kill and cure.

ONE proud Golsah Garb could boaft.

And Philifities of yore:

But Covent Gorden's threatening had

Boaft one Golsan's where:

Yet fear not you of Drury-Lang

By little champion led;

Their two Goliahs roam in vair

While David's 4 ar court

* Meff. Cole and Burys " 1 Mr. Garnet

O M

Who, now, the cen times more ties on her, wastrasht ant an atanta ant no

As if, by fullerance taught t' endure,

The lame the me XIIXOOM null set

ONE proud Goliah Gath could boaft, And Philistines of yore; But Covent-Garden's threatening host Boast one Goliah * more.

Yet fear not you of Drury-Lane,
By little champion led;
Their two Goliahs roar in vain
While David's † at your head.

* Mess. Quin and Barry. † Mr. Garrick.

INVOCATION

ICO

INVOCATION TO SILENCE.

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S SINGING.

Youth nor beauty made his choice;
But his arrows wing'd with found,
And ftruck me with Cecilia's voice.

The force of nature could no faither go.

Echo thus made Pan of yore not that the join aroy of the york wind.

Amorous of the yoral wind.

Silence, oh, my peace reftore; adw labyrd 800 P Or make me deaf as Love is blind, drive bragmo

What are your Britons, Romans, Grerians, Compat'd with thorough bred Mifelians?

Step into G - H n's frop, he'll tell ye

Of G - df - th, B - k rf - H and K - 11 - f

Three poets of one age and nation.

Whose more than mortal reputation.

Mounting in trio to the Isles.

O'er Milton's fame and Virgil's lifes; While, take one Iruh evidence for cother, Ev'n Homer's felt is but their lefter-hyother

THE

THE POETICAL TRIUMVIRATE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVII.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the former two. DRYDEN,

Poor Dryden! what a theme hadft thou,

Compar'd with that which offers now?

What are your Britons, Romans, Grecians,

Compar'd with thorough-bred Milefians?

Step into G -- ff - n's shop, he'll tell ye

Of G -- df -- th, B -- k - rf -- ff, and K - 11-?

Three poets of one age and nation,

Whose more than mortal reputation,

Mounting in trio to the skies,

O'er Milton's same and Virgil's slies;

While, take one Irish evidence for t'other,

Ev'n Homer's self is but their foster-brother.

O D E.

Leave thy proud halls where communicates, in lofty grangen u studies u u o o o o o The envy of the age;

And faction - desperate rage.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE KING

I.

SLAVE to thy fortune! cast aside
The gaudy pageants of the pride;
Assum'd in evil hour. The pride is a supposed by the pride in the pri

II.

With his magnificence, we see

Thy sov'reign's cares transferr'd to thee, and all bights.

Unhappy as thou'rt great.

Suspicion poisons thy delights;

Thy restless days, and sleepless nights, and with a will be abled and a bear about the same abo

III.

Leave thy proud halfs where columns rife,
In lofty grandeur to the skies,
The envy of the age;
Where, serv'd in regal pomp, thy fears
Whisper sedition in thine ears,
And faction's desperate rage.

IV.

A tempest hovering o'er thine head, as you obtain a All An injur'd people's hate thy dread, a train bound A. How irksome is thy fate becomes and painting out. Then learn, tho, greater than a king, as you it but o'll The mob's loud Io's round thee ring, and blow bath. The emptiness of state.

V.

With his magnificence - we fee

Infipid is the life, and vain,

The fame dull forms run o'er again,

Without one leifure hour.

Ev'n vanity, in its retreat,

Finds ease and freedom oft as sweet

As opulence and power.

VI.

In fylvan scenes, where nature smiles,
And pure simplicity beguiles,
With charms best form'd to please;
Ev'n wealth forgets its anxious cares,
And pow'r the burthen that it bears,
To set our hearts at ease.

VII:

Already, see, the spring is sted;
The raging dog-star rears his head;
And sierce the noon-tide ray,
Repose invites; accept the prize;
Enjoy the summer ere it sties,
And live at ease to-day.

VIII.

Beneath the cool refreshing shade,
Stretch'd out, the shepherd swain is laid,
And tends his slocks at ease:
The zephyrs scarce are heard to sigh;
The drooping jasmines, sading, die,
Late broken by the breeze.

The foresure

IX.

While thus all nature's charm'd to rest,
Say, wherefore, Bruhl, thy lab'ring breast
Forebodes thy country's fate?
Prussia thou seest before thine eyes,
With num'rous nations, his allies,
Thund'ring at Dresden's gate.

X.

Wak'd at the dreadful voice of war,
Thy fears already bring from far
An hoft of favage foes;
Turk, Taitar, ravaging the foil,
From where Sarmatian peafants toil,
To where Euphrates flows.

XI.

The gods, for reasons just and wise,
'Twixt suture scenes and mortal eyes,
The darkest veil have thrown;
To shew presumptuous man how vain
His art the knowledge e'er to gain,
Of what heaven keeps unknown.

XII.

Then let us grateful homage pay, and every visual if
Enjoy the bleffings of to-day, and an enter to
And leave to-morrow's cares. To the making of T
Let us, fubmitting to their power, and the short of the Employ, content, the present hour:

Futurity is theirs.

Yeld amade and incident O

XIII.

With clouds the face paragraphy of the hand of providence, some state it at the face of the hand of providence and the face of the hand of providence and the face of the face of the face of the state of the face of the fac

XIV.

Now smoothly doth its current flow, and an environt lits wonted tribute to bestow, and an environt By rolling to the main;

Now, swelling from the mountain floods an equal by all the bursts its banks, roots up the woods, gainsom bak!

And deluges the plain.

XV.

XV.

If cloudy prove to-morrow's dawn, the set of the lawn of the lawn. The golden orb of day; the lawn of the lawn which the lawn will be a lawn. The golden orb of day; the lawn of the lawn of the lawn of the lawn. The golden orb of day; the lawn of the lawn of

XVI.

With clouds the future's overcast,

Nor fate itself can change the past,

Recalling former days;

While time, in haste, and wing'd for slight,

Before he's even out of fight,

The present doth eraze.

XVII.

Inconstant fortune, light as air,

Involves us now in black despair,

Now sooths with flattering smiles;

In disappointments takes delight,

And mocking us in cruel spite,

All human-kind beguiles.

AN EPISTLE TO AHIVY B M -- - Y ESO

On me her favours thrown away, 233 20 43 ART MO She showers them lavish down, to-day; And why no mortal knows. sieldgob ALTUOY To-morrow, stript at her command, but he smile yM Those favours, with as lavish hand, and a many smill. On others fine bestows we I am I am on some But, as epiffigs 'us the mode to write, Witness the Day and XIX is see the Night to Why may not I be modifuly employed. Yet think not fortune's wild caprice, of shire baA. O Bruhl! shall e'er destroy my peace, Or fill my heart with fpleen. naintaupoa everg vM I use, with gratitude, as mine, som log avad I tadT. Her gifts; which yet I can refign and and and Without the leaft chagrin odders has xobered mort Must I; perplex'd, continue evermore On puzzling schemes an XX agrams to pore Dall Philomath himself gets hele difmils d, By nobler fentiments inspired, square and shared bak. By nobler views to virtue fir'd, vline solg as flut woll Ev'n poverty l'd wed, a ale man ne valq or ni 192 Did she, a portion for a king, out vam seibut reverer But pleasure yields the pagnird ruonod bas yield tud

To crown her nuptial bed.

By Mr. Ohurclill

* By Dc. Armittong.

AN EPISTLE TO ATTURE R M ---- Y, ESQ.

ON THE SUCCESS OF HIS LAST NEW COMEDIES.

You'll, doubtless, M - - - - y, be surprized to see My rhimes address'd familiarly to thee;
Nine years, or thereabouts, now gone and past.
Since the first time I saw you and the last;
But, as epistles 'tis the mode to write,
Witness the Day*, and witness too the Night+,
Why may not I be modifuly employ'd,
And write to you, as Churchill does to Lloyd?

My grave acquaintance may reply, 'tis true, In O
That I have got much better things to do.
What then? no respite must the jaded mind
From paradox and crabbed problems find?
Must I, perplex'd, continue evermore
On puzzling schemes and diagrams to pore
Dull Philomath himself gets these dismiss'd,
And spends his evenings pleasantly at whist,
Now just as pleasantly t pass my time,
Set in to play an harmless game at rhime,
Set in to play an harmless game at rhime,
Severer studies may more nobly please,
But pleasure yields the palm sometimes to ease;

* By Dr. Armstrong. † By Mr. Churchill.

T 3

And

And the' no great adept in Philo's way of bas becode The haut calcul or conjuring algebra; and adding to M Yet, entre nous, of that perplexing fluff, a sont allua Call'd metaphyficks, I have had enough; diwardT And therefore hope no cenfor will refuse garage and An hour's indulgence to an idle muse. Which all shares Idle I call her, who ne'er toils to pleafe; nadw bak Verse, if I write, 'tis always at my ease. " que sale?" No poet bred, compleatly careless I, 1 15 9 out bak Whether my Pegalus or creep or fly; was and and Whether on hobbling feet my lame verse goes, and H Or foft and smooth in easy numbers flows; sie his H Whether in lines the rhime and sense chime pat; To me, as Fallfaff fays, all's one for that. Criticks allow, in loofer strains 'tis fitting and wall Epistolary writing should be written. M. filidW A fellow-feeling must have bad for both

I smile to see the letter to a friend, was all beabal With curious art and studied caution penn'd: dod W Fill'd with choice terms, and freed from all desect; So nice! so quaint! so labour'd! so correct by o'l Nor should I shake my sides much more to see blod. The messenger, with like propriety, Take equal caution not to soil or tear it; And, in a birth-day suit, ride post to bear it. A

My plain muse travels in less state the roads; T + And brings, for letters, elegies nor odes.

Booted

ing books.

Booted and spurs'd, she leaves her palfry free

Nor picks the flowery paths of poely,
Culls thee no plants that on the borders smile,
Therewith t'adorn another Defart Isle;
But jogging on, nor seeks, nor shuns the dirt,
Fearless herself, as meaning none to hurt;
And when of slowers of rhetorick in need,
Takes up with high-way surze or hedge-row weed;
And tho' e'en these with safety may not pass
The keen reviewer's hard-mouth'd critic ass;
Here let him crop the literary thisse;
Hard are his gums who grinds * this rough epistle.

Authors, you know and actors, as they're call'd Have been of late unmercifully maul'd; Whilft, M----y, you, howe'er to own it loth, A fellow-feeling must have had for both. Indeed 'twas natural in th' adventurous wit, Who brav'd at once both coffee-house and pit, To feel for those engag'd, in either case, To prove their powers of genius, lungs, or face. Bold was the man who ventur'd first to sea +; A Poh! all's comparative — he bold! — not he. To

Whether in lines the chine and legte chime pars

Booted

^{*} A polite term, used among certain criticks, for reviewing books.

⁺ The first line of an old prologue, which Mr. M---- y has imitated in the prologue to his last new pieces.

Bold is the man, indeed, who in this age one enignit) Ventures his works, or person, on the stage and and Doom'd to submit to th' insolence of power, an doid W And wait an o'ergrown actor's leifure hour ; a b'mi A To watch his coming at the play-house door, well woll Or what is worse, the lodgings of his whore poor and W To bear a manager's infulting airs : b d won and W Prime ministers not half so proud as players! To find himself of all their art in need; bak Shewn how to write by those who cannot read to do W Or kindly taught to mouth a speech as well or niev al As one who in his life ne'er learn'd to spell. But, mortified feven years, this penance paffort stid W Suppose himself or play brought on at last; and thiw What is the raging of the stormy seas I make to real A stormy house no merit can appeale: and enoisitsM. The gods above may hear the fea-man's prayer; b'and 9 But gallery * gods nor bard nor actor spare a spoint How have I feen their light'nings flash around, but H And dart, in shape of candles, to the ground land 10 Those flaming instruments of vengeance hurl'd, am 19.1 Threat'ning destruction to the mimic world +! sind W How have I feen them, wanton in their ire, Shower down their rattling balls of folid fire: the toll No criticks grounding for distriction

Son Funga

The gentry in the galleries are commonly called the gods in the playhouse stile. † Totus mundus agit histrionem.

(Pippins and granges to mortal eyes), asm sais a blos But thunder bolts they were in that difguife; Which th' angry gods, to strike presumption dead, Aim'd, at th' aspiring player's devoted head ! av bal How have I heard arise the dismal yell, Where poets damn'd and damning critics dwell; When now the demons of the infernal piter a used of Tear up the lordly thrones on which they fit; And, wanting lightnings, hurl their feats in rage With double horrour on the affrighted stage! od award In vain mean while the powers of earth and air Skreening the deftin'd victim from despair; dw 500 a While heav'n and hell appear at once combin'd With fate itself against the culprit join'd : min stoqued For lo! aloft, beneath a cat-call's form, and a red W Malicious Fun, shrill spirit of the storm * 1 d varieti A Pleas'd with the ruin of th' advent'rous wight, and I Enjoys the glorious mischief of the night. Hard lot of Genius! but, as fuch the rage aven wolf. Of these tremendous rulers of the stage; at that bak Let me advise thee, tempt thy fate no more, and Total Where critics groan, fools hiss, and bullies roar. Forbear to wage with witlings endless war, with woll But push thy better fortunes at the bar; awab saword No criticks groaning for damnation call, Within the precincts of Westminster-hall; in the playholde file. Town mundus agrichlingonein.

* See Fingal.

Nor gods above, nor devils in the pit,

There pelt their council for his want of wit.

But all are kept in a tremendous awe, HT YALM

By the dread weight and dullness of the law: OT

Beneath whose influence, gouty, rich and fat, OI

May'st thou out-bully N----n and out-patriot P--t!

WRITTEN SOUND AFTER HIS MAJESTY'S ADDESSION.

THIN S TO HOLL ATIME WALLT.

GE MEN end ladies of the forts, pots, faucepans,

And all the other renfils made the of indicating of

Thefe lines are to let you arrow, that I wonder what

That you don't all meet together! drefs'd fweet and

And, while you fee its the talkion, throughout the nation,

To 'dress the K - - (God bless him) with 'dolence and

YAAM in a body, and pickers him your dury on his

As other loves subjects of like respectable professions

Wor. gods above, obedevils in the piteral

There pelt their council for his want of wit.

MARY, THE COOK-MAID'S ADDRESS TO HER FELLOW ARTISTS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

AN IMITATION OF SWIFT.

May'll thou out think there a and out patriot P --

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION.

- GE'MEN and ladies of the spits, pots, saucepans, and kettles,
- And all the other tenfils made use of in dressing of wittles;
- These lines are to let you know, that I wonder what you mean,
- That you don't all meet together, dress'd sweet and clean;
- And, while you fee 'tis the fashion, throughout the nation,
- To 'dress the K--- (God bless him) with 'dolence and 'gratulation,
- Go, all in a body, and present him your duty on his accession.
- As other loyal subjects of like respectable profession.

You hear that as how the painters, and gravers that dine at

The foundling hospital, and called themselves artists, design it.

Now, that we are artists as well as they, stands upon record in bookery;

For who of you all hath not read books on the Art of Cookery?

Nay I myself have wrote a volume upon it.—But let that pass;

Tho' it was allowed to be as full of 'rudition as Mrs. Glaffe;

And, but that I then liv'd well, and thought begging an impropriety,

I might have had, if I had ask'd, a premium from the what-do-ye-call-it society.

For you are to know that I have not had so low a breeding,

But that, the a cook-maid, I am had-up * in writing and reading,

And remember that Mr. Pope, when he tells of lord Timon's feats,

Joins together the artists of pictures, musick, meats.

Stand up, therefore, my friends, for the honour of your profession,

And infift upon making a party in the artist's procession.

* Adept.

- But, if you are prevented by those nigglers of the pencil and chissel,
- Make a procession of your own, and let them go whistle;
- At the same time give a hint to their cook, who is
- If, while they are gone to St. James's, he don't take care to fpoil their dinner;
- Nay, for the slight already put on us, as I hold my
- If ev'ry cook was of my mind, they should never have a good dinner again.
- They pride themselves mightily on their taste! to be fure!
- But, in all matters of taste, a cook must certainly be the greatest coney-sewer *.
- I like fuch fellows pretending to have of us no opinion,
- When, I'll be hanged, if any of them know the taffe of a shalott from an onion.
- They are so vain forsooth, of their paultry raree-show of painting.
- I am fure, I was starved and squeedged + there till I was almost fainting.

* Connoisseur. + Squeezed.

But

And infift upon making a party in the artiffe

Such fights may ferve indeed your skinny, scraggy people of condition;

But, in my mind, a well-roaded firloin of beef is a much more better exhibition.

Let these upstarts, however, do as they will, I do feriously profess

That, as to going to St. James's, I think you can do no less.

For, if what I have heard be true, our calling is aggriev'd:

And 'tis necessary you should do your best to get it reliev'd:

Being told as how that good-eating is going out of fashion,

Which is, you know, enough to put any cook in the world into a passion.

But what vexes me most, and seems to be a bad presage, is,

That I hear the K - - g's, servants are all actually at board-wages:

So that, as his example will likely be followed by the quality,

Good-bye to new French fauces, and old English hospitality.

Nay, John, the butler, tells me (tho' he's a little waggish)

That one of the greatest ladies in the kingdom sups on Scotch kale and haggis.

Not

- Not but what ladies should eat what they like; but 'tis so comical, inominated to elegan
- That great folks should be, as our chaplain says, so e-canonical *
- I would have you, therefore, go and make an humble reprefentation
- Of the evils that threaten the state of cookery in this nation:
- And I doubt not, by what I have heard of the K - g's goodness and fagicity +.
- But that you will meet with proper encouragement from his M j - y;
- Who, the premises considered, will certainly, on mature resection,
- Take every man and woman of us under his protection; And, if he does not find us work, will have the gracious intentions,
- To give us fomething to play with, by granting us all penfions.

So that, as his exa, busmmoo ot stuoYe followed by

TOLAM-NOOD BET YRAMICE SEND OIL English

hospitality.

almil a star Occonomical to + Sagacity, and war

waggish)
That one of the greatest dadier in the kingdom sups on

NA . Scotch kale and haggis.

Not

white the common the reason for the

Or the right working all the man

THE BULLFINCH AND SPARROW

A FABLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Of greatness, and its pompous train,
What notions false, we entertain!
The glitt'ring dress, the splendid feast,
Those seeking most who know them least;
Our time, anxiety, and cost,
In the vain acquisition lost.

Adapted by the will of fate,

The man we envy, oft as bleft,

In fecret pines, with care oppress d!

Of this, though trite, just observation,

My fable is an illustration.

As, on the rake, one winter's day,

A town-bred sparrow wing'd his way,

Posses'd of each engaging art

To win the feather'd fair one's heart,

To all his rivals still preferr'd,

The fav'rite of each semale bird.

He lighted near an ancient feat,
Whose turrets mark the squire's retreat;
The mansion, where renown'd in fame,
Resides the guardian of the game;
Or the right worshipful the mayor,
Whose corporation's all his care.

There, hopping round from tree to tree,
Curious, no doubt, to hear and fee,
A bullfinch, from a window nigh,
Attracted the young rover's eye.
Struck with the warbler's gilded cage,
He glow'd with envy, grief, and rage.
"How partial," he exclaim'd, " is fate!
"See how that bullfinch lives in state,
"The happiest of the feather'd race!
"How diff'rent the poor sparrow's case!
"He, shelter'd from the winds and rain,
"Still chaunts at ease his warbling strain.
"While I sit, shiv'ring in the shower,
"Expos'd through each inclement hour
"To nipping frosts, or melting snows;

"Is lodg'd and feasted like a lord;
"Fondled, and by his master fed,

"With sweetest cakes and whitest bread;

" Ills that no pamper'd bullfinch knows!
"He, cherish'd at a sumptuous board,

"While after me the village runs, a rent sur aiT's 13

" With pelting stones and popping guns; , sin 10 19

" Forc'd by fuch barb'rous sport to fly, quid , and "

" A miserable wand'rer I, very reason you miler "

" In the more hospitable wood? anon's ed of .baA "

" Pick, up and down; precarious food ov down al "

" Hard lot! alas ! how different mine, and a sadW

" Compar'd, thrice happy bird! with thine our of

"Why, cruel fate! live I to rue in your sailw shad T "

"I was not hatch'd a bullfinch too ! A libraid A !

er Gohence, content, and learn of me,

The finch, in quite a well-bred way, and may woll "
Heard what our sparrow had to say, wor you mended?"
And understood him, though at distance, redil will "
Without th' interpreter's assistance.
Indeed a bird, not quite a fool,
Brought up in so polite a school,
Could not be thought in want of learning:
A word's enough to the discerning.

A word's enough to the discerning.

Not comprehend the vulgar folk!

Poh, comprehend! tis all a joke.

Smiling to find the aukward blunder

The foolish fellow labour'd under;

He, pluming up his haughty crest,

The envious grumbler thus address'd:

" Sure, my good friend, you're touch'd in brain,

" To talk in this mistaken strain;

"Tis true there's something of a smattering stid W
"Of wit, in what you have been chattering; did w
"But, chirp as smartly as you will, day of bood w
"Trust me you reason very ill; have addressing A
"And, to be serious for a while,
"In truth, your envy makes me smile, as a day of w
"What is there in this sine gilt cage who had a did w
"So much your fancy should engage?
"These wires my prison bars, where I, bar and w
"A splendid slave, must live and die last too and w
"Go hence, content, and learn of me,
"How vain the sinery you see.

"Forbear my joys true blifs to call the month of the bush of the Thy liberty is worth them all." and books bush bush to a passing the accept the control of the control of

Judeed a bird, act quite a fool,
Brought up in 10 points a fahond.
Could not be chought in want of learning.
A word's enough to the differning.
Not comprehend the vulgar folk!
Peh, comprehend the vulgar folk!
Smiling to find the takward blunder
The fooligh fellow (about d apder;
NeOcleming up his is JUncy creft,

The envious grambles thus address'd:

* Sure, my good triend, you're touch'd in brain,

** To talk in this millaken thain;

ON THE MAN OF PARTS, AND HEAD OF THE PRESS.

A COMEDY.

How! Doctor! — You a man of parts!

Pray, are you skillful in the arts?

What science may you know had an account of the press. The standard of You are! — Indeed, I thought no less;

But say, how came you so dood an account of the press.

Just as, on ancient cup-board carv'd,

The rueful phyz of wight half starv'd,

Refembling — whom you'll guess:

Plac'd by the joiner, there it stood

A maggot-bitten head of wood;

A La Mercure, equiploid out of control of the set of My godship's name and quality you know:

Commission'd from Apolto, I come down

T' attend this beach of justices, the town:

Assembled here, all members of the quotum;

To lay a matter of complaint before 'em.

The errand's not in character, his true,

But what our betters hid us, we must do.

O'A PA

Therefore, t'appear with decency at fellion,

I've stole, you fee, the garb of the profession.

PROLOGUE TO FALSTAFF'S WEDDING

HEAD OF THE PRESS.

A COMEDY.

How! Dofter! - You a man of parts!

You are! - Indeed, I thought no left ?

PERFORMED A TOTHE THE ATRE-ROYAL
IN DRURY-LANE of the are head at the second of the se

SPOKEN BY MR. DODD, IN THE CHARACTER OF

Mercury descends from the clouds, slying a cross the stage are enters, sollowed by a servant, carrying a counsellor's gown and wig.

A La Mercure, equipp'd from top to toe, I all My godship's name and quality you know:

Commission'd from Apollo, I come down

T' attend this bench of justices, the town;

Assembled here, all members of the quorum;

To lay a matter of complaint before 'em.

The errand's not in character, 'tis true;
But what our betters bid us, we must do.
Therefore, t'appear with decency at session,
I've stole, you see, the garb of the profession.

This gown and band belong to ferjeant Prigion and And this—our brother Pazzle's learned wig and of the gown, &c.

Dress makes the man, firs, veitis virum facit-odW So -now to business Hem! If vestris placet May't please your worships - Forgery, which is grown To fuch a height as ne'er before was known and day I fay, a forgery hath been committed, admissed od T By which king Pluto's mirmidons, outwitted, a doug Certain choice spirits, in theatric shape, Have fuffer'd from Elyfium to escape; Of Shakespeare's offspring an ideal train, and that Sprung, Pallas like, from an immortal brain! I heir names—I have 'em down—but, to be brief, Shall only just recapitulate the chief. Imprimis, with madeira swell'd, and fack, lolis There's Sir John Falltaff, alias call'd Plump Jack; Next, captain Piftol, a notorious bully; bak And miss Dol Tearsheet, fam'd for jilting cully; The widow Quickly, vintner, bawd and whore, With Bardolph, Peto, Nym and feveral more; 10 Link'd in a gang, each cut-purfe with his crony, sa All arrant thieves, and dramatis persona; Bent, as suppos d, to prostitute to shame him yo A Th' aforesaid Shakespeare's honour, name and same.

I shall not trespass on your worships time, T' explain at full the nature of their crime:

But,

But, poets having an exclusive right d bas away sidT To bring their mental progeny to light, and has This right's invaded by the party 'peach'd; Who, vi et armis, hath th' old bard o'er-reach'd: By counterfeiting of his hand, do you fee, won- of Feloniously to fet these vagrants free; With base design t'adopt them for his own, Tho' Shakespeare's property, and his alone, Such is the fact. — A critic were an als, No doubt, to let such imposition pass ; Nor could a cheat fo palpable succeed, brail avail But that the captain of the guard cou'dn't read-Not he, for laughing, tho' to've fav'd his foul; The scene and circumstances were so droll.

Pistol, with yellow night-cap patch'd with red. With mother Quickly was retir'd to bed; And, waking, swore, by Styx, he would not come, Sans preparation, pike and beat of drum.

The widow Quickly, slather, bawd and whore, Of aqua-vitæ having stole a flaggon, deloned di W Bardolph and Nym were playing at fnap-dragon; Sometimes proceeding from hard words to blows, As by mistake Nym seiz'd on Bardoph's nose.

With Falstaff sat Dol Tearsheet, cheek by joll, And while she bus'd his chin and scratch'd his poll, Slipp'd from his thumb his grandfire's copper ring,
For love, not for the value, of the thing; I I I I
Then stole his empty purse: but no abuse;
'Twas only done to keep her hand in use:
He swearing, he'd be damn'd as soon as trust his
Round belly more with Hall, or his chief justice.

But this is wandering from the point.—They're here,
And on your summons ready to appear:
And be attentive to their information.

If, as your judgment cannot be erroneous,
You take this forgery to be felonious,
The author meaning fraud, I need not mention
Your issuing warrants for his apprehension.

And when you've caught and into peices tore him, W
Hang up his mangled carcase in terrorem:

In stagrant crimes the process should be short:

In stagrant crimes the process should be short:

The law is clear.—I leave it with the court.

For, the 'the charm with tancy true voting The heav his matick dwell emon her tongue.

Loft many an arrief for its and strople field,

Which fat alluring on her vortin' check;

Beauties, that faded on the vater veve.

And no cold-cream of compens can impoly.

-1 P 3

Shipp'd from his thumb his grandfire's copper ring.

3 Mov 2013 Hir va Oerof Adhogo 1 I q 3
Then fole his empty purfe: but no abuse;

MRS. H. ENTER SEREADING AVEARD.

I HE muse of Shakespeare's compliments ! - A card T'excuse this evening's enterprizing bard ! Great his prefumption, to confess the truth? But, as he pleads the passion of his youth, Together with the magick of her charms, Attracting him refiftless to her arms; Tho' fomewhat by furprize, she owns, she suffer'd, Yet, as no actual violence was offer'd, She's willing, if the audience should agree, For this one time to fet th' offender free. We women foon forgive, if not forget, The crimes our beauties make the men commit, Especially when once we're past our prime, And Shakespeare's muse, like me, 's the worse for time. For, tho' she charm with fancy ever young, Tho heav'nly musick dwell upon her tongue, Loft many an artless smile and dimple sleek, Which fat alluring on her virgin cheek; Beauties, that faded on the gazer's eye, And no cold-cream of comment can supply. -1 9 M

As for what Merc'ry in the prologue told yes not that Pray, let not that from elemency with hold yes gained. That Hermes was of old a lying blade, hash same at And practic'd in imposture, as his trade; as his trade; as his trade; of the patron he, or classic lore deceives, hig summer of Of cheats, forestallers, higglers, hucksters, thieves.

Which, from this mimic world whenever they or

Besides,—to tell you a stage-trick of ours—sond A But you'll not spread the secret out of doors,—and A The man was no more Mercury, than I am a blace! Queen Hecuba, the wife of Trojan Priam.

A messenger from Phæbus! He a god! a banding a I can assure you all, 'twas Mr. Dodd; pandaged This dropping from the clouds, was all a sham; and A And his pretended errand but a stam. On he of you was all a sham; and only We've heathen gods of passe-board, made to skys you would be Those canvass clouds, that dangle there above, and a Inveloping the throne itself of Jove!

His tale fictitious too, tho' told so glib; and amy glasses and a fib. and and a fib

Not but that here, the author

But,

But, formed the imagination to engage, M sadw total During their short-liv'd passage o'er the stage, As mere ideal characters exist lo lo lo saw some H and T And stand as cyphers mark'd on nature's list; and hale To genius giv'n a delegated power to and norther ad I To form these transient beings of an hour; Which, from this mimic world whene'er they go, Are free to range in fancy's pimlico: list of as Blas A limbo large and broad; which in the schools Is call'd by fome the paradife of fools, a saw name of U Feræ naturæ there, their preservation EduseH assu Is purchas'd by no game affociation; not requested A The poaching plagiary alone denieds now public ass I A privilege, granted to each bard befide siggoib all Who, tho' a cottager, to try his skillnesser aid bal May shoot, or course, or hunt them down at will: In his own paddock may the strays receive a quant no And fcorn to ask a lordly owner's leave. davnes short? Inveloping the throne stielf of love

Not but that here, the author of the play,
By me begs leave submissively to say, worthing the said

" None more than he reveres great Shakespeare's name,

" Or glows with zeal to vindicate his fame. " Is y blo

So great his natural tendency to linking, That to the shades if he had once descended, To bring him back not sitlas had pretended.

MrAnatic iprates (at least they tell me fo). Owell not with faints above, nor devils below

Should

For know, what private worth foe er thy boaft,

AN EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Is there a time when statesmen, good or great, ROT, STATE TO RETZINIM TRAIT BHT OT Look down with pity on the tons of slate.

Superiour to the boast of boasted sings,

The pomp of sitles, and the smile of kings;

zartziga 70 noitiga quodes ant of actions

When, in the private hour of occasion of a contract

Ambition sleeps, and truth high may please?

At fuch an hour, when ev'n politeness deigns, AILAH Thus hail the first court-card in eminence, Thou in whom kings find oft the fov'reign fway; For kings at Loo the leading knave obey: Or if, content to play an humbler game, Plain Jack we file thee, more familiar name: Thou, whose fly blows the lower party feels, While bent the high to catch thy tripping heels! Great in thyfelf, whatever thou art call'd, di blood? Nations by thee enfranchis'd or inthrall'd, to ton il Holla'd to day to Palace-yard along, and see redies al Flatter'd at once in metzotint and fong; Or piqu'd, perhaps, while chimes the present line, Ere yet turn'd out, as ufual, to refign; to rig od T Branded by th' hone? fatire of the times diblide oT With all a minister's mysterious crimes! and alled A To thee I pay my court, till in diffrace, alelen oT And then as humbly to the next is place. To pleafe the leafe the next is a place.

For know, what private worth soe'er thy boast, Thy person I address not, but thy post.

Is there a time when statelinen, good or great, Look down with pity on the toils of state; Superiour to the boalt of boafted things, The pomp of titles, and the smile of kings; When, in the private hour of social ease, Ambition sleeps, and truth itself may please? At fuch an hour, when ev'n politeness deigns To taste the rudeness of familiar strains. Prefuming thou, in honour to the mule, dr list and I Indulgent once her labours mayst peruse, at word I To thee those honest labours the commends; 2013 101 At court, while honest, doubtless finding friends. But, through thy levee if forbid to prefs, ADE MENT In freedom's plain and anti-courtier's drefs, word! Light of her rhimes, as of petitions, made, and slid W Should they be loft, forgotten or missaid, at as is If not fo vain to think thou fhould'It commend, In either case permit me to defend. of yeb of b'slioH

Too well I know imputed as a crime of the piq 10. The gift of reason to the man of rhime; and the piq 10. To childish Fiction jingling numbers tied, desired As bells that dangle by an infant's side; and the pique of the please the sense, but not improve the mind.

Should

Should on my daring verse, then, censure fall, nebural From priest or prelate, waken'd in the stall stall on A Or should the learned jurors take in hand and guided? To burn the books they may not understand stall and stall stall was Scorn'd the loud torrent of the mob's abuse, on the With thee I leave my errour and excuse.

" Let me advise - wouldst thou fuctored in thime?

Know then, my patron, once upon a time, shall While yet a boy, I caught the itch of thime: aids I'm But, born with hatred to the fing-fong train, and T Whose numbers charm, like senseless notes, in vain, While strange to themes t'employ the muse about, T The peccant humour broke but little out; " comiT " Till late, in waking dreams that trouble youth, 5918 On one fide Prudence urg'd, on t'other TruthandW Prudence, a worldly-minded dame, and fly, and bak " Who fix'd on earth still kept her cautious eye; adT While Truth, whose open breast did mine inflame, Look'd up to heaven; to heaven, from whence the came. When now my eager heart her power confestdjil al And thus her willing captive the address'd. Eq 18dW " "Art thou, my friend, that enterprizing youth AA "Who make pretentions to the fong of truth; and soe " "By reason taught to leave, in early life, work 19H " "The wanton mistress, for the faithful wife and A "Among the sciences thy partner chuse." AbluoW " "Philosophy's the fifter of the muse." 5 5180 18d W

Mean

Prudence, who heard, made various hems and haws;
And, after due deliberating paufe, long to floring mon't
Shaking her head, " beware rash youth" she cried,
" Let Prudence here your early footsteps guide.
" Art thou fo ignorant as not to know not on him one
"Truth leads us oft to poverty and woe I send that
" Let me advise - wouldst thou succeed in rhime?
" Mark, at the proper feafon, well thy time :
" Taking this maxim as a gen'ral rule, od a rev slid W
"The knave is honest till he plays the fool and and
" For times there are of fuch malignant face, a short W
"That sharpers only rife to power and place; fi slid W
" Times when the mere huzza for publick good and
" Breaks down all ranks of honour and of bloods Hir
"When facred characters like bawds are us'd,
"And princes with impunity abus'd now a somehard
"The throne of majefty a vulgar thing, and b'xd od W
" While George, the cobler, damns great George, the
Look'd up to heaven a to heaven, from when grink came.
"In times like these, behold on every side won north
"What pains we take offensive Truth to hide: As ba A
" Asham'd to shew her bashful face at court, it is A
" See her simplicity but made its sport; saken od W "
" Her lovers fligmatiz'd by gen'ral hate, notes va
" As bold diffurbers of the church and flate want "
"Would'ft thou to this abandon'd tribe belong? A
"What bard e'er heeded yet the truth of fong?
tomas of the same day of the same of

- " Again, 'tis certain there may come a time,
- "When Impudence finds no excuse in rhime;
- "When even Prudence may herself be just;
- "Her int'rest more to keep than break her trust;
- When crowns are honour'd, and, in proper feafon
- " S -----, dread patriot, may be hang'd for treafon:
- " A time, perhaps (years work the strangest things)
- "When the brave Scots may love their best of kings;
- "When flighted science may approach the throne;
- " And Britons make true policy their own.
- "What the their patriot hearts are known to fail,
- "When dearth of barley threatens want of ale;
- "What the religion, arm'd by common-fense,
- " Breaks but its weapons in its own defence;
- " Ev'n yet may piety be kept alive,
- " And half-expiring patriotism revive.
- " At fuch a feason, should the muse inspire,
- " If touch'd with caution, thou mayst strike the lyre,
- " Perhaps uncensur'd; but to look for praise!
- "Know thefe, young bard, are no poetic days.
- " But should the age, as probably it may,
- "Turn its loofe politicks another way;
- "While, in religious mood, far push'd the schemes
- " Of true born Britons, always in extremes,
- "The times may yet return when frantic zeal
- "Shall give its wooden sword an edge of steel;
- "When convocations shall in judgment sit,
- " To canvass th' insidelity of wit;

- "On wicked Knowledge Britain's guilt to lay,
- " And drive the deftin'd victim far away."
- " If thus blind Ignorance should rule, in turn,
- " Bards loofe their ears, and martyr theists burn;
- " Ready reforming conflables, at hand,
- " Of scientific vice to cleanse the land;
- " Have thou with truth nor morals ought to do.
- "Things are not always fit that may be true."

Here Prudence ended - her advice was good: But Truth has charms that cannot be withstood. Hers then the muse - how far, success will show In times like ours her fong be a-propos. So much indeed of Prudence did I learn, My fingers ne'er in politicks to burn. Silent I sat, amidst the party rout, When late the ministry turn'd in and out; When rag'd the furious goofe-quills of the times, To shame their country with their shameless rhimes. Careless what turtle-eating son of White's Might fet the blunders of the state to rights, If Pollio, Gallus, Tully, or his grace, Should all keep out, or who get into place; I car'd not, I, tho these, or none of these, The king, the house, or mightier mob might please. Blam'd I the peer, whom adverse winds had blown Round the wide world, to prop a monarch's throne; Taught, in the hurricanes of fouthern feas, on shall The statesman's wisdom and the courtier's ease: By plunder'd Spaniards, the confummate skill To fleer a kingdom, like a bark, at will? Ismanburg Tho made too plain the lee-way of the realm, I have Did I presume to bid him mind the helm? Nay, when the guardian genii of the land To fave our desp'rate fortunes took in hand; I fung them not, tho crown'd, by half the nation, With civic wreaths, from town and corporation, and I ne'er officious, crack'd my brains t'amend Errours, the great alone might comprehend; Plagu'd, with no fongs of praise, our lord the king. Nor gave one faggot to the blaze of Byng; But, free from panegyrick as abuse, Put all my little wit to private use.

Thus far of temp'ral politics I'm clear;
Nor has the spiritual had more to fear.
Since gospel witnesses in form were tried,
Their valid evidence I ne'er denied;
Ne'er intermeddled with the jury's quest,
Nor contradicted Littleton or West.
When church and state learn'd Warburton would join,
Tho sad th' affair, I made it none of mine;
Nor did I e'er, 'gainst Leland's pen, presume
To vindicate Lord Bolingbroke or Hume:

Made no pretence to freedom of debate;
Nor risk'd, like harmless Annet, Woolston's fate.
And the for once, in this, a trick of youth,
Prudential views are facrific'd to truth;
Could I shake off those vices rhime and sense,
My sirst might likely prove my last offence;
Or, in thy cause enlisted once my pen,
I never more might trouble Truth again;
But to thy purpose turn my ready hand,
True to the law and gospel of the land.

THE END.

96.3/

When the order of the state of the street on well digital

Errows, the great slove might comprehend

Not gave one lage at to the blaze of Brug ;

But, ther from ownerstrick as abute. Fur all are little with resemblate after

Not but the spinor of the State of the State

The best of affect from the set of mines.

Not of the est point least to pen, plefore.

To violate to the state being block of Hames

Their value envisored in or desired ?

Prograd, with no longs of proofe, our fired the king.

4-

Mades no precentes to the fainty of debete;

Nor niked, like harmiels charet, Westlon's f.c.
Andrino for once, in this, a trick of years,
Productial views are facrifical to truth;

Could I thake off those vices thime and tense,
My field anight likely prove my last off nee;
Or, in thy couse entitled once my pen,
I nevermore might trouble Truth egain;
But to thy purpose turn my ready han;
True to the law and gespel of the land,



GMA-BHT